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THE BOOKMAN

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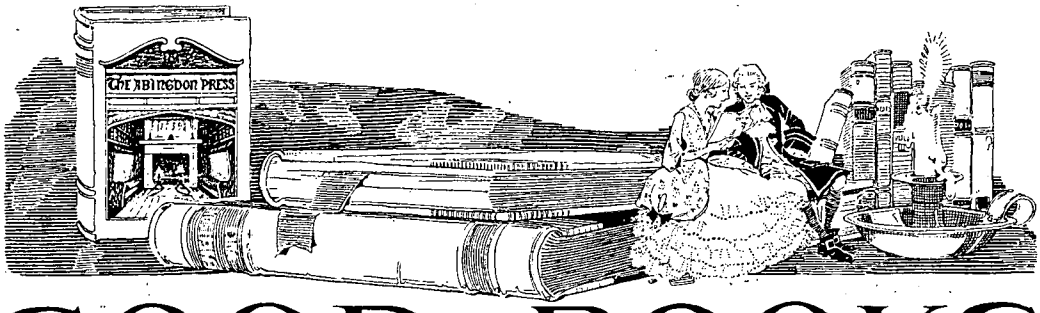

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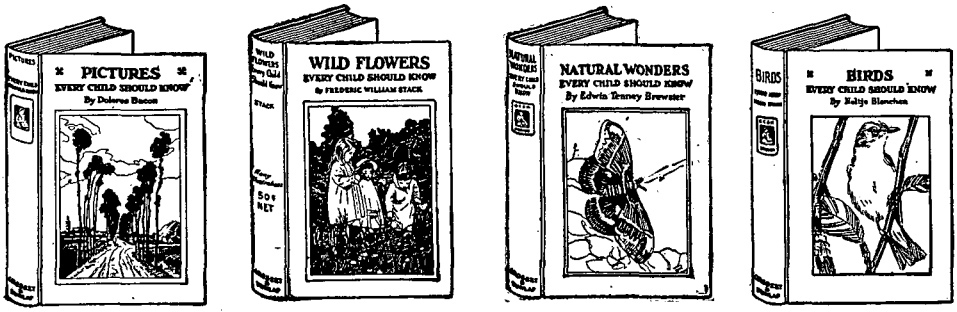

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THE BOOKMAN

TITANIA ARRIVES

Parnassus At Home

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The first pipe after breakfast is a rite of importance to seasoned smokers, and Roger Mifflin, the now well-known bookseller on Gissing Street, applied the flame to the bowl as he stood at the bottom of the stairs. Mrs. Mifflin knew that he had exceptional matters on hand, for he had reverently opened a tin of Craven Mixture, the blend made famous by J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine", as soon as he had finished his coffee. Anything mentioned in a good book was sacred to Roger, and he always smoked Craven when he felt he needed inspiration. It is regrettable to have to state that his poems, written under a blue cloud of that potent tobacco, had never found a publisher. But not even Barrie has written poems, so perhaps the fault was in the tobacco rather than in Roger.

He blew a great gush of strong gray reek that eddied behind him as he ran up the flight, his mind eagerly meditating the congenial task of arranging the little spare-room for the coming employee. For this was the day when Miss Titania Chapman, daughter of Mr. Chapman of the Daintybits Corporation, was coming to work in the Haunted Bookshop, to learn how to sell books.

Then, at the top of the stairs, he found that his pipe had already gone out. "What with filling my pipe and emptying it, lighting it and relighting it", he thought, "I don't seem to get much time for the serious concerns of life. Come to think of it, smoking and washing dishes and listening to other people talk take most of life anyway."

This theory rather pleased him, so he ran downstairs again to tell it to Mrs. Mifflin.

"Go along and get that room fixed up", she said, "and don't try to palm off any bogus doctrines on me so early in the morning. Housewives have no time for philosophy after breakfast."

Roger thoroughly enjoyed himself in the task of preparing the guest-room for the new assistant. It was a small chamber at the back of the second story, opening onto a narrow passage that connected through a door with the gallery of the bookshop. Two small windows commanded a view of the modest roofs of that

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quarter of Brooklyn—roofs that conceal so many brave hearts, so many baby-carriages, and so many cups of bad coffee.

Over these non-committal summits the bright eye of the bookseller, as he tacked up the freshly ironed muslin curtains Mrs. Mifflin had provided, could discern a glimpse of the bay and the leviathan ferries that link Staten Island with civilization. "Just a touch of romance in the outlook", he thought to himself. "It will suffice to keep a blasé young girl aware of the excitements of existence."

The room, as might be expected in a house presided over by Helen Mifflin, was in perfect order to receive any occupant. But Roger had volunteered to psychologize it in such a fashion as (he thought) would convey favorable influences to the misguided young spirit that was to be its tenant. Incurable idealist, he had taken quite gravely his responsibility as landlord and employer of Mr. Chapman's daughter. No chambered nautilus was to have better opportunities to expand the tender mansions of its soul.

Beside the bed was a book-shelf with a reading lamp. The problem Roger was discussing was what books and pictures might be the best preachers to this congregation of one. To Mrs. Mifflin's secret amusement he had taken down the picture of Sir Galahad which he had once hung there, because as he said, "if Galahad were living today he would be a bookseller". "We don't want her feasting her imagination on young Galahads", he had remarked at breakfast. "That way lies premature matrimony. What I want to do is put up in her room one or two pictures representing actual men who were so delightful in their day that all the young men she is likely to see now will seem tepid and prehensile. Thus she will become disgusted with the present generation of youths, and there will be some chance of her really putting her mind on the book business."

Accordingly he had spent some time in going through a bin where he kept photos and drawings of authors that the publishers' "publicity men" were always showering upon him. After some thought he discarded promising engravings of Harold Bell Wright, Stephen Leacock, and Coningsby Dawson, choosing pictures of Shelley, Anthony Trollope, Stevenson, and Robert Burns. Then, after further meditation, he decided that neither Shelley nor Burns would quite do for a young girl's room, and set them aside in favor of a portrait of Samuel Butler. To these he added a framed text that he was very fond of and had hung over his desk. He had once clipped it from a copy of "Life" and found much pleasure in it. It runs thus:

ON THE RETURN OF A BOOK

Lent to a Friend

I GIVE humble and hearty thanks for the safe return of this book which, having endured the perils of my friend's bookcase and the bookcases of my friend's friends, now returns to me in reasonably good condition.

I GIVE humble and hearty thanks that my friend did not see fit to give this book to his infant as a plaything, nor use it as an ash-tray for his burning cigar, nor as a teething ring for his mastiff.

WHEN I lent this book I deemed it as lost; I was resigned to the bitterness of the long parting: I never thought to look upon its pages again.

BUT now that my book is come back to me, I rejoice and am exceeding glad! Bring hither the fatted morocco and let us rebind the volume and set it on the shelf of honour: for this my book was lent, and is returned again.

PRESENTLY, therefore, I may return some of the books that I myself have borrowed.

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"There!" he thought. "That will convey to her the first element of book morality."

These decorations having been displayed on the walls, he bethought himself of the books that should stand on the bedside shelf.

This is a question that admits of the utmost nicety of discussion. Some authorities hold that the proper books for a guest-room are of a soporific quality that will induce swift and painless repose. This school advises "The Wealth of Nations", "Rome Under the Cæsars", "The Statesman's Year Book", certain novels of Henry James, and "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (in four volumes). It is plausibly contended that books of this nature cannot be read (late at night) for more than a few minutes at a time, and that they afford useful scraps of information that may recur to the reader as he is brushing his teeth the next morning.

Another branch of opinion recommends for bedtime reading short-stories, volumes of pithy ancedote, swift and sparkling stuff that may keep one awake for a while, yet will advantage all the sweeter slumber in the end. Even ghost stories and harrowing matter are maintained seasonable by these pundits. This class of reading comprises O. Henry, Bret Harte, Leonard Merrick, Ambrose Bierce, W. W. Jacobs, Daudet, de Maupassant, and possibly even "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas", that grievous classic of the railway bookstalls whereof its author, Mr. Thomas W. Jackson, has said, "It will sell forever, and a thousand years afterward". To this might be added another of Mr. Jackson's onslaughts on the human intelligence called, "I'm From Texas, You Can't Steer Me". Of this book the author has said, "It is like a hard-boiled egg, you can't beat it". There are other books by Mr. Jackson, whose titles escape memory, whereof he has said, "They are a dynamite for sorrow". Nothing used to irritate Roger more than to have someone come into his shop and ask for copies of these works. His brother-in-law, Andrew McGill, the famous writer, once gave him for Christmas (just to annoy him) a copy of "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas" sumptuously bound and gilded in what is known to the trade as "dove-colored ooze". But that is apart from the story.

To the consideration of what to put on Miss Titania's book-shelf Roger devoted the delighted hours of the morning. Several times Mrs. Mifflin called him to come down and attend to the shop, but he was sitting oblivious on the guest-room floor, unaware of numbed shins, poring over the volumes he had carried upstairs for a final culling. "It will be great privilege", he said to himself, "to have a young mind to experiment with. Now my wife, delightful creature though she is, was—well, distinctly mature when I had the good fortune to meet her. I have never been able properly to supervise her mental processes. But this Chapman girl will come to us still plastic. Who knows? She may become a great poet or writer. A bookshop has been the starting point of many a fine career. John Masefield became a poet because he found a copy of Chaucer in a bookshop in Yonkers. Lord, Brooklyn ought to be able to turn out as great a poet as Yonkers."

"I will test her" (his thoughts continued) "by the books I put here. By noting which of them she responds to, I will know how to proceed. It might be worth while to shut

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up the shop one day a week in order to give her some brief talks on literature. Delightful! Let me see, a little series of lectures on the development of the English novel, beginning with 'Tom Jones'—hum, that would hardly do! Well, I have always longed to be a teacher; this looks like a chance to begin. We might invite some of the neighbors to come in once a week, and start a little academy. *Causeries du lundi,* in fact! I may yet be the Sainte-Beuve of Brooklyn."

Across his mind flashed a vision of newspaper clippings—"This remarkable student of letters, who hides his brilliant parts under the unassuming existence of a second-hand bookseller, is now recognized as the—"

"Roger!" called Mrs. Mifflin from downstairs; "front! someone wants to know if you keep back numbers of 'Foamy Stories'."

After he had thrown out the intruder, Roger returned to his meditation. "First of all", he mused, "her name naturally suggests Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. It's a remarkable name for the daughter of a wholesale grocer. Suppose we begin the list with that book called 'Corn from Olde Fieldes', which has a lot of delightful Elizabethan lyrics in it. Then Keats, I guess: every young person ought to shiver over 'The Eve of St. Agnes', on a bright cold winter evening. 'Over Bemerton's' certainly, because it's a bookshop story. Eugene Field's 'Tribune Primer' to try out her sense of humor. And some of Don Marquis's 'Prefaces' for the same reason. I'll go down and get the scrap-book."

It should be explained that Roger was a keen admirer of Don Marquis, the humorist of the New York "Evening Sun". Mr. Marquis lives in Brooklyn, and the bookseller was never tired of saying that he was the most eminent author who had graced the borough since the days of Walt Whitman. Particularly he enjoyed Mr. Marquis's whimsical prefaces (to "A Book of Fishhooks", etc.), and had pasted them into a scrap-book with which he frequently regaled himself. This bulky tome he now brought out from the grotto by his desk where his special treasures were kept. He ran his eye over it, and Mrs. Mifflin heard him utter shrill screams of laughter.

"What on earth is it?" she asked.

"Don Marquis", he said, and began to read aloud:

> Down in a wine vault underneath the city
> Two old men were sitting, they were drinking booze;
> Torn were their garments, hair and beards were gritty,
> One had an overcoat but hardly any shoes—

"What is there funny in that?" said Helen. "I think it's very low."

"Wait a minute", cried Roger, and opened his mouth to continue.

"No more, thank you", said his wife. "There ought to be a fine for using the meter of 'Love in the Valley' that way. I'm going out to market, so if the bell rings you'll have to answer it."

Roger added the Marquis scrap-book to Miss Titania's shelf, and went on browsing over the volumes he had collected.

" 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' ", he said to himself, "for even if she doesn't read the story perhaps she'll read the preface, which not marble nor the monuments of princes will outlive. Dickens's 'Christmas Stories' to introduce her to Mrs. Lirriper, the queen of landladies. Publishers tell me that Norfolk Street, Strand, is best known for the famous literary agent that has his office there, but I wonder how many of them know that that was where

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Mrs. Lirriper had her immortal lodgings? 'The Notebooks of Samuel Butler', just to give her a little intellectual jazz. 'The Wrong Box', because it's the best farce in the language. 'Travels with a Donkey', to show her what good writing is like. 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' to give her a sense of pity for human woes—wait a minute, though: that's a pretty broad book for young ladies. I guess we'll put it aside and see what else there is. Some of Mr. Mosher's catalogues: fine! they'll show her the true spirit of what one book-lover calls biblio-bliss. 'Walking-Stick Papers'—yes, there are still good essayists running around. A bound file of 'The Publishers' Weekly' to give her a smack of trade matters. 'Jo's Boys' in case she needs a little relaxation. 'The Lays of Ancient Rome' and Austin Dobson to show her some good poetry. I wonder if they give them 'The Lays' to read in school nowadays? I have a horrible fear they are brought up on the battle of Salamis and the brutal redcoats of '76. And now we'll be exceptionally subtle: we'll stick in a Robert Chambers to see if she falls for it."

He viewed the shelf with pride. "Not bad", he said to himself. "I'll just add this Leonard Merrick, 'Whispers about Women', to amuse her. I bet that title will start her guessing. Helen will say I ought to have included the Bible, but I'll omit it on purpose, just to see whether the girl misses it."

With typical male curiosity he pulled out the bureau drawers to see what disposition his wife had made of them, and was pleased to find a little muslin bag of lavender dispersing a quiet fragrance in each. "Very nice!" he remarked. "Very nice, indeed. About the only thing missing is an ash-tray. If Miss Titania is as modern as some of them, that'll be the first thing she'll call for. And maybe a copy of Ezra Pound's poems. I do hope she's not what Helen calls a bolshevixen."

There was nothing bolshevik about a glittering limousine that drew up at the corner of Gissing and Swinburne Streets early that afternoon. A chauffeur in green livery opened the door, lifted out a suitcase of beautiful brown leather, and gave a respectful hand to the vision that emerged from depths of lilac-colored upholstery.

"Where do you want me to carry the bag, miss?"

"This is the bitter parting", replied Miss Titania. "I don't want you to know my address, Edwards. Some of my crazy friends might worm it out of you, and I don't want them coming down and bothering me. I'm going to be very busy with literature. I'll walk the rest of the way."

Edwards saluted with a subfacial grin—he worshipped the original young heiress—and returned to his wheel.

"There's one thing I want you to do for me", said Titania. "Call up my father and tell him I'm on the job."

"Yes, miss," said Edwards, who would have run the limousine into a government motor-truck if she had ordered it.

Miss Chapman's small gloved hand descended into an interesting purse that was cuffed to her wrist with a bright little chain. She drew out a nickel—it was characteristic of her that it was a very bright and attractive looking nickel—and handed it gravely to her charioteer. Equally gravely he saluted, and the car, after

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moving through certain dignified arcs, swam swiftly away down Thackeray Boulevard.

Titania turned up Gissing Street with a fluent pace and an observant eye. A small boy cried, "Carry your bag, lady?" and she was about to agree, but then remembered that she was now engaged at ten dollars a week and waved him away. Our readers would feel a justifiable grudge if we did not attempt a description of the young lady, and we will employ the few blocks of her course along Gissing Street for this purpose.

Walking behind her, the observer, by the time she had reached Clemens Place, would have seen that she was pleasantly tailored in genial tweeds; that her small brown boots were sheltered by spats of that pale tan complexion exhibited by Pullman porters; that her person was both slender and vigorous; that her shoulders were carrying a thick and fluffy fur of the kind described in advertisements as nutria, or possibly opal smoke. This observer might also, if he were the father of a family, have had a fleeting vision of many autographed stubs in a check-book. The general impression that he would have retained, had he turned aside at Clemens Place, would be "expensive, but worth the expense".

It is more likely, however, that this student of phenomena would have continued along Gissing Street to the next corner, that of Hazlitt Street. Taking advantage of opportunity, he would overtake the lady on the pavement, with a secret, sidelong glance. If he were wise, he would pass her on the right side, where her tilted bonnet permitted a wider angle of vision. He would catch a glimpse of cheek and chin belonging to the category known (and rightly) as adorable; hair that held sunlight through the dullest day; even a small platinum wrist watch that might be pardonably excused, in its exhilarating career, for beating a trifle fast. Among the greyish furs he would note a bunch of such violets as never bloom in the crude springtime, but reserve themselves for winter and the plate glass windows of Fifth Avenue.

Whatever the errand of this spectator, he would by now feel an impulse to continue along Gissing Street a few paces further. Then, with calculated innocence, he would halt half-way up the block that leads to the Wordsworth Avenue L, and look backward with carefully simulated irresolution, as though considering some forgotten matter. With apparently unseeing eye he would scan the bright pedestrian, and catch the full impact of her rich blue gaze. He would see a small, resolute face, rather vivacious, yet with a quaint pathos of youth and eagerness. He would note cheeks lit with excitement and rapid movement in the bracing air. He would certainly note the delicate contrast of the fur of the wild nutria with the soft V of her bare throat. Then, to his surprise, he would see this attractive person stop, examine her surroundings, and run down some steps into a rather dingy second-hand bookshop. He would go about his affairs with a new and surprised conviction that the Almighty had the borough of Brooklyn under His especial care.

Roger, who had conceived a notion of some rather peevish foundling of the Ritz-Carlton lobbies, was agreeably surprised by the sweet simplicity of the young lady.

"Is this Mr. Mifflin?" she said, as he advanced all agog from his smoky corner.

"Miss Chapman?" he replied, taking

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her bag. "Helen!" he called. "Here's Miss Titania."

She looked about the sombre alcoves of the shop. "I do think it's adorable of you to take me in", she said. "Dad has told me so much about you. He says I'm impossible. I suppose this is the literature—I want to know all about it."

"And here's Bock!" she cried. "Dad says he's the greatest dog in the world, named after Botticelli or somebody. I've brought him a present. It's in my bag. Nice old Bocky!"

Bock, who was unaccustomed to spats, was examining them after his own fashion.

"Well, my dear", said Mrs. Mifflin, "we are delighted to see you. I hope you'll be happy with us, but I rather doubt it. Mr. Mifflin is a hard man to get along with."

"Oh, I'm sure of it!" cried Titania. "I mean, I'm sure I shall be happy! You mustn't believe a word of what Dad says about me. I'm crazy about books. I don't see how you can bear to sell them. I'll be awfully careful not to sell any of the ones you're really fond of. I brought these violets for you, Mrs. Mifflin."

"How perfectly sweet of you", said Helen, captivated already. "Come along, we'll put them right in water. I'll show you your room."

Roger heard them moving about overhead, and wondered whether the picture of Samuel Butler was really appropriate. It suddenly occurred to him that the shop was rather a dingy place for a young girl. "I wish I had thought to get in a cash register", he mused. "She'll think I'm terribly unbusinesslike."

"Now", said Mrs. Mifflin, as she and Titania came downstairs again, "I'm making some pastry, so I'm going to turn you over to your employer. He can show you round the shop and tell you where all the books are."

"Before we begin", said Titania, "just let me give Bock his present." She showed a large package of tissue paper and, unwinding innumerable layers, finally disclosed a stalwart bone. "I was lunching at Sherry's, and I made the head waiter give me this. He was awfully amused."

"Come along into the kitchen and give it to him", said Helen. "He'll be your friend for life."

"What an adorable kennel!" cried Titania, when she saw the remodeled packing-case that served Bock as a retreat. The bookseller's ingenious carpentry had built it into the similitude of a Carnegie library, with the word READING-ROOM over the door; and he had painted imitation bookshelves along the interior.

"You'll get used to Mr. Mifflin after a while", said Helen amusedly. "He spent all one winter getting that kennel fixed to his liking. You might have thought he was going to live in it instead of Bock. All the titles that he painted in there are books that have dogs in them, and a lot of them he made up."

Titania insisted on getting down to peer inside. Bock was much flattered at this attention from the new planet that had swum into his kennel.

"Gracious!" she said, "here's 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Canine'. I do think that's clever!"

"Oh, there are a lot more", said Helen. "The works of Bonar Law, and Bohn's 'Classics', and 'Catechisms on Dogma' and goodness knows what. If Roger paid half as much attention to business as he does to jokes of that sort, we'd be rich. Now, you run along and have a look at the shop."

Titania found the bookseller at his desk. He had vowed not to mention

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the bedroom shelf until she made some unsolicited comment, but he could not resist the temptation.

"What did you think of the books I put in your room?" he asked.

"In my room?" said Titania innocently. "Dear me, I never noticed them!"

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON

(A timely consideration of one of Germany's most popular war books—a book which accurately reflects the thoughts of the average German when he believed that Germany was winning.)

BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

There was popular in Germany in the midst of the war a widely read book which harmonized with the general spirit of the people as I found that spirit. It was called "Hindenburg's March into London".

"A German world empire will be built upon the ruins of the British Empire", was the fond prediction to me, in October, 1914, of an important Berlin merchant, who prophesied in the spirit of his environment. Belgium and France were but stepping-stones. To clutch England's throat in the city was a longed-for goal.

When dream maps were the vogue in Germany, the one most sought was captioned, "The Invasion Map of England". In the second summer of the war when the armies of Russia were being battered eastward, the *leitmotif* of conversation became, "With the Russians shall we soon be done, and then—and then with our victorious eastern troops transferred to those in the west we can conquer France and England in a few short months". Mention of England introduced in turn the beloved topic of indemnities. "Just see what Brussels and Lille are paying! *Ach Gott*, what will London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and a score of other fat cities yield!" Even from Finance Minister Helfferich came the officially soothing oracle: "We do not desire to increase by taxation the heavy burden which war throws upon our people. Germany's enemies deserve to drag the leaden weight through the centuries to come."

In such an atmosphere did "Hindenburg's March into London" become the volume of the hour. If it errs at all as a reflector of German thought during a considerable portion of the war, it errs on the side of moderation. Written by a parson, who withheld his name because of marriage relations in England, it is dove-like compared with the tirades of a score of state professors. The author develops the favorite German folk-tale of how England organized a ring of jealous enemies into the "Isolation Society" which decreed war upon Germany and conducted this war in full violation of international law.

"But they could not bend the neck of the fair German youth! Young Michael in the second year of the war possessed the same laughing confi-

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dence of victory as on the first day of mobilization. Meantime the young fellow had developed. Heavens, what elbows he had! The left in Flanders and the right on the Black Sea. With legs wide spread he stood in central Europe and pushed his iron-mounted soldier's boots every day a bit farther into the enemy country. He let the furious English pack yelp on, and he only spit now and again over the Channel. Hurrah for the Zeppelins and the valiant German airmen!

"The distress of Germany's enemies was great. The Isolation Society was confronted with the most terrible collapse a group of speculators had ever experienced, and the fault for the loss of thousands of millions was ascribed to the man whose name was pronounced with a shiver, and yet secretly with solemn reverence—

"Hindenburg!

"Would this uncanny military genius, after settling Russia, take a holiday—or would he lead his armies to the west? Might Hindenburg be the stormer before the gates of London? Such ideas shook people's nerves on the other side of the Channel."

At this point Hindenburg's chronicler becomes a dreamer of that wonderful dream in which his countrymen see Britain prostrate before Teuton power. Hindenburg orders ten thousand special trains to roll eastward from the west.

"The advance in the west will now be impetuous. The anticipation of crowning the proud German work by decisive deeds burns like tropical fire in the soldiers' stout hearts. *The will to decide the fate of the world fills them all to the last man.*

"The enthusiasm with which the grey-clad soldiers are greeted on their passage exceeds even the jubilation of the August days of 1914. For now joyous confidence is accompanied by the satisfaction of success. Waves of jubilation roll alongside the trains throughout the country. The troops need not this time keep secret the fact that they are going from one frontier to the other. The whole world may know now. Hurrah! The eastern army is on the march. On the chalk cliffs of Dover the German cry of jubilation will resound. Hindenburg's million is on the road with seven-league boots!"

Some of the scenes depicted en route are worthy of note, particularly the references to the tissue of lies upon which Britain's cause was founded. Says the author:

"Even wreaths are now declined with thanks by the lionized Bavarians, for in their small traveling warehouses they have already created a department for flowers. A corporal of the Light Horse, who, however, cannot refuse a lovely giver, says: 'Throw it in, for Heaven's sake! I tell you we have had flowers enough to make a garland from Zeebrugge to Grey's Ministry of Lies. And we still have got to settle our account over there'.

"Our troops are a merry people. They do not talk about the storm of battle. They only want 'to get a peep at the Englishmen at close quarters'.

"On one car merry Landwehr men, who have known London on their travels, have hung puppet figures. One puppet represents an Englishman with considerably developed jaws; right and left of him hang Indians, Congo niggers, Gurkhas, Kaffirs, and cannibals. Above them are the words:

ALL-BRITISH SHOPPING WEEK

A Patriotic Week in Which a Good Briton Will Buy Only Goods of British Origin

"Now they are off. They only want to run over to London to insure Germany with the London Political

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Society against burglary for all time. They only want to clear the General Post-Office of the four thousand telegraphists, of the manipulators of lies who have brought the whole thing on."

In view of the present Hohenzollern impotence the following regulation sychophantic tribute is of interest:

"Between Aachen and Brussels Kaiser Wilhelm holds the greatest review of troops of all times. The conquerors of the Czar's army march once more before their Kaiser before going to the last decisive battles at the front. Full of pride, the German hosts once more feel the keen blue eyes of the mightiest prince of the earth resting upon them. They greet him whom in love and blind hate the thoughts of the entire world surround, who was for twenty-five years guardian of the peace of the world, who now stands at the center point of the greatest war in the world's history, and will perhaps live on through the thousands of years to come as the greatest German in the history of Germany.

"And side by side with the Kaiser the troops of the east see their Hindenburg again. He is the soldier after the heart of the god of war. He is the general with mildly beaming eyes, which, however, at times shine with a keen glint of steel which recalls Moltke."

Hindenburg's superadmirer then describes how the German armies under their inspired idol spring with relief from the monotony of trench warfare to a campaign of movement in which they prove overwhelmingly victorious because of superior staff genius, motor batteries, bravery, and indomitable will.

Hindenburg occupies the Channel ports and prepares the grand invasion. On countless occasions I have heard the German people refer to him as a "second Napoleon". Had his chronicler wished to develop the comparison, he might have portrayed his hero standing, like Napoleon, at Boulogne, straining his eyes across the narrow strip of water to the filmy cloud-like goal of his dreams—and standing thus, reflect upon the fact of Britain's fleet.

Nearly everyone with whom I talked in Germany insisted that the British navy was hiding, afraid to venture out to give battle to the German ships. The battle of Jutland increased, rather than diminished the popular belief in German naval superiority. Apparently the author did not share in this belief, for he disposed of British vessels by artifice.

"A giant swarm of Zeppelins, of whose size even German soldiers did not venture to dream, traveled one foggy morning to the coast of Britain and sought out the British navy. Thousands of bombs accomplished the work of destruction. Immediately the bombing ceased and a gigantic fleet of submarines broke into the harbor and completed the work.

"England had her Sedan. She was now to experience her Paris!

"Now shudder, Albion!"

In the third chapter, "Crossing the Channel", we read:

"For eight days new giant Krupp guns had felt their way over to Dover and Folkestone, and had destroyed everything living on the south coast of England, reducing all the work of human hands to nothing. The three waterways from Zeebrugge, Dunkirk, and Calais to England had been secured east and west by a steel wall of torpedo boats, mines, and submarines. Finally the Kaiser sent his cousin the promised little surprise and two army corps stood on the shores of the island.

"The whole of England is aroused

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in wild and furious hate against the Germans. She calls for assistance, but no one crowds to a sinking ship. True, she has assembled numbers of foreign battalions and colored people from all parts of the world in order to repel the invasion, but she will no longer succeed in bringing in foreign reserves. Now for the first time in centuries England is thrown on her own resources. Now she will show what she can do when she gets no foreign team to draw her state wagon. The need over there is great just now.

"All night long the cranes rattle at the new German moorages in northern France. Boxes and cases, items of equipment, many thousands of necessary things lie heaped up on the wharves—requirements for man, animal, and guns. One freight train after another traverses Flanders, and the treasures which they bring are lowered into the holds in Zeebrugge and Calais.

"In the district of Dunkirk there is scarcely a house or a shed in which German troops do not pass the night. From here during this night happy dreams wander home by way of England, for the last thought of this outward journey to hard decisive battles is peace—a world peace.

"Failures do not hold back the German; they only bring pride in his diligence. Behind the Cross of the Dead is the Will to Conquer.

"When the anchors are raised the German soldier becomes aware that he is living through a great and memorable moment of the world's history. Now he is penetrating into the sanctuary of the British. Now for the tables of the traffickers and the moneychangers, who still offered the doves of peace for sale in the markets of the world when they thought that they had already completed the work of isolation, and the Russian war party had already given the signal. Now the All-Holiest of the British Empire is in danger, the treasures between Threadneedle Street and Princes Street.

"The engines throb; the ship seeks its way through the night. Enormous fires farther back inland write upon the nightly sky that the European continent, thanks to England's zealous exertions for many years, has become a sea of blood. It contains, however, two uninjured and blooming oases—the German Empire and the Danube country.

"On board the men in field-grey write picture postcards. Writes one:

" 'Dear Sweetheart,—We are at last in the Channel. *Gott strafe* England!'

"Another says:

" 'Dearest Gustel,—Hurrah! Now we are at them! We are just going over to give the English business offices a good fumigation and kill the envy germs.' "

As each unit lands a parson reads the text, no doubt officially selected:

"The Lord will be with thee and will not withdraw His hand from thee, nor abandon thee, until thou hast accomplished everything."

Through the next five chapters Hindenburg batters his way through the south of England to the gates of London. The whine in the first paragraph of Chapter IV is especially worthy of reproduction, for it is the whine I heard nearly everywhere in Germany when Belgium was mentioned.

"The south-eastern counties of England present a harrowing picture. The German armies, after hard battles in the hop-fields of Kent, while marching through the beautiful county of Sussex, have had to face a sharp-

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shooter's warfare exceeding in its atrocities even the performances of Belgian blackguards. The German commanders have been compelled to take stern measures of reprisal. They will be a warning to English craft and cunning. The heart of England will not be instructed even by the fate of Belgium. We will repeat the lesson of Louvain upon the shooters from behind hedges if need be!"

But all is not hard work for Hindenburg's valiant lads. They now and then find time for merry little pranks. While resting opposite a huge billboard one battalion could read: "Beecham's pills are the best. Beecham's pills cure". A company clerk, however, climbed up and corrected this to "German pills are the best. German pills cure".

Even in their jests the invading Germans reveal their virtues, as evidenced by Reservist Watzlit's story of a British airman.

"I was on patrol duty on a silent meadow, when an English airman descended near me. After I had taken him prisoner he showed his wholly mistaken notion of the German character by trying to bribe me with fifty thousand marks in bright gold." (Which the airman was no doubt using for ballast.)

"But I took him by the collar and told him that it is the custom in Germany to pay gold into the Reichsbank, and that the nearest office of the Reichbank is the prison camp at Döberitz. I then added that I would get him a ticket to Döberitz so that he could pay in his gold himself."

During the entire march through England Teutonic virtues stood out with the clearness of the hedges marking the countryside. Hindenburg's crusaders, ever mindful of their duty to the Fatherland, and that such duty had always precedence over pleasure, steadfastly refused to be lured by the smiles of fair women into eating poisoned food and indulging in other practices detrimental to their health. In Germany I used to hear harrowing tales of poor German soldiers—armed to the teeth and part of the then most powerful military machine in the world—being treacherously put off their guard and attacked by women and children. The grotesque weirdness of all this was of course obvious to everybody save some fifty-odd-million devotees to officially canned ideas.

Thus the Germans with their virtues intact advance to the final battle on the edge of London. Great stress is constantly laid upon the regulation German propaganda fabrication that the *English* save themselves while others fight their battles. The following bit of description is characteristic:

"Divisions of colored troops overrun the German trenches between Edenbridge and Penhurst over a front of nearly six miles.

"This is the signal for the enemy. Now the regiments of white Englishmen may advance. Very politely, however; even now they allow Canadians and the French Foreign Legion to go first."

At last the Germans get the longed-for chance to butcher the English as they butchered the Herero. Of course they are justified.

"A black scoundrel apparently dead suddenly rises and cuts down from behind a German captain of the Guards. At this the fury of the German soldiers knows no bounds. Now they show no mercy; everyone lying there receives a stroke which settles him; not only those who treacherously sham death, but those long dead are

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roughly handled. Horror is in supreme command.

"Once more the express order is given to take no prisoners. Whoever sets mad dogs on human beings is no longer protected by the rules of war. With bestial, snarling scum the German soldier observes only the laws of the hunt, of beasts of prey. The troops can no longer obey the command to kill, for no more prisoners remain to be taken. The net contrived by Hindenburg and Ludendorff has become a cage of death.

"England has now received its Tannenberg; nay, even more; it has had its battle in the Teutoburg Forest, in which out of every hundred a hundred were slain."

At last the war is practically over with and the British request terms of armistice. The Prussian Guards are on the hills of Waldingham, from which they see London with the naked eye. A general halt is called and hurrahs ring out, but before advancing the men write short cards home: "No diffuse messages today, only four fateful words, *God has punished England*".

Meanwhile the scene shifts to the German capital, and we get an idea of what would have happened if things had only gone according to plan.

"At half-past eleven Wolff's Bureau issues the information that the gigantic armada of all available German airships has overwhelmed the city of London with bombs, and that salvos of our 42-s have been thrown into the town. The Tower and two bridges over the Thames are in ruins.

"Berlin shouts with joy. During the night the streets become a many-colored fairy-land of flags. The waves of enthusiasm are surging high. The multitude increases by leaps and bounds. Whole suburbs seem to migrate to the central parts of the town by means of night trains, for no inhabitant of Berlin would like to hear an hour later than necessary the news of what is happening on the Thames.

"The church clocks strike midnight as new specials are issued: 'The Lord Mayor of London has surrendered the keys of the Mansion House to Hindenburg, and has begged him to spare the town!' 'London before the occupation of the troops!' 'Hindenburg London's Overlord!' This information is the signal for a delirium of delight surpassing Germany's joy in the days of August, 1914, and in the autumn of 1915.

"'*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*' Like a mighty wave it roars in multitudinous chorus up to the starlit sky. All are crowding on the Linden. In front of the palace hearts are bubbling over with rapture. There is singing in the streets, and it continues through the Mark Brandenburg and resounds throughout the mighty fortress of Germany, founded on a rock.

"Another announcement: 'In order to save London from the threatened destruction, the English government has accepted Hindenburg's demand that the entire English army, wherever it may be, is to lay down its arms without delay'."

The scene shifts back to England, where—,

"Hindenburg is riding slowly on with a town of seven and a half millions lying at his feet, and thoughtfully he glances at the Canaan of the German dreams of conquest. At last he has succeeded in subduing England's greatest weapon, the lie, which with the cable, the telegraph, the press, and silver bullets undermined Germany's honor. . . . .

"The streets and squares round

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London Bridge station are a huge military camp. Hurrah! Hindenburg has entered the station grounds. At nine o'clock sharp he mounts his horse, while the battalions unfurl the flags. To the strains of the 'Entry-into-Paris March' of 1814, the troops proceed to London Bridge. From this bridge the soldiers look at the riggings of the cargo boats which have escaped with difficulty from a dangerous fate, and have come to the docks to repair the wounds inflicted upon them in the Channel by the German U-boats.

"Gentlemen and foppish mongrels, righteous and unrighteous, all clench their fists in their pockets against the Germans. Let them hate us if they like, provided they fear us! . . . .

"When the troops enter the Strand the adjutant calls the attention of Major Sigwart, who is riding close to him, to the fact that here, in a by-street, Czar Peter the Great had lived when he went to Holland and England to learn the shipbuilding trade as a simple dockyard workman. It would have been a fine parallel, thought the major, if the King of England had one day enlisted as a recruit in a Potsdam by-street to study German military science. If King Edward had done so, this world war would surely have been spared us."

If we remember the last act of Germany's much vaunted fleet, the description of the entrance into Trafalgar Square takes on an added touch of interest:

"To the joyous strains of the German naval song the troops come to Trafalgar Square. The four bronze lions at the foot of Nelson's Column have mourning veils over their manes. Today they lie, not as crouching for a spring, but as lame with terror. Two Berlin soldiers are speaking of Nelson, the popular British hero. One says: 'To win so easily a sea battle—it is surely an extravagant adventure'. 'Yes, Karl', says the other, 'but you see no German U-boat was present'."

Thus do Hindenburg's conquerors parade in triumph through a London large areas of which are smouldering ruins. Having decreed that in the future the Lord Mayor shall be deprived of any representative functions, they proceed in triumph to Buckingham Palace, where the world war comes officially to an end.

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THE BOOKS I KNEW AS A CHILD

BY ROSE COHEN

The books in our home, when I was a child, were a few volumes in Hebrew and Yiddish pertaining to religion. Besides the Bible, which of course was the Old Testament, there was a volume called "Rules for Proper Conduct", a volume of the Psalms of David, a few prayer-books, and two or three volumes of narratives in Yiddish. This was a typical collection of books among the few Jewish families in our village in the northwestern part of Russia. Nothing was ever read to children for the purpose of entertaining, but many were the stories told us by our elders.

In our own home my earliest recollections go back to the time when there were just two children—my little sister and I. Besides, there was father, who was a tailor and who always seemed occupied and preoccupied with "making a living", and mother, who was also so busy with the household. Then there were grandfather and grandmother. Grandmother was blind and always sat in her bed, knitting stockings. She was the least occupied, and it was on her that we depended for stories.

On a winter evening, when the snow outside lay high and the men were not at home, we all climbed upon our great, warm brick oven, hung the lamp against the chimney, and grandmother told us stories while she and mother knitted stockings or picked over feathers. Grandmother's imagination was vivid, her plotting good, her stories full of mystery. Many of them were ghostly.

"It was near midnight". Her voice at once took on a low, awed tone, and stopped. Sister and I pressed close, one on each side; the steel needles flashed and clicked so in the stillness. We urged in a whisper, "Yes!"

"Rabie Asra sat alone in the bare, dimly-lit synagogue, pursuing Holy Writ—"

Sister and I glanced about furtively. Away below, from our perch on the stove, the floor lay in deep shadow.

"Rabie Asra was pursuing Holy Writ when suddenly he felt an icy hand clasp his wrist.

"'Shmoh Isroal! Shmoh Isroal!' he cried."

My heart seemed to stand quite still and I, too, tried to make out the words with my lips—"Shmoh Isroal" (God protect me from evil).

However, not all of grandmother's stories were ghostly. Many were from the Bible, or traditions of the different holidays which she told us a little before they came. We heard how the temple in Jerusalem was destroyed, the story of Esther's feast, and many others. Grandmother talked in a low, mournful tone, rocking gently to and fro and weeping. And we, too, wept or stamped our little feet in glee when Haman who plotted to destroy the Jews was hanged. It was all very real to us.

When I learned to read, I read over and over again the few books and became still more religious—and I was dreadfully afraid. I read in the Bible the story of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. I read the narratives of

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saints who became sinners, of sinners who became saints. "Everything is about the dead!" And I was afraid!

Sometimes I argued with myself: "But why should I fear? I am so good. I never sit down to a meal without washing my hands. I never go to sleep without saying prayers. Why should I fear?"

The saints of long ago were always present in my mind, almost lifelike, wherever I went, whatever I did. I pictured Abraham: I saw a beautiful old man in white, with a white beard; there was a sweet smile on his ancient face as he looked at me, because I had prayed so earnestly that morning. And I was filled with exaltation, but also, with fear.

It was dusk. I was outside, alone, and I edged toward the door, but with force stayed my steps a little and repeated haltingly: "No, I am not afraid! God is with me and I am not afraid!"

And I prayed still more. I loved the Psalms of David and often found consolation in them. I read in a sing-song voice as I heard father and grandfather read. The psalms were in Hebrew, but here and there I understood a few words and I put my whole soul into them:

> In pastures of tender grass
> He causeth me to lie down:
> Beside still waters He leadeth me.

I loved the rhythm.

I was perhaps eleven years old when I began to learn Russian. Our tutor procured a Russian book and I was being taught to read. And here the mantle of both religion and fear was lifted a little. I felt proud that I was to know how to read a Russian book. We were all proud. Hebrew and Yiddish were a necessity. These were our own languages, our religion. And the Russian I knew was just the dialect of the peasants in our village. But this Russian was different. This was literary Russian. To know this was an accomplishment, like music.

But I had barely learned to read a few words when trouble befell our home and father had to leave for America at once. Now there was no money for tutoring. Besides, we figured, where was the necessity for Russian, or Russian books now? Soon we should be in America, and there, there would be English, and English books.

Here, a different life began for us children. We were living in New York, a great city, in a different country, a very worldly country. No one was pious; no one was afraid. And soon we, too, shed something of both. Here, also, was the early struggle of the immigrant for a "livelihood"; and English, and English books did not soon come our way. But one day, I discovered Yiddish books, stories!

One day, in the home of our next-door neighbor who was a carpenter I saw a Yiddish book on the kitchen table. I examined it and found to my surprise that it did not at all relate to religion; it was "just a story"; and I learned from the neighbor that these books were commonly kept at "soda-water stands" and were hired out at five cents a book. And now a wonderful world began for me, a world of books.

Many of these books were supposed to have been translations from other languages, English, Spanish, German. Most of them were romances depicted in the most extravagant language, with unnatural characters and impossible plots. One of the titles I recall was "The Executioner from Berlin". The reader was kept in constant suspense. I used to sit in a feverish

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state, my face hot, my nerves tingling, reading breathlessly. And yet, these books did not seem to spoil my taste for better reading.

One day, when I came to the stand and asked for a book, the "soda-water man" reached down from the top shelf a clumsy volume. I looked at the title page, "David Copperfield — by Charles Dickens". I turned to the first page and read aloud the title of the chapter, "I Am Born". And I carried it away with me, with a strange feeling of happiness. I felt as if I had caught a strain of beautiful music. I think it was the simplicity of the three little words and the intimate tone of the first person. I had never yet read anything written in the first person. Someone was talking to me—I could almost hear the voice!

We read the book aloud at home. I read this volume more slowly than the other works. And while reading it, I did not ask myself, "Is this real?" as I had done while reading the others. There, somehow, was no doubt about it in my mind. I used to love to know that things I read were real.

After "David Copperfield", I could not bear to read anything for seven days, which was a long, long time to go without reading in our house.

I was well on the way to womanhood when I knew how to pick out a few words in an English reader. And the first book that came into my hands was the Bible, the New Testament, which I found in a hospital at the head of my bed. In my childhood I should not have even thought of touching the "Gentile Bible". But now I merely hesitated. Then I asked myself: "How could it be a sin? The people around me, Gentiles, were so good, like our own people." Then I took it from the little box and read.

"Abraham begot Isaac, and Isaac begot Jacob—" So, as I was stumbling through word after word, I was learning to read much sooner, because the word as well as the style was familiar. Many of our people, I have since discovered, learned to read English in the Bible and found it easier than in anything else.

When I left the hospital, an American woman gave me a little volume, a love story. This was the first book in English that I read. But I remember nothing of it, not even the title.

And now it was that I joined a library. The first time I stood in the line waiting for my book and saw the shelves and shelves of volumes, I thought: "And all these I can read, free!"

At the desk I asked for a book by Shakespeare, "any book!" When I first came to this country I had heard the men with whom I worked talk of Shakespeare. The librarian gave me "Julius Caesar". But I soon found that knowing how to read a little English did not mean understanding Shakespeare. I kept the book two weeks. I pored and pored over it and finally I had to give it up. I confessed to the librarian that I could not read "all English books" and asked for something simple, "like for a child". I received "Little Women". I have reread it since. But that first time left no impression on my mind. Yet I must have liked it, for I remember drawing other books by the same author.

And now I read a great deal. I read good books; when I could not get these, I read anything. I remember once when I was away from home, in the country, I read all there was in the house. Among the books I remember "The Choir Invisible", by James Lane Allen, "The Adopted Farm", "The Abandoned Farm", "Pomona's

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Travels", and others. I read them all; then I went to a neighboring farm and asked the daughter of the house if she had something to read.

"Yes, I have", she said, and brought me a much-used and soiled, coverless book. The title had been torn off. I looked inside and saw, "Thrown on the World", and I took it away. Late that night, when I crept out of bed to blow out the light, I found that half of the little wooden candlestick had burned away, and just a bit of the wick was flickering in a little pool of tallow.

Then a time came when I could not read everything. There was a change in my home life just now. I was not quite so much in the old environment of old customs and old traditions, the environment where most children remain who come here and go to "the shop" instead of "the school". I began to choose my books.

And now it was that I read Charles Dickens. I found to my delight one day that there was "a whole shelf of books by Dickens" and I read them all. "David Copperfield" remained my favorite book. In some of the other volumes there were often pages that I wanted to skip. But a man who has once been hungry cannot bear to waste a crumb.

One day I went to the library and looked over the poets. I looked through Lowell, Whittier, and chose Longfellow's poems because these I could understand. I learned some of these poems by heart. "The Day Is Done, appealed to me greatly,—

> Read from some humbler poet,
> Whose songs gushed from his heart—

And again,—

> Who, through long days of labor,
> And nights devoid of ease,
> Still heard in his soul the music—

And this,—

> And the night shall be filled with music—

The whole poem to me was a beautiful song and very wonderful to me was the poet's choice of a poet.

I read Olive Schreiner's "Dreams". I had to dig and dig to get the meaning in these. But I loved them because of it; and because of the short simple sentences, the short words, I studied this little book.

One day I read "Silas Marner". There was some trouble at home and a friend advised me to read the book in connection with it. It was so that I loved best to read—when I could see a connection between life and literature. Literature, to me, was as real as life. Literature was life. Many an amusement that was within my reach I gave up, to read.

I remember one beautiful Sunday in the spring. The children were out in the street and, it seems to me now, the adults too. I had just brought a book from the library and sat on the window-sill with my feet out on the fire-escape, reading. The next day I would be at the sewing-machine. But this day, Sunday, was mine. It was very quiet and I was reading quickly, watching anxiously the daylight pass.

So as I sat reading in the quiet there was a tap on the door and a young man, a friend of the family, came in. I laid my book in my lap and he came and sat down near the window. Usually he was aggressive, but today he was very quiet and gentle.

We talked of the book I was reading, of the magazine he had with him. He idly turned the pages of the magazine, then stopped at one page, observed it for a moment, and held it out to me.

"Isn't this pretty?" he asked.

It was a peaceful looking little sketch of a stretch of water, some shrubs, and a small rowboat with two

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persons in it, an attractive scene.

"Yes, it is pretty", I admitted, handing it back to him.

He hesitated a moment and asked: "Why not do that?"

He rose and stood looking out of the window.

"It is beautiful on the water, on a day like this. It ripples so gently and glistens so in the sun. Come? We can let the boat drift. Have you ever been in one? You can touch the water with your hands."

I, too, was looking out of the window, past the rubbish-laden fire-escapes of Monroe Street, past the clothes-lines, away up at a bit of blue sky between the tenements. I saw his picture readily, and it held me.

"Tomorrow I shall be in the shop, at the machine—"

I looked at my book. I was reading "Middlemarch" by George Eliot. I was at the part where Dorothea Brooke was reading Mr. Casaubon's proposal of marriage. Would she accept him?

I closed the book but drew it closer to me. I looked up at the young man. In his eyes there was still the question. I smiled an apology and slowly shook my head—"no".

MY MIRROR

BY ALINE KILMER

There is a mirror in my room
Less like a mirror than a tomb,
There are so many ghosts that pass
Across the surface of the glass.

When in the morning I arise
With circles round my tired eyes,
Seeking the glass to brush my hair
My mother's mother meets me there.

If in the middle of the day
I happen to go by that way,
I see a smile I used to know—
My mother, twenty years ago.

But when I rise by candle-light
To feed my baby in the night,
Then whitely in the glass I see
My dead child's face look out at me.

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DINING WITH DICKENS AT DELMONICO'S

An Illustrious Friendly Relations Assembly as Revealed in the Contents of an Old Trunk

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

"Why not give Mr. Dickens a farewell dinner in the name of the Press?"

This suggestion was made in January of 1868, at an informal gathering of some thirty leading journalists of New York City, men who had been meeting together during the winter of that year for the purpose of stimulating professional comradeship, and for discussion of such topics as were of vital interest to press and public. Before the suggestion in regard to giving the great English novelist a dinner had been made, there was much talk of the ovation everywhere being given "Mr." Dickens, who was then bringing to a successful end his second tour of the United States as reader of his own works.

The idea met with quick approval. A vote was taken, and it was unanimous in favor of the banquet. As Dickens was to leave the city the following week for an extended trip, and would not be back in New York until April, it was evident that the affair must be given in that month. A committee on arrangements was at once chosen, and from that evening plans for the dinner went swiftly on to a brilliant climax. This account of the memorable function is the result of the recent discovery, in an old trunk unopened under the eaves of an undisturbed attic, of a black scrap-book containing *memorabilia* of the occasion collected by two of those who were present. With the scrap-book there also came to light a bundle of neatly filed acceptances and regrets from editors and literary men, many of whom at that time were just emerging into the enviable place they hold today in the world of journalism and letters. On the first page of the scrap-book are these head-lines from a morning paper of the following day:

THE DICKENS BANQUET

The New York Press entertains the great English novelist

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868

Beneath this caption there is a copy of the invitation sent to their guest of honor by the committee, of which Henry E. Sweetser was secretary, and John Russell Young chairman. To their courteous invitation Mr. Dickens made reply:

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 1, 1868.

DEAR SIRS, —

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd of last month, and to explain to you that I should have done this sooner, but that I could not until now be sure of my engagements.

It will give me very great pleasure to accept your invitation provided that Saturday, the 18th of April (the only day at my disposal before my departure) should suit your convenience.

In reference to your kind suggestion of your readiness to depart from your usual rule of privacy, if I should desire it, I assure you that I have no such wish, and that I leave the matter wholly in your hands.

Very cordially reciprocating your good wishes,

I am always, dear sirs,
Faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

As soon as this answer to the invi-

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tation was received, the committee sent invitations to all journalists, writers, and publishers except those living at such a distance from New York that it was assumed they would not be able to accept. It being the general wish to have as little publicity as possible given to the affair until the last moment, the following communication was sent to all invited guests:

(*Private*)

NEW YORK, *February* 11, 1868.

DEAR SIR, —

Mr. Charles Dickens has accepted an invitation to dine with the Press on the 18th of April. The committee in charge of the matter, desiring to make the company as much as possible representative of the Press of the country, invite your co-operation.

I am instructed by the committee, therefore, to ask you if it will be agreeable to you to take part with us. A note addressed to Mr. Henry E. Sweetser of the "World" before the 10th of March will meet with immediate attention.

It is particularly requested that no publication be made at present.

Truly yours,

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, Chairman.

This note was followed at a later date by a formal engraved invitation in the best style of the period. Naturally as soon as invitations went out, and acceptances and regrets began to be received, the affair became a matter of public interest, and eager applicants for tickets wrote from all parts of the country. If those who planned the dinner so casually on that January evening could have anticipated the universal enthusiasm the plan would provoke, and had felt at liberty to extend the invitation to much wider limits than that of the Press, no hall in New York would have been large enough to hold the crowd that would have gathered to honor the famous writer whose readings were evoking such wide-spread enthusiasm. As it was, the original idea was strictly held to that the dinner should be a Press affair, and all those who took part in it were in some way identified with the world of letters or journalism.

It was decided to give the dinner at Delmonico's, then located at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and after talking the matter over with the celebrated *restaurateur*, notices were sent out that the price per plate would be fifteen dollars. Not a mean sort of affair that, in those long-gone days of fifty years ago!

Henry Coppée, president of Lehigh University, was the first invited guest to respond. He was obliged to decline, but said in his note: "I regard Mr. Dickens as the greatest delineator of character in prose fiction the world has ever seen, and therefore worthy of the honor". Robert Bonner, editor of the New York "Ledger", accepted promptly, with evident pleasure in the project, as did Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist of later days, then with "Harper's Weekly". He added as a postscript to his letter:

I would just as lieve, for the fun of the thing, paint something suitable to the occasion,—a large cartoon in distemper. I can do it very quickly. Shall I? If you were only ready now for my pictures in the "Tribune", I think I have a splendid subject for impeachment.

There is no hint, however, that Mr. Nast's suggestion was followed up by the committee.

James Parton, historian, whose home was in East Eighteenth Street, New York, replied in the semi-humorous vein which was characteristic of him:

MY DEAR SIR, —

I thought the gods were averse to my having the pleasure of taking sustenance with the gentlemen of the Press, since they twice prevented me. But on my return to the city after several days' absence I find they are going to try a third time. Please count me in for Ap. 18th.

I must tell you, however, that I *cannot* speak. I absolutely *cannot*. I am ashamed

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of my inability. I think it is a mean, cowardly shamefacedness, but it is too late to overcome it.

Ought there not to be ladies? Mrs. Stone, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Field, Gail Hamilton, Ethel Lynn, Olive Logan, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Davis, and others. Let us be more civilized than the Great British.

Very truly yours,
JAS. PARTON.

This idea evidently obsessed the worthy gentleman momentarily, for there is another letter from him written on the following day in which he says:

Ought there not to be ladies at the dinner proposed for April 18th?

They don't have 'em in England, but whatever is right for England is wrong for America. (An interesting observation, that of 1868, in the light of our feeling now in 1919!)

It is for us to teach mankind how to dine.

With that letter he includes a list of women writers of the time, which is delightful in its echoes of a literary past. Despite the fervor of the gentleman's appeal and the soundness of his reasoning, there is no evidence of any feminine guests at the dinner, other than the acceptance of J. R. Thompson, editor of "Every Afternoon", who wrote: "in which testimonial it gives Mrs. Thompson great pleasure to participate". As there is no other proof that ladies were included, the inference is that Mrs. Thompson was notified that she could not be present.

William Cullen Bryant, poet and journalist, had been chosen to preside at the dinner, but he refused the honor in the following very modest letter:

NEW YORK, *March 2nd*, 1868.

GENTLEMEN, —

I cannot of course but be flattered by an application to preside at any dinner of the Press of the country, even though there be no reason for the preference other than that I am, as I believe, the oldest New York journalist. I share in the universal admiration for the genius and writings of Mr. Dickens, but I have made arrangements for being absent from New York at the time you mention, and must decline the honor which you offer me.

I am, gentlemen, with great regard,
Your ob't ser't,
W. C. BRYANT.

Horace Greeley, editor and owner of the "Tribune", was then chosen, and accepted the position of presiding officer.

One reply is of especial interest to us at this time, when the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of its writer has just been celebrated on February 22nd with all possible honor. The letter, given below, is written in an easy, flowing handwriting on handsome monogrammed stationery:

CAMBRIDGE, 25*th Feb'y*, 1868.

DEAR SIR, —

I need not say how much pleasure it would give me to be present at the Press dinner to Mr. Dickens on the 18th of April. But I am not sure that it will be in my power to be in New York at that time. . . . Could you not keep a plate for me till I am able to give a positive answer? In a week or two I shall be able to say yes or no.

Very truly yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

As Lowell's name does not appear in the complete newspaper list of those present, which is in the old scrap-book, he probably had to forego the anticipated pleasure.

The inability of J. G. Holland to be present, as he was about to start for Europe, was a matter for regret to all, for he was very popular among his brothers in the profession. Many other invited guests from neighboring cities were obliged to decline, but every letter either of acceptance or regret contained some word in praise of Dickens. Donald G. Mitchell, or Ik Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor", in sending his reluctant regrets concludes his letter with, "Believe me, however, when I say that there will be never a table-man

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amongst you more sensible of the debt we all owe to your honored guest than yr obliged serv't, Donald G. Mitchell".

From the mayor of Philadelphia, Morton McMichael, former editor of "The Saturday Evening Post", and later owner of "The North American", who wrote on paper embellished with the seal of his city, came a courteous acceptance, but Mayor Hoffman of New York, who was successively recorder and mayor of the city and governor of the state, was obliged to send regrets. From L. Gaylord Clarke came this:

PIRAMONT, *March 5th*, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR, —

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to join your committee in doing honor to Mr. Dickens, the greatest genius of this generation. But Dr. Franklin says "*time is money*": I haven't time, I am very sorry to say.

Truly yours,

L. GAYLORD CLARKE.

William Dean Howells, editor of "The Atlantic Monthly", also sent a note of regret in his characteristic and minute handwriting. On that same day the committee were greatly disappointed to receive word from Ralph Waldo Emerson that it would be quite out of his power to taken an active part in the affair.

Francis Lieber, publicist and educator, also sent his regrets, as did John W. Draper of New York University, then located on Washington Square. Regrets came from Richard H. Dana, Jr., of the New York "World", then in the Massachusetts legislature, from John G. Saxe, and from T. B. Aldrich, poet, prose writer, and literary editor for the firm of Ticknor and Fields of Boston, Mr. Aldrich's note written in that peculiar backhand chirography so well known to his friends. Charles Eliot Norton of "The North American" accepted promptly, as did William H. Hurlbut of the "World", and George William Curtis, who was then an editor of "Harper's Weekly", as well as an author. From George Dolby, who had been the representative of Chappell and Company of London in the English tours of Dickens, and who on this American tour was the sole manager of the famous writer, came this reply to the committee:

TO HENRY E. SWEETSER, ESQ.

Mr. George Dolby accepts with much pleasure the kind invitation of the Press of the United States to dinner on Saturday, the 18th inst.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL, 16*th April*, 1868.

Mr. Dolby was the only person, except the guest of honor, to whom a complimentary ticket was sent.

James T. Fields of the firm of Ticknor and Fields sent a genial acceptance, as did J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia, thus adding one more to the list of publishers who were to be at the dinner.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, editor of "The Galaxy", New York, as well as literary critic and author, writing from 19 Broad Street on his own modish letter-paper, says, "I shall gladly avail myself of the opportunity to be present at this recognition of the *days* and *days* of pleasure which the great novelist has given us all"; while from J. M. Francis of the Troy "Daily Times" came this plea: "I hope you will arrange to give the 'near-sighted' like myself as good a position as is practicable." With more business acumen than is usually attributed to writer-folk, he adds, "Enclosed find the money!"

Despite the fact that George Boker of Philadelphia, author and diplomat, who was successively United States Minister to Turkey and to Russia, sent his regrets wishing "your distinguished guest and his many hosts all possible joy on the occasion which I

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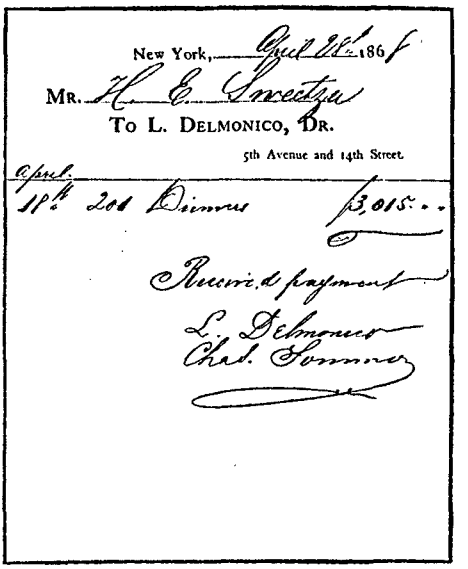
know that your combined wit and eloquence will make memorable", the gentleman was present at the dinner and responded to a toast in honor of his city.

As the date of the affair drew near, it became a matter of keen interest among the charmed circle of those who were invited, as well as to those envious ones who were outside the pale of journalism or letters, and the committee were literally besieged with requests to break their rule for the sake of eager, and in many cases famous, applicants for tickets. But they did not weaken or alter their determination in regard to the requirements of would-be guests. At the same time they were perfecting what then promised to be and later proved a very brilliant affair. With the banquet a half-century old story, it is of interest to learn from the old scrap-book that "the number of tickets sold was 204,—of the holders of these, 199 were present, and in addition to them, two persons (Messrs. Dickens and Dolby), to whom tickets were given by the committee, leaving a balance of three tickets in favor of the committee, or in money, forty-five dollars". Together with the balance-sheet was Delmonico's bill for the banquet, with its United States revenue stamp of the time affixed, and its signatures of L. Delmonico and Charles Sonnino: "for 201 dinners $3,015". That it was well worth the price seems sure, for the newspaper account of it in the old scrap-book says:

> Delmonico, than whom none knows better how to work up a banquet into the pleasing domain of art, brought all his energies to bear upon the matter.

As a result, the menu, from its pretty colored cover to its delectable details, was an artistic triumph. Those who today attend public dinners cannot fail to be interested in the menu, which


New York, April 18th 1868
Mr. H. E. Sweetza
To L. Delmonico, Dr.
5th Avenue and 14th Street.
April
18th 201 Dinners $3,015..
Received payment
L. Delmonico
Chas. Sonnino

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF DELMONICO BILL FOR PRESS DINNER TO CHARLES DICKENS, APRIL, 1868

included the following literary-gastronomic triumphs:

> Huîtres. *Potages*: consommé à la Sevigné; crème d'asperges à la Dumas. *Hors d'oeuvres*: variés; les petites Timballes à la Dickens. *Poissons*: truites à la Victoria; bass à l'Italienne. *Relèves*: filet de boeuf à la Lucullus; agneau farci à la Walter Scott. *Entrées*: filets de Brants à la Signora; croustades de ris de veau à la Douglas; coutelettes à la Fenimore Cooper; galatine à la royale; aspic de foie gras historié. *Sorbet*: à l'Américaine. *Rotis*: bécassines; poulets de grains truffés. *Entremets*: tomates; petis pois; artichauts; laitues braisées. *Sucres*: soupirs à la Mantalini; macédoine des fruits; moscovite à l'abricots; gelée au kümmel; gateaux Savarins et Viennois glaces à l'oranges. *Fruits et Dessert—Pièces Montées*: temple de la litérature; trophées à l'auteur; Stars and Stripes; pavilion international; armes Britannique; la loi du Destin; monument de Washington; colonne triomphale. DELMONICO.

A mere casual glance over this remarkable menu, with its tributes to many nations and to literature in general, assures one of the truth of a newspaper clipping from the New York "World" of April 19th, which

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might otherwise seem to be overdrawn. It says:

> The eight tables in the dining-hall were magnificent with the most consummate commingling of flowers and confections. Connoisseurs in these things declared that the display surpassed anything of the kind in the history of banquets. It certainly did in the ingeniousness of designs. Confections were converted into tempting pictures of the most familiar characters of the great novelist. Sugar was not ashamed to imitate him, and even ice-cream had frozen into solid obeisance. Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig, and Poor Joe and Captain Cuttle blossomed out of charlotte russe, and Tiny Tim was discovered in *pâté de foie gras*. All this was another evidence of the universality of his creations. So firm a hold have they taken of the heart and minds of even cooks and confectioners that the very edibles answer to the impression with a new touch of humanity in them.

Pride in the brilliance of the affair was all the greater because of a threatened disaster which for a time seemed ominously sure of fulfilment. During the last weeks of his tour Dickens had been far from well, due in part to the change in climate, and in part to a very painful affection of his foot. Many disquieting reports had reached the committee from time to time, and on the day of the dinner, at the hour when those in charge of affairs arrived to make their final preparations, they were met with the news that Dickens was suffering such severe pain in his foot that it was more than probable he could not be present at the dinner. And tables were groaning under their burden of delicacies, while guests were already arriving to do him homage! Well justified were the committee in the gloomiest forebodings, but despair was soon changed to relief. Came a messenger from the novelist, who declared that Mr. Dickens intended to attend the dinner if he had to be carried! Soon the honored guest arrived, helped up the stairs by Mr. Greeley, on whose arm he leaned heavily, and with his foot bandaged. It was evident to all that he was suffering severe pain, and when he was ready to pass into the reception room, the assembled guests formed in two long lines, through which he walked with Mr. Greeley on one side and Mr. Dolby on the other; and as the guests watched his difficult progress, they paid a silent tribute to the courage of the man who could so override a physical obstacle.

At once the company adjourned to the banquet hall and found their seats according to a diagram in the old scrap-book. Dickens was happily seated between Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond of the New York "Times", and seemed to enjoy the speech of welcome delivered by Mr. Greeley, who spoke of being one of not more than twenty of the number present who had welcomed Mr. Dickens on his first visit to America, a quarter-century before. He also referred with pride to the fact that when thirty-four years before, as a young printer, he had the audacity to undertake the editing and printing of a weekly newspaper, in buying material for the first number he purchased an old English monthly containing a story by a then unknown writer, known only by the quaint name of "Boz". The story, which in its present-day form is called "Mr. Watkins Tottle", was published in that first number of the first journal with which the name of Horace Greeley was connected.

The inclusive list of toasts was:

I Welcome: Horace Greeley
II Our Guest: Charles Dickens
III The New York Press: Thurlow Weed, Henry J. Raymond, and Manton Marble
IV The Weekly Press: George William Curtis
V The Monthly Press: William Henry Hurlburt

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VI The Boston Press: Charles Eliot Norton
VII The New England Press: Joseph R. Hawley
VIII The Northern Press: George W. Demers
IX The Western Press: Murat Halstead
X The Southern Press: Edwin De Leon
XI The Southwestern Press: T. B. Thorpe
XII The Scientific Press: E. L. Yeomans

In his response for the New York Press, Mr. Raymond spoke of the other distinguished men whom it had delighted to honor—among them the great exile Kossuth, Cobden the statesman, and Thackeray, who, in more than one of his public utterances in America, had spoken in glowing terms of the service done to humanity by his brother in letters, Charles Dickens. (Great applause.) Mr. Raymond dwelt at length on the characters created by Dickens, saying:

They seem like persons. We cherish them as friends. . . . They do everybody good, for they are always hopeful, always earnest (or many of them), always kind to everyone, and in spite of all we may claim for our institutions and our equality of rights, humanity in this country—I say it fearlessly—owes more of its substantial advances to the writings of Mr. Dickens than even to the Press of New York. (Laughter and applause.)

At the close of his speech the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the audience joined in the chorus.

On behalf of the Weekly Press, George William Curtis made a spirited speech in which he dwelt specially on the fact that the guest of the evening had in his writings not only revealed wrongs, but greatly helped to right them.

George H. Boker, speaking for the Press of Philadelphia, said in conclusion:

We shall be delighted to see him again in any capacity, whether as an Ambassador of England to the United States (great applause) or as an ambassador from his literary brethren sent to conclude the great international copyright treaty of the future, which we all hope to see. (Applause.)

When the last speaker had finished, there was a brief whispered conversation between Dickens and Mr. Greeley, who immediately rose and announced that Mr. Dickens was suffering such severe pain that he would be obliged to leave, but asked as a special favor that he be allowed to pass out as quietly as possible. At once the assemblage stood, and three rousing cheers rang out while their honored guest left the room.

Never would any of those present forget the speech he had made in response to the welcome extended to him by Mr. Greeley at the beginning of the dinner. In that speech he had made reparation for those earlier statements concerning America and her people, which had won him the ill-will of those who felt he had been unjust in such scathing criticisms. Now, at the end of his second visit to the United States, he took the Press dinner as an opportunity to wipe out old scores of bitterness, and made a promise that thrilled his listeners. He said in part:

What I have resolved upon is, on my return to England, in my own person to bear for the behoof of my countrymen such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at tonight. (Immense applause.) Also to record that wherever I have been I have been received with unsurpassed politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and respect for the privacy daily forced on me by the nature of my avocation here, and the state of my health. (Applause.) This testimony, as long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal rights in my books, I shall cause to be republished as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. (Tremendous applause.) And this will I do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but

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because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor. (Bravos and cheers.)

After he had left, and the last speech had been concluded, Mr. Greeley read some of the letters received from those who had not been able to be present. Among them, in its quaint envelope with the three-cent stamp of the period, was this:

BOSTON, *April 9th*, 1868.

DEAR SIR, —

I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to attend the dinner to be given to Mr. Dickens on the eighteenth of April. All of us delight to honor him, and our hearts will all be with you as you speak the kind words of farewell to your and our illustrious guest. No invader ever astonished these western shores with so complete a triumph. He has subdued and rendered tributary to himself the mighty multitudes of our great cities more rapidly and universally than Cortez overcame the thronging Aztecs. He has taught his gracious lessons of sympathy with all that suffer, of delight in all joyous life, to a larger class of enraptured scholars than Marco Lapac found among the docile Peruvians.

He belongs to us and to all that breathe the vital air, as a true Defender of the Faith; faith in this divinely human race, the congenital creed of all its nobler natures, in the face of all its false priests and prophets. His writings, fresh as they are in form, are one in spirit with the smiles and the sighs of the little family circle of Eden before the firstborn of our brothers interfered with its harmony. The language of true feeling is of all time. The pleasant humors of Pickwick might have been traced in the original characters of an antediluvian palimpsest, and the sweet humanities of David Copperfield might have been deciphered from a manuscript thrown overboard (in a bottle) by Father Noah.

In varying phrases we all strive to express the same wish: peace, prosperity and happiness be with our parting guest, on the land and on the deep, now and always; the man who has been as a brother to more of his fellow creatures than any other of his time, and who, all over the English-speaking world, is the companion of every age and condition and the welcome guest in every household.

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

In a letter from John Bigelow, United States Minister to Great Britain, written from Charleston, Mr. Bigelow said:

The opportunity is one which posterity will envy you. . . . It would be hard to name another writer who, in his whole lifetime ever contributed so much substantial and innocent pleasure to so large a number of his fellow comrades. . . . He has taught multitudes who needed the lesson, that obscurity of station does not necessarily imply insignificance, that ignorance does not always imply immorality, and that poverty is not the inevitable ally of depravity. . . .

Mr. Dickens has also shown in his sketches of humble life with what propriety all legitimate sovereignty resides with and emanates from the people, without distinction of rank or worldly condition, while he has never countenanced false standards of merit in society by selecting the favorite subjects for his pencil from among the privileged classes, in this respect inaugurating a new era in the literature of fiction. . . . Though one of the most voluminous of writers, Mr. Dickens has never printed a line calculated to give attractiveness to vice, or to extend toleration to crime. He has never published a book which would not have added to his reputation, nor one, I venture to say, that would not have added to the reputation of any writer of his years, at the time it was written.

To such a man it is not only a duty but a privilege to do honor, and I trust the Press of New York will do justice to itself by showing that it knows how to appreciate such a rare combination of genius and virtues.

I am, with great respect,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN BIGELOW.

The dinner of April 18th, 1868, has long since passed into history. As a Press dinner to Dickens it would have been in any case, to some degree, of national interest, but in this year, fifty years since the banquet was held, when the Great War is over, and England and America are sitting together at the peace table in the interests of a new and finer international comradeship, there is a deep and vital portent in one paragraph of the speech made by Charles Eliot Norton. In speaking for the Boston Press, he said:

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There are two Englands. There is the actual England; there is the England of the "Times" newspaper, the England of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs", well, the England which we do not like. And there is the real England . . . to which no American can go without feeling a rapture in his heart as he thinks of the old and glorious memories of our race. And when he wakes in the morning . . . he will see the England which he has believed in and dreamed of, and it will seem to him that it is some . . . place where he has been in his boyhood. He will see the old, the real, the dear England (great cheering). . . . He will see the England of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dickens. (Cheering.) He will recognize that there is a responsive drop in his heart which beats quicker and warmer because the life which is in him springs from the dear old England, mother of us all. (Great applause.) He will return home the better, the more patriotic, for having seen the home of his ancestors. He will return home with more faith in America, because he will have seen from where America started, because he will be able to appreciate the solid foundations of right, the impregnable rock of justice on which all which is glorious in the real England . . . rests. He will come here with fresher convictions in his own heart, prepared to do his best for his own part and for those who work with him in carrying out those glorious principles which England hides in her heart, places first in her faith, first in her religion—the principles of justice, of liberty, of humanity. I will not attempt to repeat the sentiments which we have heard from the eloquent lips which have preceded me, in saying how deeply, how earnestly, how hopefully he feels that between England and America is a bond which no earthly catastrophe can sever (applause), but I will say that the idea of war between the old Mother, and the young, vigorous, promising Manchild of the future is an idea which is enough to raze all the foundations of reason from its throne. And we hope it is one that he will never permit himself or others in his presence to speak of. (Cheers.) And this because of his love, not for England, but for humanity. . . . I felt willing to speak tonight that I might be able to add the tribute of New England . . . to him, who, while binding this generation to him by affectionate respect, has . . . had a success which is not limited to England, but which binds the New World to him by cords that are stronger, and have a subtler magnetism than the electric cables, by feelings as delicate and as powerful as those which belong to the inmost domesticities of home. And when he returns to his own country he may carry back the assurance that the faith with which he came upon this voyage—the faith that he should be able to lay one chain more to bind those two dear lands together—has been thoroughly fulfilled.

"We Are a Band of Brothers" was then played, and the speaker took his seat, little dreaming how much his words would mean in coming years. Would that he and those who were gathered together at that dinner could have had a vision of 1919 with its relationship between the beloved land of Charles Dickens and our own America!

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HUNTING HACK WORK

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

There is a rather curious occupation which I have followed, with occasional intermissions, for a number of years—that of hunting hack work. The intermissions were periods of employment which supplied, more or less, an income. If one were of independent means, and might regard hunting hack work as a sport like golf, or a hobby like collecting books, or a study like sociology or psychology, or a form of intellectual diversion such as the enjoyment of humor, then this occupation would be rich in reward. As a method, however, of attaining to a livelihood I can hardly, out of my experience, hold it in high esteem. Let us regard it, therefore, for the nonce, as entertainment laden with instruction. For in hunting hack work is to be found much knowledge of the world.

By the term hack work I mean, of course, the humble, obscure, and often arduous chores of the literary profession. Some literary hacks are very young and some are very old. For hack work is two things. Ofttimes it is excellent preliminary discipline and a stepping-stone to a brilliant career; frequently it is an asylum for those who have dreamed their dream. Again, it is the resort of the merely mediocre, who got into it—why, God only knows. Altogether, it is the harbor of a motley world. As a scene it hath much color.

It would be an entertaining thing to go into the personnel of this industry. Who, for instance, writes dictionaries? "Let's look it up in the dictionary." Nobody questions this omniscient, omnipotent book. Book? It does not seem a book at all, fallible like a book, written like a book, but rather it has always been to one monumental like the pyramids, the stone tablets, as it were, of the law, like to the word of the Lord. Grave and learned judges deferentially consult dictionaries. The tribe of lexicographers, as I have found it, is a picturesque brotherhood of literary adventurers, intellectual soldiers of fortune. Let me see. There was "old Mr. Sigsbee", a veteran bacchanal, who emptied the office water-jar every morning, and the long-cherished dream of whose bachelor life it was one day to write a popular song; there was Hail, who knew Oscar Wilde at Oxford, who fought a duel, and in consequence fled from England, and who considered all Englishmen over here in a somewhat similar case, and inquired whenever he met one why *he* had to leave; there was Neal, who for four years was a Benedictine monk, when, let out on a sort of ticket of leave, he escaped; there was a one-time broker, fallen upon reverses of fortune; there was a poet of twenty-five, author of a slender volume of love verses; there was a socialist, somewhat younger, a contributor to "The Call"; and there, among many more, was "Doctor Tucker", who sometimes was wont to appear about the office in his academic cap and gown. But all things come to an end, particularly employment on dictionaries, and so dispersed is that band,

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gone its members on their several ways, some of them, doubtless, to jobs on still newer dictionaries and encyclopædias, blown where the wind follows after to the ends of the earth.

But our concern here is of necessity limited to the subject primarily of *hunting* hack work, with glimpses of the army of grub-street personalities in the background by the way. The commonest way of hunting hack work is by means of "Help Wanted" ads. This is a diverting pastime, especially piquant when one is insolvent. There is something pleasantly stirring to the sporting instinct in being informed, on one of the rare occasions when one is "granted an interview", that about a hundred and fifty replies to the ad were received, and that after one's self "only seven more" applicants are to be seen. On an average, about a couple of hack work want ads may be found in the New York papers every Sunday, sometimes one or two during the week; on particularly good Sundays as many as four or five.

The sort of hack workers most frequently wanted are, first, copy writers for advertising concerns and department stores, and next, trade journalists. Occasionally a "sober" reporter is required for a nearby country paper, and every now and then an ambiguously worded advertisement appears addressed to "authors and writers" wanted by a "leading" or a "long established" or a "prominent publishing house"; or a "literary worker" is desired at some place which is enigmatic in the advertisement.

Interviews arising from want ads regarding hack work are given in various ways. The pleasantest way is the regal way. You have admitted by your reply that you are the type of man sought, "a big man for a big job". You have braved the intimidating warning that your "references will be thoroughly investigated". You have recited, with your best foot foremost, your "experience", and stated your age. The chances, of course, are literally a hundred to one that that is an end of the matter. But by some freak of fortune at this throw the gods are with you. In a dignified letter having the letter-head of a famous concern you are told that "your letter in answer to our recent advertisement interests us sufficiently for us to desire to see and talk with you". And you are informed that "the writer will be at the McAlpin Hotel, New York, in parlor C, second mezzanine floor", on such an afternoon, such a date, at such an hour, and would be very glad to have you call. It is politely suggested that as several other applicants are to be interviewed the same afternoon it will facilitate matters if each puts in his appearance at the exact hour appointed. Below the signature to this letter are, perhaps, the words "Second Vice-President".

The position, as outlined to you by two valuable-looking gentlemen in the rich seclusion of parlor C, is that of publicity man and editor of a house organ for a mammoth automobile manufacturing concern, or perhaps a house making musical phonographs (it matters not to you which), situated a short distance from the city. At the beginning of their examination of you these gentlemen refer to your letter, apparently the top one of a file of a dozen or so which they have. You are allotted evidently about thirty minutes. The man next in order is admitted as you depart.

So promising, perhaps, have you appeared in your interview that you are

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invited out to the factory to luncheon for further examination, and to be viewed and weighed by the entire general staff, so to say. Here your qualifications for the position to be filled are, it may be, discussed with engaging frankness before you. One amiable gentleman present is of the opinion that you have had exactly the wrong experience for the place. At any rate, you acquire a documentary form to be filled out with the details of your life; you acquiesce cheerfully in the idea of your taking up residence in this neighborhood; and you forswear any opportunity to write on the side for any other concern. As the matter now stands, two or three more chosen applicants are to be given the third degree at luncheon. Then in course of time you receive a notification that you have or have not got the job.

In piquant contrast to these highly civilized proceedings is the common way of doing, when, being somewhat in luck again, you receive a postcard upon which is scrawled in an illegible hand, "Call about work 5 p. m. Tues." The man who sends out such a communication as this is very likely to turn out to be one who has a stock remark to the effect that "I always say if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well". He is probably "publisher and proprietor" of some one-horse weekly trade paper devoted to the grocery trade or the canning industry, or something like that. He is in need of a man to fill the position of reporter, editor, proof-reader, make-up man, editorial writer, exchange editor, advertisement solicitor, correspondent, and general factotum, to check trunks, and so on. Salary twenty dollars a week; no opportunity for advancement.

Should you obtain this position, you enter an amusing atmosphere. You are likely to be told at the outset that if you are "bright enough" you can get an editorial out of this or that. You learn, in all probability, that "if you had any sense" you would know better than something or other. You perceive that—if you did not already know—the purpose of a trade paper like that of any other publication, is to "get advertising". And though you live in daily contemplation of as dull, as barren, as sordid, as limited a mind as it has ever been your felicity to observe, you hear a great deal from this source the words "stupid" and "intelligent". You are called upon to "edit" copy which is so worded that it gives no comprehension at all of what the thought may have been in the writer's mind. Also you discover that no matter how right you get a thing it is sure to be wrong; and you apprehend that in the circumstances it is indeed stupid to be conscientious and intelligent to be perfunctory. And so when the spirit becomes sufficiently heavy you may blithely go on your way, hunting hack work.

One of the most agreeable features of being employed on a trade paper is one's enjoyment of the society of one's colleagues. A particularly attractive type frequently met with is that richly racy character, the hard newspaper man of the old school; the man who is comfortable at his desk only with his coat off and his hat on; who smokes a corncob pipe; who got his education as, say, a ship news reporter, in a school of hard knocks, profanity and "booze"; whose employer is always the "boss"; whose code of ethics is comprised in the principle to stand by a friend; and whose speech is a weird lingo compounded of the technical terms

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of printers and newspapermen. To be audience for a season to the talk of such a one is to learn a trade. For him the world is composed of upper and lower case, first and second forms, "quotes", reprint matter, "caps", leaders, fillers, captions, heads, cuts, overmatter, "live" news, inserts, "obits"; he "rings" his abbreviations, "dummies up", considers the "fold", and writes "lead out column" all the while. The finest specimen of this species of man I myself have ever seen was one who had a delightfully human taste in reading. His favorite magazine in the United States was "The Police Gazette" and the only English publication with which he was acquainted was "Aly Sloper's".

"Apply twelfth floor, Monday", is the way some want ads read. With your "samples" of your work and your letters of recommendation you repair to the place of assignation at the break of the business day, to find a number of your competitors already there before you, and others arriving every moment, a miscellaneous assembly. Perhaps the lot of you are told right off the bat that the position has been filled Saturday; and you file out in groups expressing indignation to each other on the way. Or, happily, you sit along in a row on a bench awaiting your respective turns in the order of your arrival. Sometimes you are admitted one by one to an inner office for examination; again, in the presence of the company, a hurried-looking man works you off, standing, at the rate of about one a minute. This person is generally an erratic sort of being, who exclaims: "Salary? Ten dollars a week! Eighty dollars a week! Anything, anything at all! Can you get business?"

In either case, you observe with lively interest those come to pit themselves against you. Usually there is among them one or more of a type depicted with much sympathetic relish in the drawings of Steinlen, a humorous, bohemian soul, a shabby derelict with a boutonnière manner and unsightly sores on his neck. Usually there are among them smart youths patently of no experience whatever, whose conception of the way to land a job is by means of glib fabrications. There are, too, invariably, a number of staid, heavy men, with large black moustaches, who look like characters you would expect to have businesses of their own, at least eight children apiece, and certainly nothing whatever to do with the literary profession. Then there are other persons there who look a good deal like yourself.

The different businesses that you may get into, come near getting into, and perhaps do get into, hunting hack work, are richly varied. You are very likely to get into a crooked business, for one thing. This, let us say, is a colorful episode in your career: being a man who takes some satisfaction in writing well, you are attracted by an advertisement which calls for one who writes a "fine style". And so you make the acquaintance of a jovial "pirate" publisher, a man whose ideas have a large gesture. With him things are going to be made to hum. Streams of editorials (intimations of a little German sympathy propaganda) and spectacular feature series syndicated in thousands of country papers, perfectly ripping magazines, projects for organizing a tour of a thousand American editors through the war ruins of Europe,

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for bringing a thousand European editors to America, and much more. All, however, in embryo. For the present, you do a little research work, what you might call lifting, what your employer calls compilation and revision.

That is, at the reference department of the public library you find a good many early, obscure, and out of the way addresses, pamphlets, and so on, by eminent persons; and by skilful carpentry you construct from these, articles purporting to be by Doctor Parkhurst and Andrew Carnegie and such persons, who though they never wrote these identical articles, did make every statement in them. Other things of this kind, too, you do. But mainly you discover that there is no honor among thieves. You are never able to get any pay for your stealing. Because "it takes a little time to establish a connection like this" or because your work was so faulty that it had to be rewritten by someone else, who, very probably, also was unable to collect. It is interesting, too, to observe that in the rewriting your work has merely been clumsily marred. At length, you are invited to get a judgment against your employer, and also, while you are about it, to go hang. As you continue to reply to want ads you have an uneasy feeling that you are giving this gentleman the laugh on you by seeking again and again a position of him.

Nowadays you are very likely, if you are quite fortunate hunting hack work, to go into the motion-picture business. Superior picture "corporations" are advertising all the while for bright young men to write publicity matter to be released about the country continually. In such a berth as this you lead a life of intellectual "pep", with quarters just off the Great White Way, your walls laden with likenesses of the stars that are your inspiration; and you learn a language more singular than Roe, Esperanto, or baseballese—the tongue of the screen. It is a job greatly to be coveted, opening a view to riches beyond the dreams of—of—of goodness knows what. Manageresses of picture corporations are wonderful persons, wise in years though golden of hair, business incarnate.

Or you may go into bottling, an interesting study when you come to look into it, and an industry supporting a very considerable periodical literature. Or into the music trade. Are you ignorant of music? Good! A large man somewhat on the order of our "Aly Sloper" friend tells you that he would rather not have one with a knowledge of music as trade journal reporter. Perhaps a student of music would have highbrow ideas, æsthetic sensibilities, not in complete accord with commerce. Or you may go into commerce pure and simple, as exchange editor of the New York "Financial Authority", the paper whose readers number among them the most prominent business men and financiers in the country. The exchange-editor business is going to be considerably increased here after the war. We are no longer a provincial nation, and our exchange editors will give greater attention to foreign countries and particularly to South American countries. As a commercial exchange editor you will find considerable play for your attainments. You are required to be a philologist, to translate your clippings: a clever journalist, to head

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up your matter; and to have an instinct for business news like a corporation president. Twenty dollars to start.

Or you may be invited to an interview in his bedroom at a hotel with a representative of a Philadelphia concern furnishing an advertising service for bankers. Bankers are not what they were; they are waking up; dignified traditions of the old school are going by the board. They now advertise. And your shrewd reasoning in a course of writing thrift articles will inculcate in you an admirable virtue. Again, you may go into interior decorating. Perhaps as handsome journals as are to be found, even in Brentano's, are those devoted to the trade in Oriental rugs, cretonnes, tapestries, and Chippendale and Heppelwhite furniture. Or you may go into women's wear. And you will very probably receive among your replies to your answers to want ads illegible and illiterate scrawls from persons who have wild dreams of starting magazines somewhere in the Bronx, and who require editors—to be paid out of advertising which they themselves procure.

One diligent in the pursuit of hack work frequently lands what are termed "temporary positions". An annual catalogue is to be made of, say, firms in the building way, and their products. A "squad" of copy writers are got together. Some here last one week, others three; some hang on through the process of "weeding out" for several months until the task is completed. And one or two of the fittest perhaps survive to a permanent position. Intellectual squad work has its distinctive features. One always knows how one is making out, as on the back of each piece of work done one is required to record the length of time it took him to do it.

Or, a man engaged in "amusement enterprises" (the exact nature of which is not apparent) somewhere along the Rialto, has put together a story of about twenty thousand words which he desires to have "elaborated" to run to sixty thousand words. This story contains the "facts", what the author wishes to have put into it is "description". The love element as he conceives it is strong, so you must be pretty good at love stuff. There are a number of accidents in the story and you will need to work up suspense. You get the idea! Well, the man to do this work must not want to take home the manuscript to pore over, nor must he make marks on it, but he must have the faculty of dictating rapidly to a stenographer in the office. Compensation one dollar an hour. At the conclusion of an hour or two the author will know whether or not he has got the right man. The "samples" of your work which you have been requested to bring are not found to be impressive. "I can write as well as that myself", is the author's comment. There is no "description" in what you have to show, simply facts, very like the author's own style.

In the advertising department of a prominent publishing house a copy writer suffers a nervous breakdown and has to have six weeks' rest. You have your wires out everywhere all the while, and you are called as a possible substitute. It is the beginning of the spring publicity campaign; a man is needed to jump into the breach at once and lose not a moment being broken in. The trouble with you, however, is that it is feared that perhaps you are too liter-

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ary. There are circulars to be written to appeal to the "man in the street", a person who thinks that books are hard things which he had to read at school. The "blurb" is not dead.

Never say in hunting hack work that you have been a book reviewer or, worst of all, a literary editor. Outside reviewing, by the way, is just about the worst business going. But that, as used to be said a great deal at one time, is another story. Inside reviewing, that is, a "desk job" or being a literary editor, will put butter upon bread fairly well, while the thing lasts. There are two outstanding features of such positions. They are inhumanly scarce and far between; and the stigma of having successfully held one follows the hunter of hack work through life, and stands in the way of all later opportunities. Everybody is scared like anything of the literary.

INTERLUNACY

BY LAURA KENT KLYCE

When I have washed the fat, black
prunes
And put them into a speckled granite
saucepan;
When I have baked the beans
With a slice of bacon and a
Large, round, shining Bermuda onion
in the midst of them;
When I have mended the rent
In the knee of my next-to-the-young-
est son's corduroy trousers—
I suppose I know
Pretty well
What will come next.
Tomorrow I shall continue
To be domestic.
In the meantime, it is evening.
I like the day
Very well.

But it is pleasant in the evening
To turn the lights on,
To glance at the Boston "Evening
Transcript",
To bend my head for a moment
Over the very latest "Bookman"
And read there,
And fancy that perchance I under-
stand it,
The Very Latest Thing
In gauffered verses.
The same moon shines now
That shone upon the face of blind old
Homer.
The same moon,
Beloved.
But our artificial lights have im-
proved since then,
And our poetry
Is different.

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CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

From what the booksellers tell me I do not make out any very sweeping change in the buying public's taste for fiction during the past two or three months. There is no marked change, by all accounts, in the kind of fiction people are willing to pay for, or in the number of novels being sold as compared with other books. But I get an impression, from the various reports and rumors of the book-mart, of certain tendencies that should interest people who find in fiction, as I do, a sort of barometer in which the weather probabilities of current literature as a whole (and of current life as well) may be more or less uncertainly glimpsed.

Our forecast of a few months ago has come out fairly well. There has been a steady demand for novels and an increasing demand for good novels. As it happens, this has not expressed itself in the heaping up of a handful of "best sellers", so much as in a well-distributed patronage of all or a large part of the better novels (and some of the worse) that have been available during this period. It is notable that at the head of the market are several novels of exceptional power and artistic worth. The leader couldn't possibly have been "slated" as a popular novel, in advance—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", which has won on its merits as a serious and imaginative study of the war. Clearly, for a vast number of us, it has succeeded in bringing some sort of mental and moral order out of the dreadful world-chaos of the past few years. I feel that it vindicates the judgment of the bookman who said to me, some months ago, that the time was ripe for a great religious novel; and that it is the underlying spiritual quality of its interpretation that yields its deeper appeal for so many readers. Another fine piece of fiction I mentioned in November has held its own, especially in New York: the cameo-like "Nocturne" of Frank Swinnerton. The conjunction of these two books near the top of popularity brings home the fact once more that the mere bulk of a story is in itself of small account to current novel-readers. Not so many years ago, publishers were afraid to produce a long novel. They spoke with wonder and some commiseration of the "three-deckers" the Victorians had time and taste for. A hundred thousand words or so was enough for any novel. Meanwhile, now and then, long stories were being written and read—by a fluke, it was supposed on each recurring occasion, till the enormous popularity of De Morgan made us realize that we actually liked a very long story, when its length was justified by its scope or quality.

So we have side by side in the regard of the current reading public the slender perfection of "Nocturne" and Mrs. Wharton's "The Marne", and the thumping proportions of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and Wells's "Joan and Peter". There seems to be something more than a

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whisper passing along the book-counters that the large sale of this latest Wellsian lucubration represents a supreme demonstration of loyalty and confidence on the part of the followers of the chattiest among modern prophets. It says something also, I think, for the mental eagerness of the hour; for wherever he may take us or fail to take us, Wells is at least the most reliable self-starter for the car of thought that can be purchased anywhere in our generation, at any price. There are signs of this mental eagerness on every hand. A rapidly increasing number of readers are looking for something in current literature to satisfy or pacify it. And the new fact is that they are looking for it more and more in current fiction. The contrast between "serious books" and novels is no longer the matter of course (in the public mind) that it was even a few years ago. For the modern novel has taken to itself, for better and worse, a variety of functions—for better, certainly, when it succeeds in exercising those functions in harmony with its primary function of telling a story. People, at all events, are looking hopefully to fiction as not only entertainer, but guide, philosopher, and friend.

Hence the increase of that tendency I recorded, on the authority of the booksellers, in connection with books on or out of the war—a tendency to turn from books of document or personal chronicle to books in which the phenomena of the war are imaginatively interpreted. Oddly enough, the abrupt end of actual fighting seems to have had little effect on the demand for war books. And there has been special demand for books that deal with our own part in the war; and, more generally, for books by Americans. It is noticeable that, except for "The Education of Henry Adams", all of the non-fiction books listed in the BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score" for November and December are in one way or another connected with the war, and all by deponents from this side of the water.

It is clear from all reports that the outstanding feature of the end-of-the-year situation, from the booksellers' point of view, was the very genial and coming-on disposition of the general customer. A friend in Cincinnati, writing toward the end of January, complains, or exults, that he and his are "still up to their ears in the clean-up game". A letter of about the same date from Portland, Oregon, is more specific: "The general trend of sales as indicated in the November BOOKMAN proceeded logically to a grand clean-up of good, but little advertised books. The sales of November and December were characterized by the *ease* with which we were able to induce people who 'had a book' to purchase another. . . Gone was the necessity for lengthy explanations; gone the bubbling enthusiasm of the desperate salesman, endeavoring to persuade the fortunate possessor of $1.50 to take something other than the most widely advertised book of the day; gone the delicious uncertainty of the hesitating buyer, the shifting from book to book—I say, gone were all these ancient landmarks, characteristic of the Christmas buyer. Yet must we render unto the mighty advertising dollar the homage that is due, and admit that 'A Daughter of the Land' and 'Winds of Chance' sold like the proverbial hot cakes."

I wonder if the let-up of the armistice didn't have something pretty directly to do with this?—a combined sense of "everything goes", and "now I needn't be quite so stingy with the

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small change!" What should we do, with the strain of war taken off, and the strain of peace-making not yet felt, but "loosen up", even in the book-shops? Lucky for the booksellers, who must have accumulated a vast store of more or less literary gallimaufry the publishers had been pouring out ere the governmental meter should be installed! So the cynic might have argued. But the fact is clear, that whether from liberation of pocket or enlargement of soul, the general patronage of the book-market was notably generous during the "holiday season" and after. "The best feature of the fiction sale", says a New York deponent, "was the general distribution of the demand among the novels of all the authors, instead of its running to a few leading names." And indeed it were well not only for the publisher and bookseller but for author and public, that our national tendency toward a starring system should not get quite as strong a hold on our world of the novel as it has on our worlds of the theatre, the magazine, and the movie. It is encouraging to think that people are experimenting a little, feeling about for something palatable, on their own hook—though another cynical reflection would be that they are condemned to do this groping, since they find so little help in criticism, and the publishers, by their own accounts, are all the time publishing the best books of the year, if not of all time.

Some special forecasts in my survey of November seem to have come true: the increased demand for fiction as a whole; the growing markets for humorous fiction on the one hand, and for novels of serious interpretation on the other. I was speaking then from the book-buyers' and booksellers' ends solely. THE BOOKMAN'S recent data from the public libraries gives another angle from which we may in a fashion size up the tastes of the hour. It is the angle of the democratic book-borrower, who is content to wait his turn at the common source of supply. Still a third might be had if we could get at the figures of the circulating libraries: the aristocratic "athenæums", and also those drugstore dispensers of literature from which the latest novel may be had a good deal more cheaply than a "sundae" but still not for nothing. Here, after all, is your really independent citizen. Not for him to bother with catalogues, or wait for a possible verdict of "not in". What free soul would not pay a few cents for the privilege of taking his own book captive with two fingers, and an "I'll try that one" tossed, with a clink, upon the counter. . . But no doubt the public library reports reflect the normal standards of the American book-borrower—except as censorship now and then steps in between the people and what it wants, as it has in one or two notable instances, during the past half-year.

The "Monthly Scores" printed in the January and February issues of THE BOOKMAN have some interesting features. For example, there seems to be a quite distinct cleavage in taste between the New York and New England, South Atlantic, and North Central sections on the one hand, and the South Central and Western sections on the other. You would notice, if you looked at those tables, that "Dere Mable" was popular, both months, in the former division and had no place in the latter. It is easy to understand that Joseph T. Lincoln's Cape Cod yarn, "'Shavings'", would be more popular in the East than in the West, but hardly to be expected that during the month of December it would hold first

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place in New York and New England and no place at all (among the first six) elsewhere. Similarly, though for no discernible similarity of reason, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Elizabeth's Campaign" is seen to rank third in the East, while it is out of the running altogether everywhere else. If you try to worry these facts about to the credit of Eastern taste, you are brought up short by the fact that "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" seems to have begun its extraordinary popularity in the South Atlantic States, but that while in December it is prominent in all four other sections, it has not yet made a place among the first six in New York and New England. The Eastern "highbrow" may perhaps take some comfort in the fact that after November "A Daughter of the Land" improved her rating in the West to a clear lead of the field, while the East succeeded in losing her altogether. Still, it is pretty much the other way round with "Greatheart"—so there you are! And will someone tell us why "Home Fires in France" should have been so much more widely read in the West than in the East?

Taking these two lists together and analyzing their contents, we may get on the track of current American taste from one or two other points of view than that of sectionalism. There are fifteen titles in all, and but for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" there is not what can be called a dark horse among them. "Dere Mable" made its big hit as a serial before it stepped out into the market to see what it could do as a book. The thirteen other novels are labeled Burroughs, Canfield, Dell, Grey, Hughes, Lincoln, Locke, Porter, Rinehart, Sinclair, Tarkington, Ward, and Wells. Every one of these writers has a constituency waiting and eager to tackle anything he or she may write—or to swallow it whole. Four or five of them have never had any sort of respectful treatment from criticism, but this is of the smallest consequence, since they are addressed to readers who don't in the least care whether they ought to like what they like, or not. For the rest, but for "The Tree of Heaven" and "The Magnificent Ambersons", which are not far from high-water mark for their respective authors, criticism would probably find that these books represent hardly more than an average performance for their authors. However, this is not our fault as readers, since we have to take what we can get, even from the head-liners.

Quality apart, we might see how these books pan out in a rough classification according to kind. Sentiment seems to be even more dominant among them than in most popular lists —sentiment running its gamut from the "glad" and somewhat humorless emotionalism of "Greatheart" and "A Daughter of the Land" to the high emotion of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". The overt humor of books like "Dere Mable" and " 'Shavings' " rests upon sentiment, of course. Humor frankly links hands with sentiment in "The Magnificent Ambersons". Sentiment of the stagy kind lies in wait for us all along "The U. P. Trail", and animates, more delicately, such war romances as "Elizabeth's Campaign", "The Rough Road", and "The Amazing Interlude". Sentiment gives warmth to "Home Fires in France" and, in the guise of patriotism, terminates the sheltered selfishness symbolized by "The Tree of Heaven". What, is it really love that makes the world go round! . . . Here is Mr. Wells, however. Mr. Wells is as incapable of sentimentalism

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as a boy of ten, and his emotion is always intellectual. I believe it is his immense eagerness and ingenuousness that make so many of us his companions even along such trying journeys as he lets us in for with "Joan and Peter". Ideas are always more exciting to him than action. He had rather argue than interpret, and there is never lack of a new thing to argue about. In a larger way, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a novel of ideas; since in that great story the ideas and the action seem to be one. I feel like giving three cheers for us, when I hear from all sides evidence that as a nation we have given hearty welcome to a book of this calibre, at this critical time.

For we haven't often given a rousing welcome, as measurable by the reports of booksellers and librarians, to novels of serious quality, even when big, familiar names were attached to them. Of course one trouble with these reports is that they deal only in numbers sold or borrowed, and can make no account of the quality of the constituency reached. You might say, from a less rigid point of view, having regard for the spiritual and æsthetic qualities of a novel, that to satisfy one person of taste is more "efficient" than to pass muster with a hundred men in the street. Why speak of taste where there is no taste?—Well, then, for the purpose of this survey, we must frankly abandon that term, as trying to "put something over on us". Let us admit that we are simply jotting down a note or two of "what the public wants" in the way of fiction, now and here, or as nearly as we can estimate it. Leaving aside the questions of the best sold, or best borrowed, I may perhaps add the testimony of a reader who has come in personal contact with most of the novels published during the past few months. Our Cincinnati bookseller and others all say that their customers have been buying fiction pretty much as it comes. How is it coming?

In my former article I ventured the guess that the new restrictions on publishing in the name of wartime economy might react favorably on the quality of the output in the near future. I really think it has done that. The noticeable thing is that the submediocre novels, the books which have seemed to have *less* than no excuse for being, no longer burden our shelves in such numbers. The publishers are being more careful in eliminating the obviously unfit. There is plenty of room for further improvement in the same direction. The current output of fiction might advantageously be cut in two without depriving the people of any of the different kinds of thing they want. Take, as the most glaring example, the wild western yarn. There I have been unable to see any decrease in quantity or improvement in kind. It is amazing how little trouble the authors of this kind of article think it necessary to take in putting it up for the market. Even the publishers display a cynical indifference to any appearance of originality. A rearing horse straddled by a pair of chaps, a shirt, a red handkerchief, and a "Stetson", with an abyss or a villain in the foreground and an admiring maiden in the rear—this is all that anyone need do, or does do, for a "jacket" to this sort of book: the maiden, to be sure, is optional. Why wouldn't it be a good thing for the publishers to get together like men and brothers, and have their best performers boil down say twenty of these affairs into four or five really good ones, each of which should be given

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some little touch of novelty, so that the reason of the reader might be nursed along till the next time? I for one have come to the pass where I feel like gibbering when I take up a nominally fresh performance in this kind and find it unspeakably and insolently the same old stale business, yet again.

The recent supply of mystery stories, on the other hand, has been of distinctly better quality than usual. You have to have an idea of some sort in a story of crime and detection, and this saves it from the complacent banality of the tale of conventional "adventure". The difficulty has often been that the workmanship was so crude, the style so vulgar, the people so absurd, the dialogue so stilted, that mere ingenuity of plot—though hardly a secondary matter in this kind of fiction—could not make up for them, for any reader of intelligence. The standard in these respects is certainly going up. Writers are discovering that it cannot do harm and may do good to make their characters something like human beings, with the gait and accent of every-day; and we may as well suppose that this is in response to some sort of demand on the part of their special public. In short, I gather that the taste for mystery fiction not only holds in quantity but improves in quality. If you ask for instances I would cite offhand among very recent publications, "The Solitary House", "The Apartment Next Door", "The Mystery of Hartley House", and "Sinister House"—a rather odd uniformity of title, now that I notice it. There are current fashions in titles, as in everything else. We have had half a dozen novels in the last year or two called "The Heart of So-and-So".

I notice also that the group of studies of American life (commonly for more than one generation) of which I spoke before, continues to gain accessions. "The Magnificent Ambersons", "In the Heart of a Fool", "Common Cause", are among the notable ones. Stories of the sophomore age seem also to increase and multiply, though "The Magnificent Ambersons", again, and "Henry Is Twenty" rather overtower the others. . . . I lack space to particularize further as to the special kind of things now being issued in some quantity to meet special demands. I think we may look to see the tendency of fiction swinging away from the *use* of the war as a convenience or an indispensable factor—though for some time our serious fiction will be inevitably tinged with the war, as our lives will be; and very likely our masterpieces of wartime interpretation are yet to be matured, as we get away from the stunning and confusing facts of the struggle.

I quoted, the other day, from certain booksellers whose letters showed an evident sense of responsibility toward their books and their customers. Many of them pride themselves upon keeping in stock, and recommending, a maximum of novels of solid merit. Like the publishers, they like to deal in the best that can be had—if the public will only back them up. I have had a good letter recently from a bookseller who does not hesitate to do a little predicting. In the near future, he says, "it would appear that the larger profit and the larger element of safety would lie in the bookseller's ruthlessly rejecting the black sheep that have masqueraded in white wool in previous years. . . . The ephemeral book is more unsafe than ever before. . . . The humorous book has indeed been revived successfully, and no doubt we may count upon an uninterrupted flow of small but profitable

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stuff from the Lardners, the Streeters, and the Cobbs of the day. We think we may also count upon an uninterrupted interest in the book of personal experience, as well as in the book dealing with the larger issues of the peace question, and subsequent adjustments, politically and economically, on the other side."

So speaks our thoughtful and responsible vendor of books; and ends with a word of admonition for his colleagues the country over, with a possible moral for publishers. "One note of optimism may be found in the fact that the glorious clean-up of December affords a splendid chance for the best judgment of the bookseller in filling the vacant places on his shelves and counters with really 'worth while' books, and a reinvesting of his capital in books of a constructive nature. In other words, he is given a chance to prove himself adequate to a great opportunity. Woe be unto him who falls short of the mark." A bookseller, this, who feels to the full the responsibility he shares with the publisher, the public library, and the critic, in playing up instead of down to the taste of that careless but human monster, the public.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Juveniles and the Movies

The other day I was visiting some friends in the country who have two charming children, a little girl of ten and a boy of seven. In looking through my friend's library, I discovered the old standbys of my own childhood, "Little Lord Fauntleroy", "Alice in Wonderland", "Little Women" and "Little Men"—indeed, all the Alcott books—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn", and so on *ad infinitum*.

I asked ten-year-old Margaret how she had enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy", and she surprised me greatly by saying, in the most grown-up manner, "Oh, that's a sissy book! I couldn't wade through it!" And little Philip, who stood close by, cried out, "We like the movies much better than those silly books!"

I was dumbfounded. A child of ten —and a girl, at that—thought Mrs. Burnett's classic was "sissy". What was the world coming to?

But isn't this state of mind true of many households nowadays? Isn't Mary Pickford more popular than Miss Alcott's heroines? And doesn't Charlie Chaplin replace, in the affections of our youth, the immortal "Huckleberry Finn"? Children, in these crowded days—like their elders—have little time for contemplation, for character analysis, for the rather slow-moving tales that used to hold us spellbound. Rather they want wild west pictures, with excitement in every ten feet of film—and they get it. For the price of one good book they can see a dozen motion-pictures, and their excited minds, fed up on these thrillers, which are comparable only to the old "penny-dreadfuls", are in no state to receive or to be impressed by the gentle books that were your good friends and mine.

To what strange paths is the present generation being led? I tremble,

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I even shudder, when I think of a perverted taste thus generally being formed; and parents should pause and consider what the future may hold for their children. If the shadow of the latest movie star is to seem more real to the coming generation than the flesh and blood of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, then let us beware.

The Jesuits have a saying, "Give me the first seven years of a child, and I care not who takes him after that". If the flashing screen is to replace the printed page, we must be mighty careful as to what goes on the screen. The child of today knows more than is good for it. Murder and arson are its daily food. I was going to say that these crimes are an open book to it; but I must edit that phrase to fit the modern vernacular, and say "an open screen".

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A Letter to a Publisher

The following communication from the distinguished and popular Mr. Backspace to the well-known publishing firm which issues his novels was brought to the attention of the Complaint Department of THE BOOKMAN through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour:

"THE ELMS", PARACHUTE, N. J.,
February 3, 1919.

Mr. Underwood Haskins,
Haskins, Doane & Co.,
New York City.

MY DEAR MR. HASKINS:

The pictures for my novel, "Priscilla's Hectic Past", go back to you today by mail. Thanks for the opportunity of viewing them. The artist, Mr. Straboni, has, I am convinced, put his best work into them, and I am sure that they will add a hundredfold to the appearance of the book. They are, indeed, such excellent examples of the illustrator's art that I hesitate to make mention of a small matter that has occurred to me with regard to them lest I sound disparaging or, at the least, critical. I beg of you not to entertain that suspicion for an instant. The matter is of only the slightest consequence, and it is that fact which gives me courage to allude to it, since I feel certain that your good sense will exonerate me from any suggestion of pettiness.

In looking over the pictures it has occurred to me that perhaps one or two alterations in the text would be advisable. I realize that it is rather late to suggest this, and that changes made now will be expensive, but in the interests of—shall we say?—concord, I shall be glad to defray the cost of the alterations: or perhaps it would be better to say corrections. The fact is that there are certain discrepancies between Mr. Straboni's charming illustrations and my text which, while of no great moment, might, I fear, wound the sensibilities of Mr. Straboni if allowed to persist. I feel that when at the expense of but little labor and money these discrepancies can be removed, neither you nor I have the right to risk a shock to so sensitive a thing as the soul of an artist.

The corrections which I propose are not many—for I have in mind only the more dissentient passages—and concern but six of the eight drawings. In the remaining two my ideas appear to accord most happily with the artist's. Indeed, in one of these, that illustrating the line: "Twilight fell softly over Threespeed Manor", the unanimity between Mr. Straboni's conception and my own is most remarkable; and I may, I think, be par-

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doned a slight self-gratulation. Had I not committed the unfortunate error of describing a low and rambling structure, whereas the manor is plainly tall and turreted, I should be extremely pleased with myself. In order that you may understand the nature of the corrections I give one or two examples. If you agree with me that it would be wise to make them on the page proofs I will indicate them on the duplicate set in my possession and mail at once.

On page 6, second paragraph: "Gerald Fusilage paced thoughtfully to the heavily-draped window and gazed out upon the restless afternoon activity of the Avenue. He was well over average height and carried himself with the assured erectness of the trained soldier that he was. Standing there before the long casement, with the pale winter sunlight outlining his well-knit form, he presented a fine picture of masculine beauty, a beauty no whit detracted from by the perfectly fitting uniform of an officer of the United States Air Service, etc." This should be corrected to read: "Gerald Fusilage slumped into a kitchen chair and fixed his gaze dejectedly on a pandanus standing in an oddly-fashioned *jardinière* just inside the doorway. He was rather under the average height and stooped with the studious stoopiness of the student that he was. Sitting there before the small open window, with its charmingly simple sash-curtain of dotted muslin, the radiant summer sunlight splashing the linoleum at his feet, he presented a striking example of the better-class burglar, and even the well-cut uniform of the New York Street Cleaning Service that he wore failed to disguise his criminality, etc."

On page 65, last paragraph: "*Regal* was the first word that came to Gerald as his swift glance fell upon her. From the coiled masses of her coppery hair to the last inch of her jewel-bedecked slipper she was queenliness itself. A white gown of severe simplicity followed the lithe grace of her perfect form, etc." This should read: "*Fat* was the first word that came to Gerald as he glanced lazily up at her. From the top of her rubber swimming cap to the tip of her black-stockinged toe she was pudginess itself. A one-piece bathing suit of some closely clinging material was slightly in advance of the generous rotundity of her perfect amplitude, etc."

These two examples will, I think, suffice. Trusting that you may agree with me as to the advisability of correcting the text of the novel to accord more delicately with the conceptions of the artist, and with the greatest esteem, Faithfully yours,

STEPHEN BACKSPACE.

Best Sellers I Have Never Read

I have never read a best seller. My general ignorance of these works of art—for so I am told they are—is profound and highly important. I am the only one I know who is capable of judging them entirely upon their merits, without any prejudice. It is always fatal to become familiar with anything which you wish to estimate correctly and with absolute justice. You are bound to take on a particular point of view, which, while personally interesting and more or less conclusive, is essentially worthless from a practical standpoint. I have talked with a great many people who are addicted to the habit of reading best sellers, but have never gotten anything out of them that was of the

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slightest value. Most of them are silent on the subject. They devour their best sellers, one after the other, without comment. They have no views on the subject, any more than one has views on chocolate caramels. Others are distinctly voluble, but entirely irresponsible. They love some best sellers with a passionate love, although they never can tell you why, except to smile idiotically and declare they are the best things they ever read. They hate other best sellers with the same passion, and cannot understand how anyone else can like them. As a basic and absolutely impregnable proposition, I have therefore great sympathy for the writers of best sellers, because they are read by so many people that any genuine estimate of them is impossible. They certainly need to be defended by someone who does not read them.

There are also exclusive, highly intellectual, and no doubt occasionally intelligent people who do not regard best sellers as works of art, who declare that they are unworthy of serious respect. But I cannot say that the opinion of these critics seriously interests me. From my vulgar and admittedly commercial viewpoint, best sellers have one great merit. They are read by large numbers of people, and this enables their authors to live in ease and comfort. Anyone who in these days can manage to live in ease and comfort is certainly worthy of admiration. It is a great thing to be able to maintain yourself without borrowing money from your friends or occasioning them any particular anxiety. I have never met the author of a best seller, although I once called on Barkington Tooth—or is it Tarkington Booth?—and found him out, to my dismay. For I am quite sure, if I ever did meet one, I should not approach him beforehand with the thought that after all it might be well for me to lock up all my valuables in the safe, and to remove my Waterbury watch from my off wrist. And that is a great deal to say of any maker of literature, alleged or otherwise. Why is it any more disgraceful to sell all the product of your brains while you are alive and can enjoy the proceeds—as in the case of George Barr Oppenheim or Mary Johnston McCutcheon—than to be like Shakespeare and Bunyan and others I might mention, and have the sales come a long time after you are dead? Is it anything against any man that he should honorably work for immediate results? If, for example, Goldsmith had had more of this best seller spirit in him, think of how glad all his friends would have been when he asked them out to luncheon.

In every age there is a certain small body of professional highbrows, who set up their own standards as the only standards worth while and assume that if any book commands a large audience it must necessarily be unworthy. I would not condemn these friends unjustly. I will even go so far as to say that a man may be a member of the Society of Arts and Letters and still have lurking somewhere within him the power to become known. But I do claim that just because an author is read, is no reason why he should be treated just like any ordinary millionaire. An ordinary millionaire extracts money from others without any power to interest them during the proceeding. They do not sit up nights enjoying it. He may grip them, but not in that way. Nobody likes to give up money to an ordinary millionaire and the process is so unpleasant that, in order to get his results, the millionaire has to do business in devious

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ways. Not so the author of the best seller. He is frank and open, and everybody comes up and lays money down before him gladly, with the feeling that they are getting something for it that they can talk about to their friends.

I can see no particular reason why the majority should not rule in literature as in other respects, and why they should not have the privilege of setting a standard of literature that will be recognized as the one and only standard. Why is not Harold Bell Churchill greater than Henry James? Why are not Winston Cecil Thurston and Humphry Ward Hergesheimer and MacConnor Grath greater than Samuel Butler and Thomas Love Peacock?

Aside, however, from its power to place its author beyond the anxiety of the world at large, the best seller has another merit. It keeps a large majority of people from reading books that are not best sellers. If there were no more best sellers, everybody would have to fall back on Homer and Shakespeare and Samuel Richardson and Fielding and Jane Austen and the pocket editions of the classics. And where would we be then? In a short time the taste for reading newspapers would decline and there would be nothing but bare accounts of what is happening in the world. Paper-mills would languish. Our trees would begin to grow in peace. Everybody would begin to cultivate his leisure.

—THOMAS L. MASSON.

A POET IN PARADISE

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Surely in some old room of Heaven,
By some celestial fire,
He who loved fires and friendships so
Still keeps his heart's desire.

And Herrick leans and laughs with him
Along their bench of gold
While Chaucer murmurs leisurely
Some blithe old tale untold.

O surely while the flames leap high
As Syrian watchfires blew,
King David comes to speak with him
Of wars and songs they knew:

Or down the meads of paradise
Where God's true gallants ride,
He speaks of love and honor now
To Lovelace at his side:

But when at eve by Heaven's gate
The blessed souls keep ward,
I think he waits where Beatrice
Walks with her dark-cowled lord.

And, looking down, where one green star
Lies on the sky's deep dome,
"And was it long", he asks of her,
"Before your love came home?"

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A DISCIPLE OF DR. PANGLOSS

BY CORNELIA MEIGS

"The Life and Times of Stephen Girard" depicts a period of our American history that may be truly classed as the era of "once upon a time". It was then that pirates still roamed the seas—when dubloons and pieces of eight were the basis of financial computation, when Ohio was our frontier, and people spoke only vaguely of a western country reaching to the "shining mountains". It was a time when a young, adventurous nation was trying the first experiment in modern democracy while all the countries of the earth looked on. In the midst of this era, during the winter of 1784, there was a certain ship under construction on the stocks at Kensington near Philadelphia. She was a brig of sturdy proportions, built of mulberry wood, red cedar, and locust, every timber having been personally selected by her owner, a one-eyed sea-captain named Stephen Girard.

His name is remembered now, perhaps, as vaguely connected with a great fortune and the endowment of a college whose high surrounding wall cuts off certain of the streets of Philadelphia, and through whose gateways "no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any denomination" is ever allowed to enter. One may think that here is merely another bequest of an eccentric millionaire; may fail to understand that the great fortune is almost a symbolic one, built up, step by step, with the upbuilding of our nation; and may not realize that the forbidden gateway is a quaint and lasting monument to young democracy, to the rebellion against all tyranny and tradition-ridden religion, to the time when liberty was a nebulous theory rather than an earth-shaking principle—when a few wise minds were translating into practical form the vague precepts of triumph of reason, freedom of the individual, and the rights of man. Of these makers of our destiny, the founder of Girard College was the man who built up our commerce and made American shipping a great power, and who helped give to this country, for a period all too brief, the greatest carrying trade on earth.

In the year 1771, Stephen Girard, merchant and mariner, sailed from Bordeaux, the city where he was born, for Port-au-Prince in the West Indies. The merchant in him so far overrode the mariner that he carried goods of his own upon the ship of which he was officer. These were sold at such a disastrous loss that he did not dare return to Bordeaux, being unable to pay the debts he had incurred. Forty-two years later this insolvent ship's officer had achieved such fame and wealth that Joseph Bonaparte, in need of ready money, tried to put Girard in permanent possession of his vast French estates. "The ancient Marquisate of Montmeillan" was to be his, so Joseph wrote, "the Seigneurie of Mortfontaine, the Marquisate of Vienan, eight or ten chateaux with their theatres, greenhouses and orangeries, priories, domains, thou-

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sands of acres of woodland, etc."

To which Girard made prompt and brief reply: "It does not suit me to figure as a great landowner in a country to which I shall never go, under a government hostile to Republicans."

He had carried his fortune-seeking to America, where opportunities were greater and laws were not so cruel. Yet the riches that made governments and princes turn to him for aid, did not come with ease. Very early in the annals of his business we find statements of losses and disaster followed by the remark, "Patience, this cannot last always. As Dr. Pangloss says, 'All is for the best!'"

The adverse conditions with which American trade must cope at this time when great European nations were at war with one another were staggering. Orders in Council, Embargo Acts, uprisings, danger from privateers and pirates all must be accounted for in calculating the profits of any voyage. "Your brig, Polly, has been taken by privateers", writes his agents; "the money and jewelry and other precious belongings of the passengers were put into the barrels of coffee, but, by a hint from the servants, the privateers took all on board." "The slaves have revolted", writes another agent from San Domingo; "they have set fire to all the plantations, and massacred all the whites they could find. There is an embargo on all vessels in the roadstead." "The privateers and pirates are very threatening in these waters", his captains write him. "Then buy more guns", are Girard's laconic instructions; and if guns do not avail, "then we can only quote Dr. Pangloss", he comments on his losses, "and say all is for the best."

His first ship, the "Two Brothers", commemorated his partnership with Jean Girard, a man as querulous, cautious, and pessimistic as Stephen was patient and bold-spirited. Many times he must have had need to call upon his patron saint, Dr. Pangloss, to close his ears to Jean's protests or his "I-told-you-so's" when disaster overtook some venture. "She is a good ship", is Jean's characteristic and grudging comment upon the vessel built after Stephen's own designs, "and a superb sailor, but Heavens, how she does careen!"

Yet Stephen and his bold American and French captains cared little for Jean's misgivings and with the "Two Brothers", the "Liberty", the "Montesquieu", the "Voltaire" and the "Rousseau", vessels whose very names shed light upon his principles, he scoured the seas and brought back to Philadelphia fame and wealth and honor to American trade. When a ship cannot enter the appointed West Indian port, or Hamburg, or Marseilles, as she is ordered, "then send her to Calcutta or Canton or Java", he directs easily; and instead of bringing home sugar or coffee or Spanish milled dollars, the fleet of vessels bears back tea and pepper, spices and silk. In spite, however, of his changing ports and his adaptability and easy alteration of plan, he had one fundamental theory of trade: namely, that wars and uprisings brought starvation in their wake and that the vital need of any country under arms was wheat. Let slaves revolt or kings lose their thrones, let business fall into chaos and a cry go up for bread, in almost less time than the news could carry to America and back, a certain blue and white-starred flag would rise above the horizon and Stephen Girard's grain ships would be beating up the harbor. "Our trade is ruined", writes his exasperated and bankrupt French agent, "those infernal patriots

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have confiscated everything"; but Girard's reply is to send the "Good Friends" to Bordeaux with ten thousand bushels of wheat. England and France have declared war—Napoleon is defeated—Napoleon has returned—such items of news meant but one thing to him: send grain, wheat, flour as fast as Yankee skippers can sail.

The fortune gained in these ventures, grown at last to be the greatest in the United States, became no small item in the history of the new country. During the war of 1812, the federal treasury, on the verge of bankruptcy, undertook to negotiate a public loan of sixteen millions. There was then none of the vast machinery of advertising necessary to bring this need before the people, so that the project failed dismally, less than a third of the sum being taken. That practical democracy was very young and inexperienced at that period is proved by the fact that the entire remainder of the loan was put into the hands of three rich men who now came forward, David Parish, John Jacob Astor and, the largest subscriber, Stephen Girard. "All payments of the Loan of XVI millions", writes the Secretary of the Treasury, "are to be lodged in Stephen Girard's Bank."

This bank had been founded by Girard in 1812 with his individual fortune as its capital, and its object, so he states, to aid "the unfavorable prospects of our maritime commerce". Through the financial confusion that followed this war, when well-meaning blunderers were experimenting with our monetary system, through rivalries and political attacks on all sides, the bank of Stephen Girard stood firm until his death and became as great a foundation stone in America's finances as his commercial enterprise had become an integral part of her trade.

The will of Stephen Girard is a document showing even beyond his personal letters what were his private opinions, how great was his gratitude to America, and how loyal he was to the principles of pure democracy. Through the freedom of the new country his wealth had been obtained and to that country, for her greater prosperity, it all went back. So much was given to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the building of canals, so much to the city of Philadelphia, so much to the city of New Orleans, "that being the first port on this continent with which I traded"; and a vast quantity of real estate was bequeathed to endow a "permanent college for the education of orphans, where they were to be taught the various branches of sound education and especially a pure attachment to our republican institutions and the sacred rights of conscience".

A great fortune, so he firmly believed, is part of the country's wealth and should serve her prosperity and her ideals, both in the present and in the future. Could Stephen Girard know today of the flame of triumphant democracy that has lit the whole earth, of the vast resources of America that came to the rescue of a famine-stricken world, he would be more than a little satisfied. That ten-foot wall about Girard College with its narrow restrictions that we have a little outgrown, should not be his only memorial. It should be in our cargoes of grain, our busy shipping, and the flag he loved flying in the Seven Seas again.

The Life and Times of Stephen Girard. By John Bach McMaster. 2 vols. J. B. Lippincott Co.

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NOVELS OF CHARACTER AND ATMOSPHERE

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Most novelists have a recognizable constituency or following. Thousands of readers look for and religiously accept any book by Conrad or Galsworthy or Wells, as if the man's work were all of a piece, and any item of it could safely be taken as *a* Conrad or *a* Laura Jean Libby, in the collector's phrase. Witness the current large sale of "Joan and Peter", certainly very dull and perfunctory as a story of anything but Mr. Wells's latest mental adventure—which is all that at heart any Wellsian expects of his master. But the case of Bennett is different. There are several Bennetts, each with his following; and these followings are not especially friendly to each other. There is the following of the sober ironist of "The Old Wives' Tale" and the "Clayhanger" series, and there is the following of the whimsical humorist of "Denry the Audacious" and "Anna of the Five Towns". I know people who adore "Hilda Lessways" and have no use for "Buried Alive"; and the other way round. And I know other people (in fact, I am one of them) who adore both of these Bennetts and have comparatively little interest in certain other Bennetts who now and then make themselves heard in the flies or the cellarage. I may as well own that for me the real Bennett, or the best Bennett, is the one who permits himself to exist and to be heard again in "The Roll-Call". Here, for one thing, he is at home, with his own people, the breed of the Five Towns—transplanted to London, it is true, but the same people for all that. We know where they get the sturdiness and canniness to make headway against the hostility or indifference of London. We know where they get their accents, their carriage, and their very features. For these are our own people also, some of them at least, Orgreaves and Clayhangers whom we know better than we know our neighbors, thanks to their kinsman and interpreter. I for one feel in this story of Hilda Lessways's son a kind of spontaneity and finality, a rightness approaching infallibility, in insight and expression, such as I felt in "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways", and somehow could not feel in "These Twain", where Mr. Bennett's cleverness seemed at times too busy at its own game.

In outline, the story is a good deal like the recent "Housemates" of J. D. Beresford: the young fellow coming up from the provinces to the experiences of a London lodging-house and a London architect's office. Mr. Beresford, we know, was trained in architecture, and a practising architect for some years; but where did Mr. Bennett get his minute knowledge of the atmosphere and technique of that profession? "Who's Who" has him busy at the law till, at about twenty-five, he became an editor. . . . You recall that Clayhanger's neighbor Orgreave was an architect: his son John is a member of the London firm to which young George Cannon is attached. George and his stepfather Clayhanger are excellent friends, but

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on setting out to have a try at the world for himself, George elects to use the name of that amiable bigamist who has given him being, if not legally a name. George, in fact, is "an extremely independent, tossing sprig", with a good and sensitive mind, and a will to make the most of himself. Enwright, the head of the firm, is a man of big tastes and sane methods, and young George is happy in the discipular relation. He himself has a touch of genius to apply to his store of learning; so that presently, impelled by the chance remark of a pretty girl, he goes in and wins single-handed one of the great competitions of the time. But this is only important to us for its influence on his character, and that is rather luckily modified by his failure to follow up this first huge stroke. Ten years later we find him married to the rather shallow, conventional girl who, in a way, incited that stroke; and settled down, with a child or two, to domesticity, pecuniary responsibility, and no great prospects or even security for the future. However, he has landed another big job and has got another well hooked when "the roll-call" reaches him. He cuts loose from everything (at the moment when a third daughter is being produced for—or against—him), and we part from him as a new-fledged lieutenant of artillery, thrilling with the composite sense of escape, bondage, and consecration of the man who has of his own free will "joined up". Those who prefer Bennett the ironist, the sober (not solemn) interpreter, to Bennett the amusing commentator or Bennett the clever manipulator, will find their meat in this further and perhaps final record in the Clayhanger series.

One quality that demarks Mr. Bennett rather strikingly from his contemporaries is that he is not statedly *against* anything. He is an ironist, not a satirist; a chronicler, not a prophet or even a protestant. Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, and most of their juniors and disciples are "antis" primarily—anti-Victorian, anti-middle class, anti-matrimonial. Down with respectability, down with cant, down with convention—and up with anything you choose. In contrast with this species of inverted Victorianism, Mr. Bennett's mellow ironic method has the human largeness we constrain ourselves to call Elizabethan (O Mark Twain, and Lewis Carroll, and Meredith, and all other hearty souls that went your way unhampered in that "Victorian" world!). If there is any idea or moral in "The Roll-Call" it is the simple one that from peril of surfeit and smooth ways the shock of war has rescued many an one for the better, whatever may have happened to him thereafter. We don't know whether George Cannon comes out of the war alive, we don't even know how he came through his first action; and in a sense it doesn't matter.

One secret of the charm of Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne" is what may be called the warm disinterest, or sympathetic detachment, of the chronicler. He doesn't mean his little episode to "teach" anything: it is simply there before us, yet by no means as a "slice of life", for what makes it alive is the radiant energy of creative art. The artist's self as well as his skill informs it. Irony would be too cold a word for its mood, for there is something glowing here. As we enter that mood, we feel ourselves lifted to something like the wisdom and tenderness of the gods, glimpsing elements of beauty in the children of dust, and in the dust itself. "Shops and Houses"

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is a less sublimated kind of fiction. Its emotion is less intense and less from within. And it labors somewhat from the outset under the burden of an "idea". At once we are, so to speak, confronted with Beckwith, an English provincial town which is confessedly and unhappily typical. Beckwith is an ancient village but fifteen miles from London, half spoiled by the advent of railway and factories, yet still self-centered. It is a place of rigid class distinctions, raw social nerves, and ruthless tongues of censure or surmise. "The wrong thing said or done flies from lip to lip, from eye to eye, very secretly, very finally. Living in Beckwith is like living upon glass. It is both slippery and brittle. . . . The cause of this is that when one lives in Beckwith one has very little wider life. The consideration in which one is held by one's neighbors (in default of special talent, which is rare in Beckwith, and which raises a barrier of constraint) is the only consideration which one can enjoy." It is a village of snobs, such as from Miss Mitford to E. F. Benson has made itself familiar to American readers as a kind of stronghold of Briticism. What gives Mr. Swinnerton's handling freshness is his explicit conviction that this narrow, ingrowing, pharisaical life of the Beckwiths of old England is a damnable thing, and not merely a quaint and amusing thing.

The opening situation is intensely British. The unchallenged social supremacy in Beckwith belongs to the Vechantors. There is, to be sure, a Lord Dayscombe, but he is so far an absentee as to be hardly rated a Beckwithian. The Vechantors are a family of a good deal of charm, dwelling serene and contented on their high eminence, not haughty in bearing and of really gentle breeding, but half-consciously basking in their sense of superiority and precedence. Vechantor senior is a quiet paterfamilias, fond of his own company and a few old books. Louis, the oldest son, does what a gentleman may in a local bank. All is serene enough when falls a bolt from the blue in the person of a forgotten Vechantor cousin blundering into town in the place of a retiring grocer. Horrible! The village feels the outrage, and the incoming Vechantor and his luckless family feel it, and not least of all the reigning Vechantors on their eminence. The very presence of the interlopers, Vechantors behind a counter, is a vague menace to that eminence. The queen-mother herself, gentle and generous woman that she is by nature, shares the universal distress. And this Louis presently makes intolerable by actually showing a slight civility toward his cousins. The elder Vechantors ignore them; and there is presently a parental decree forbidding the grown-up Louis further intercourse with these people who have the insolence to be relatives without permission.

Louis is a bold Briton. He defies the decree; and in the end, with the approval of his converted elders, makes choice of his charming cousin, the grocer's daughter, as against the conventional Beckwithian female who has almost hooked him. But Beckwith is not to be lived in and remodeled by them or the new forces their union represents. The grocer and his wife, having been magnanimously received by the aristocratic Vechantors, discreetly withdraw to a more congenial sphere. And Louis and his Dorothy, though they love the country and Beckwith itself, as the place nature made it, dare not try to live out their lives there. Nor is it Beckwith as an

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isolated spot they shrink from. Dorothy sums it all up:

> I've been thinking whether perhaps Beckwith . . . that it isn't altogether a place at all. I mean, whether it isn't a sort of disease. If you live in London, you hardly know your neighbors—one on the right, one on the left. . . . And no more. You have your own friends. Nobody else cares twopence about you. . . . That's in London. But London isn't England. I've been wondering if, directly you go to *England* to live, you don't find Beckwith. Dear, I don't want to be cruel. I'm not cruel. But I can't think of this place—this dear, lovely place—as making its own people. Aren't people everywhere alike? This is what I thought: isn't Beckwith any small town in England? Isn't the choice between London—that's heartless—and Beckwith where your life's everybody's business? If you have to choose, what will you choose?

So they choose London, where shops and houses are at least more indifferent, if not more kindly, to one another. Apart from this idea, and the two interesting lovers who struggle with it—and more vividly than either, perhaps—I expect to remember this book for its portrait of the "nice girl" Veronica, so "common" and unmoral beneath her surface conformity—an indubitable portrait of female Victorianism at its nadir.

The other day I happened to go to the fiction desk of the New York Public Library to ask a question. I wanted to find out if there was any particular kind of fiction people were calling for at that place. The answer I got from the attendant was noncommittal, but an item thrust itself upon me as I waited. One person was there before me, a pleasant lady of rather more than middle age; and the book she carried away with her was "Dr. Adriaan". The novel was just "out", and I got the impression from a certain gentle triumph of eye and snugness of elbow that the pleasant lady had been lying in wait for it and might have been the first to find it "in". She was the type of reader one associates, if not necessarily with "glad" books, at least with cheerful ones; and the "Books of the Small Souls", of which "Dr. Adriaan" is the last, present a human comedy more than tinged with melancholy. This Dutch realist, Couperus, looks upon life with sombre emotion, a kind of despairing tenderness. There is so much that is fine and generous in human nature, he seems to say—what a pity that it should be so diluted and obscured in the "average" person. Here, for instance, is the tribe of the Van Lowes, a respectable upper middle class connection. A diplomat, a colonial governor, have given it distinction, at least in its own eyes. The later generations of yesterday and today have added nothing to the family glory; they seem indeed to have developed a feeble and futile individualism which jangles their inner harmony as a clan without impressing the world outside. Yet they cannot get away from each other; the clan tie is after all a sort of security against the scorn or indifference of the world outside. It binds together and gives a kind of dignity to the petty interests in which each of these small souls is absorbed.

The symbol of this bond is ancient "Grandmamma" Van Lowe, whose Sunday roll-calls have kept the tribe together in the old Hague days. You remember that at the end of "The Twilight of the Souls", when Gerrit, the one apparently hearty and healthy member of the crew, succumbs to the family taint and kills himself, the mind of his indomitable old mother gives way. "There", we think, as we close the book, "that's the end of her anyhow." But it isn't; for Grandmamma's real "finish" doesn't come till the last page of the present story. All through it her presence in the background, though it is only a feeble physical presence, remains the symbol of the family unity; not till

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she is discovered dead in her chair do we feel that our story of the clan, as a clan, is ended.

Adriaan, you recall, is the son of Gerrit's sister Constance and Van der Welcke, who have risked everything for love and not found it after all. He becomes the single radiating force in our little world: Grandmamma's is purely adhesive. Through him, as a child, his parents are restrained from an irreparable breach, and later brought together as well as they may be. He is early recognized as the strong one, the reliable one of the whole connection. After Grandmamma's dropping of the reins, poor neurasthenic Constance does her best, and does well, at maintaining a sort of family headquarters and place of refuge at Van der Welcke's country house in Driebergen. Honest Van der Welcke is happy enough with his houseful of young people—the children of Gerrit and the rest—or would be if they were all a heartier, more cheerful lot, like his favorite nephew Guy. They are not by temperament or tastes a notably congenial household; yet the one alien element is the healthy young bourgeoise Adriaan has married, largely on theory. She has physical attraction for him, but his main object in making her his wife is to bring a normal, sturdy strain into the Van Lowe stock. She feels and resents this, and the drab and none too friendly atmosphere at Driebergen oppresses her almost beyond endurance.

Finally, not to lose her, Adriaan gives up his needed work as a little-paid country doctor for a profitable city practice. He is a born healer as well as a skillful physician in the modern sense, and his real impulse is to serve, not to prosper. But his sacrifice does not bring him and his wife closer. They both feel that things are wrong, and hopelessly wrong. The physician of sick minds cannot heal himself. Only when, on the verge of final disaster, he sees what is best for his wife—leaving himself out of account—are his eyes cleared and his hand steady in undertaking the only operation that can possibly set matters right. We feel hope for him, later on, as well as for certain other members of this commonplace, small-souled, yet strangely and disconcertingly familiar group of fellow beings. That they are Dutch is neither here nor there; we know and recognize them. And the point of view from which we recognize them is that of a later and rather head shaking middle age. Our pleasant lady of the Public Library may not have been able to resist the melancholy fascination of that mood; but I suspect that, more simply, she had become attached to these people, so human, so appealing in their weakness, and had to see the last of them.

Mr. Hergesheimer's "Notes for a Blue Water Novel", printed in the January BOOKMAN, bore witness to the extraordinary zeal and labor upon which his command of atmosphere and period is based. He so saturates himself in place and time that they become his own—or it may be more sensible to say that he becomes their own, lives and breathes in them, and records them without effort as a contemporary—but for that sense of what is really characteristic or pictorial which is commonly hidden from the contemporary eye. Mr. Hergesheimer's imagination works best at a distance of at least half a century. I remember, back in the 'nineties, writing a bit of doggerel that commented on the unpicturesqueness of the middle dis-

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tance—on the glamour which at that time belonged to the period of mahogany and small-clothes and powder and patches, and the absurd connotations of black walnut and crinoline; and I recall a final jingle predicting that the hour would come, in due order, when "the charm that time begets" would actually surround that thing of mockery, "the age of pantalets". Mr. Hergesheimer was not the first to feel and convey the newer glamour, but no one has given it, as it were, so astonishing an imminence. He gives us something of his own sense of belonging to that time, a haunting recognition of forms and scents and colors and customs that we seem to have actually known and enjoyed at one or two removes only—as indeed we may have in the persons of our forebears.

As for his knowledge of place, there we come to a bit of mystery. He could solve it with a word, but I don't find that he has, thus far. His saturation with the atmosphere of the Pennsylvania of the early "ironmasters" had a plain enough basis in his birth there and descent from a foundryman. But how does he come to know Salem, in Massachusetts, with its altogether different stock, and traditions, and color of the past? His bibliography of ninety-five titles (which the editor of THE BOOKMAN lacked courage, or faith, to print in as a whole) explains his information; but what inner sympathy enabled him to distill a human story out of it? This is not its first expression. The third story in "Gold and Iron" is laid in a Cottarsport of New England, which has quite transparently the atmosphere of mid-century Salem or, it might be, Newburyport. In that story, "The Dark Fleece", the process of distillation was carried further, I think. "Java Head" risks its glamour more than once at the hands of antiquarian detail. I don't know that I would choose to spare anything out of the present narrative—or rather, I shouldn't know what could be spared (unless a piece of ship-lore or a bill of lading here and there)! But I believe Mr. Hergesheimer would have known, if he had subjected his story to that utmost of compression one felt in each of the linked episodes of "The Three Black Pennys", or in "The Dark Fleece". This narrative does not change my feeling that his best and most natural form is (as with several other contemporary writers—Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Wharton, for instance) the "nouvelle", the condensed novel which we fumble toward recognizing as the "long short-story", or the "novelette". I should like to get the effect of "Java Head" as literally boiled down to the proportions of "The Dark Fleece". As it stands, it is only two and a half times as long.

But it would have to be compressed, not cut, and how to do that without squeezing out some of its precious essence? It may even be that the story-teller has known what he was about! Every bit of the action proper takes place in Salem. Nevertheless, this is a blue water novel in atmosphere, since its scene is that Salem which was an open door upon the blue road to adventure and above all to the mysterious East. The moment chosen is when the old blunt-nosed square-riggers were being supplanted by the fast clippers of our mercantile prime, and overseas trade began to be withdrawn from Salem and her small sister-ports and concentrated at the teeming wharves of Boston. We are to see how naturally this change is the death of old Captain Jeremy Ammidon, champion of the ancient ways, and

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how, with the passing of those slow-going, full-breasted old carriers, the full romance of the eastern trade, with its indefinite voyages and random, varied cargoes, passed also. As for the story, it is, like all Mr. Hergesheimer's stories, largely a romance of atmosphere: this time of the wealthy and polite, leisurely and cherooted and crinolined Salem that still had about it a free, exotic flavor, embodied here in the delicate pride and pathos of Gerrit Ammidon's Manchu bride—a lotus-flower that could only wither in the harsh winds of what was, after all, New England.

The Roll-Call. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

Shops and Houses. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company.

Dr. Adriaan. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf.

WHEN THE BOOKWORM TURNED

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A good name is rather to be chosen than great fiction.
A publisher is known by the authors he keeps.
A happy ending covers a multitude of sins.
The love of money is the root of all evil books.
Only a fool never changes his publisher.
He laughs best whose laughs sell.
Magazines will happen in the best regulated publishing houses.
No author is a hero to his publisher.
A blurb to the wise is sufficient.
Too many books spoil the market.
The proof of the story is in the screening.
A little failure now and then is published by the wisest men.
Circumstances alter war books.
Take care of the blurb and the book will take care of itself.
Love stories are the best policy.
A book on the screen is worth two in the press.
Ye cannot serve style and Mammon.
A gilt-edged volume gets no peruser.
The wages of sin is wealth.
The publisher's importunity is the author's opportunity.
A plot is not without honor save in moving pictures.
Genius makes cowards of us all.
There's no fool like a glad fool.
All the world loves a love story.
Publishers never hear any good of themselves.

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JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER VII
Family Pride
§ 1

I am afraid that too great a part of this book is about old maids, but it is hard for anyone who knows only the thriving, bustling world of today to realize how largely we children were hemmed in and surrounded by a proper phalanx of elderly single ladies and clergymen. I don't believe that we were any the worse for that—and to such heroines as Miss Jones Maple, Miss Mary Trefusis, and old Miss Jessamin Trenchard I here publicly acknowledge my deep and lasting debt—but it did make our life a little monotonous, a little unadventurous, a little circumscribed; and because I am determined to give the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the year of Jeremy's life that I am describing, this book will also, I am afraid, be a little circumscribed, a little unadventurous.

The elderly lady who most thoroughly circumscribed Jeremy was of course (putting Miss Jones—who was a governess and therefore did not count—aside) Aunt Amy.

Now, Aunt Amy was probably the most conceited woman in Polchester. There is, of course, ordinary human conceit of which every living being has his or her share. I am not speaking of that; Miss Amy Trefusis might be said to be frantically conceited.

Although she was now a really plain, elderly woman, it is possible that when she was a little girl she was pretty. In any case it is certain that she was spoiled when she was a little girl, and because she was delicate and selfish she received a good deal more attention and obedience from weak and vacillating elders than she deserved.

After her growing up she had a year or two of moderate looks and she received, during this period, several proposals; these she refused because they were not good enough and something better must be coming very shortly; but what really came very shortly was middle age, and it came, of course, entirely unperceived by the lady. She dressed and behaved as though she were still twenty, although her brother Samuel tried to laugh her out of such absurdities. But no sister ever pays attention to a brother on such matters, and Aunt Amy wore colored ribbons and went to balls and made eyes behind her fan season after season. Then as time passed she was compelled by her mirror to realize that she was not quite so young as she had once been, so she hurriedly invented a thrilling past history for herself, alluding to affair after affair that had come to nothing only because she herself had ruthlessly slain them; and dressing herself more reasonably but with little signs and hints, in the shape of chains and colored bows and rings, that she could still be young if she so pleased and that she was open to offers although she could not prom-

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ise them much encouragement. She liked the society of canons and was to be seen a great deal with old Canon Borlasse—who was as great a flirt as he was an egoist, so that it did not matter to him in the least with whom he flirted—and sat at the feet of Prebendary Watkins, who was so crazy about the discoveries that he had made in the life of Ezekiel that it was quite immaterial to him to whom he explained them.

She descended from these clerical flights into the bosom of family life with some natural discontent. Her brother Samuel she had always disliked because he laughed at her, her sister she did not care for because she was very innocently, poor lady, flaunting her superior married state, and her brother-in-law she did not like because he always behaved as though she were one of a vast public of elderly ladies who were useful for helping in clerical displays, but were otherwise non-existent. Then she hated children, so that she really often wondered why she continued to live with her brother-in-law; but it was cheap, comfortable, and safe, and although she assured herself and everyone else that there were countless homes wildly eager to receive her, it was perhaps just as well not to put their eagerness too abruptly to the test.

There had been war between her and Jeremy since Jeremy's birth, but it had been war of a rather mild and inoffensive character—consisting largely in Jeremy's, on his side, putting out his tongue at her when she could not see him and in her, on her side, sending him to wash his ears when they really did not require to be washed. She had felt always in Jeremy an obstinate dislike of her and, as he had seemed to her neither a very clever nor intelligent child, she had consoled herself very easily with the thought that he did not like her simply because he was stupid. So it had been until this year, and then suddenly they had been flung into sharper opposition. It was hard to say what had brought this about, but it was perhaps that Jeremy had sprung suddenly from the unconscious indifference of a young child into the active participation of a growing boy.

Whatever the truth might have been, the coming of Hamlet had drawn their attitudes into positive conflict. Aunt Amy had felt from the first that Hamlet laughed at her. Had you asked her to state, as a part of her general experience, that she really believed that dogs could laugh at human beings, she would indignantly have repudiated any idea so fantastic; nevertheless, unanalyzed and unconfronted, that was her conviction. The dog laughed at her, he insulted her by walking into her bedroom with his muddy feet and then pretending that he hadn't known that it was her bedroom, regarding her through his hair with an ironical and malicious glance, barking suddenly when she made some statement as though he enjoyed immensely an excellent joke, but above all despising her, she felt—so that the wall of illusion that she had built around herself had been pulled down by at least one creature, more human, she knew in spite of herself, than many human beings. Therefore she hated Hamlet, and scarcely a day passed that she did not try to have him flung from the house or at least kept in the kitchen offices. Hamlet had, however, won the hearts of the family; it was, indeed, Aunt Amy alone to whom he had not thought it worth while to pay court. To her alone he would not come when she called, by her alone he would not be cajoled, even though she offered

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him sugary tea, his deadliest temptation. No, he sat and looked at her through his hair, his fiery eye glinting, his peaked beard ironically humorous, his leg stuck out from his body, a pointing signal of derision.

She resolved to wait for an opportunity when she might conquer Hamlet and Jeremy together, but her power in the house was slight, so long as Mr. and Mrs. Cole were there. "If I only had the children to myself", she would say, "I would improve their manners in many ways. Poor Alice——!" Then suddenly she did have them. At the beginning of May Mr. Cole was summoned to take a mission to the seamen of Drymouth and Mrs. Cole, who had relatives in Drymouth, accompanied him. They would be absent from Polchester a whole week.

"Oh, won't Aunt Amy be a nuisance", said Jeremy, realizing the situation. Then turning to Mary, he added: "We'll pretend to do what she tells us and not do it really. That's much the easiest."

A week is a short time, especially at the beginning of a shining and burning May, but Aunt Amy did her best not only with the children but with the servants and even old Jordan, the gardener, who had been with the Cole family for twenty years. During that short week the cook, the parlor maid, Rose the housemaid, and the boot-boy all gave notice and Mrs. Cole was only able to keep them (on her return) by raising the wages of all of them. Jordan, who was an old man with a long white beard, said to Aunt Amy, when she advised him to plant pinks where he had planted tulips and tulips where he had planted pinks, and further inquired why the cauliflower that he sent in was so poor and the cabbage so small: "Leave things alone, Miss, nature's wiser than we be, not but what you mayn't mean well, but fussing's never done any good where nature's concerned, nor never will"—and when she said that he was very rude to her, he shook his head and answered: "Maybe yes, and maybe no. What's rude to one ain't rude to another"—out of which answer she could make nothing at all.

In the schoolroom she sustained complete defeat. At the very outset she was baffled by Miss Jones. She had always despised Miss Jones as a poor, unfortunate female who was forced to teach children in her old age because she must earn her living—a stupid, sentimental, cowed old woman at whom the children laughed. She found now that the children, instead of laughing at her, laughed with her, formed a phalanx of protection around her and refused to be disobedient. Miss Jones herself was discovered to have a dry, rather caustic sense of humor that Aunt Amy felt to be impertinence but could not penetrate.

"And is that really how you teach them history, Miss Jones? Not quite the simplest way, surely. . . . I remember an excellent governess whom we once had. . . ."

"Perhaps", said Miss Jones gently, "you would give them a history lesson yourself, Miss Trefusis. I would be so glad to pick up any little hints——"

"I have of course no time", said Aunt Amy hurriedly, "but speaking generally, I am afraid I can't approve altogether of your system."

"It isn't very good, I'm afraid", said Miss Jones weakly. "The children would be glad, I know, to have a few hints from you if you could spare a moment——"

Jeremy, who was listening, giggled, tried to turn the giggle into a sneeze, and choked.

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"Jeremy!" said Aunt Amy severely.

"Oh, do look, Aunt Amy!" cried Mary, always Jeremy's faithful ally. "All your hairpins are dropping out!"

She devoted herself then to Jeremy and worried him in every possible way, and after two days of this he hated her with a deep and bitter hatred, very different from that earlier teasing of Miss Jones. That had sprung from a sudden delicious discovery of power and had been directed against no one. This was a real personal hatred that children of a less solid and tenacious temperament than Jeremy would have been incapable of feeling.

He did not laugh at her, he did not tease her, he no longer put out his tongue at her. He was older than that now—he was simply reserved and silent, watching her with his large eyes, his square body set and resolved as though he knew that his moment would come.

Her experience with him was baffling. She punished him, she petted him, she ignored him, she stormed at him; it seemed that she would do anything, could she only win from him an acknowledgment of her power, her capability. But she could not. He only said: "Yes, Aunt Amy." "No, Aunt Amy."

She burst out: "You're a sullen, wicked little boy, Jeremy. Do you know what happens to little boys who sulk?"

"No, Aunt Amy."

"They grow into cross, bad-tempered men whom nobody likes and nobody trusts. Do you want to be like that when you're a man?"

"I don't care."

"You know what happened to Don't Care. I shall have to punish you if you're rude to me."

"What have I done that is rude?"

"You mustn't speak to me like that. Is that the way you speak to your mother?"

"No, Aunt Amy."

"Well, then, if you don't speak to your mother like that you mustn't speak to me like that either——"

"No, Aunt Amy."

"Well, then——"

This hatred was quite new to him. He had once, years ago, hated a black-faced doll that had been given to him. He had not known why he had hated it, but there it had been. He had thrown it out of the window and the gardener had found it and brought it into the house again, battered and bruised but still alive with its horrid red smile, and this had terrified him. . . . He had begun to burn it and the nurse had caught him and slapped him. He had begun to cut it with scissors, and when the sawdust flowed he was more terrified than ever. But that doll was quite different from Aunt Amy. He was not terrified at her at all. He hated her—hated the fringe of her black hair, the heavy eyelashes, the thin down of her upper lip, the way that the gold cross fell up and down on her breast with the beat of her heart, her thin blue-veined hands, her black shoes. She was his first enemy, and he waited, as an ambush hides and watches, for his opportunity. . . .

§ 2

One of our nicest old maids, Miss Maddison, gave every year what she called her early summer party. This was different from all our other parties because it occurred neither in the summer nor the winter, but always during those wonderful days when the spring first began to fade into the high bright colors, the dry warmth, the deep green shadows of the heat of the

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year. It was early in May that Miss Maddison had her party, and we played games on her little sloping green lawn and peered over her pink brick wall down onto the brown roofs of the houses below the close, and had a tremendous tea of every kind of cake and every kind of jam in her wainscoted dining-room that looked out through its tall open windows onto the garden.

Those old houses that run in a half-moon round the close and face the green sward and the great western door of the cathedral are the very heart of Polchester. Walking down the cobbled street, one may still today look through the open door, down the dusky line of the little hall, out into the swimming color of the garden beyond. In these little gardens what did not grow?—hollyhocks, pinks, tulips, nasturtiums, pansies, lilies of the valley, roses, honeysuckle, sweet-williams, stocks—I remember them all at their different seasons in that muddled, absurd profusion. I can smell them now, can see them in their fluttering colors, the great grey wall of the cathedral with its high carved door and watching saints behind me, the sun striking onto the cobbles, the muffled beat of the summer day, the sleepy noises of the town, the pigeons cutting the thin, papery blue into arcs and curves and circles, the little lattice-windowed houses with crooked chimneys and shining doors smiling down upon me.

I can smell, too, that especial smell that belonged to those summer hours, a smell of dried blotting-paper, of corn and poppies from the fields, of cobble-stones and new baked bread and lemonade, and behind the warmth and color the cool note of the cathedral bell, echoed through the town, down the High Street over the meads across the river out into the heart of the dark woods and the long spaces of the summer fields. I can see myself, too, toiling up the High Street, my cap on the back of my head, little beads of perspiration on my forehead, and my eyes always gazing into the air, so that I stumbled over the cobbles and knocked against door-steps. All these things had to do with Miss Maddison's party, and it was always her party that marked the beginning of them for us; she waited for the fine weather, and as soon as it came the invitations were sent out, the flower-beds were trimmed, the little green wooden seats under the mulberry-tree were cleaned, and Poupée, the black poodle, was clipped.

It happened this year that Miss Maddison gave her party during the very week that Mr. and Mrs. Cole were in Drymouth. She sent out her invitation only three days before the great event because the summer had come with so fine a rush: "Master Jeremy and the Misses Cole. . . . Would they give Miss Maddison the pleasure . . .?" Yes, of course, they would. Aunt Amy would take them.

On the morning of the great day Jeremy poured the contents of his watering-can upon Aunt Amy's head. It was a most unfortunate accident, arranged obviously by a malignant fate. Jeremy had been presented with a pot of pinks and these, every morning, he most faithfully watered. He had a bright red watering-can bought with his own money and, because it held more water than the pinks needed, he was in the daily habit of emptying the remnant in a glittering shower out of the pantry window onto the bed nearest the garden wall. Upon this morning someone called him, he turned his head, the water still flowed, and Aunt Amy, hatless and defense-

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less, received it as it tumbled with that sudden rush which always seizes a watering-can at its last gasp. Jeremy was banished into his bedroom, where he employed the sunny morning in drawing pictures of Aunt Amy as a witch upon the wall-paper. For doing this he was caned by Aunt Amy herself with a ruler; at the end of the operation he laughed and said she hadn't hurt him at all. In return for this impertinence he was robbed, at luncheon, of his pudding (which was, of course, on that very day, marmalade pudding), and then, Mary being discovered putting some of hers into a piece of paper to be delivered to him in due course, they were both stood in different corners of the room "until you say you're sorry"!

When the "jingle" arrived at three o'clock they had still not made this acknowledgment and Jeremy said he never would—"not if he lived till he was ninety-nine".

At quarter-past three Jeremy might have been seen sitting very straight in the jingle, his face crimson from washing and temper. He was wearing his new sailor suit, which tickled him and was hot and sticky; he sat there devoting the whole of his energies to the business of hating Aunt Amy. . . .

As I have said, he had never hated anyone before, and he was surprised at the glow of virtuous triumph that this new emotion spread over his body. He positively loved to hate Aunt Amy, and as Parkes the pony slowly toiled up the hill to the cathedral, he sat stiff and proud with an almost humorous anger. Then, as they turned over the hot, shining cobbles into the close and saw the green trees swimming in the sun, he turned his mind to the party. What games would they play? Who would be there? What would there be for tea? He felt creeping over him the stiff shyness that always comes when one is approaching a party, and he wished that the first hand-shaking and the first plunge into the stares of the critical guests might be over. But he did not really care. His hatred of Aunt Amy braced him up; when one was capable of so fine and manly an emotion as this hatred, one need not bother about fellow-guests. Then the jingle stopped outside a house immediately opposite the great West End door of the cathedral; in the little hall Miss Maddison was standing, and from the glittering garden behind her the sun struck through the house into the shadowed street.

Jeremy's public manners were, when he pleased, quite beautiful—"the true old-fashioned courtesy", gushing friends of the Cole family used to say. He was preparing to be very polite now, when suddenly the voice of the dean's Ernest ordering people about in the garden struck upon his ear. He had not seen the dean's Ernest for nearly three months, for the very good reason that that gentleman had been experiencing his first term at his private school. Last year young Ernest and Jeremy had been on the whole friendly, although Ernest, who was nine and strong for his age, had always patronized. And now? Jeremy longed to inform his friend that he also would shortly proceed to school, that in another six months' time there would be practically no difference between them. Nevertheless, at the present moment there was a difference. . . . Ernest had a whole term to his credit.

New arrivals gently insinuated the Cole family into the garden. Helen, proud and cold, Mary, blinking and nervous, stood pressed close together while other little girls started and giggled, moved forward and then back-

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ward again, until suddenly Canon Lasker's Emily, who was fifteen and had such long legs that she was known as the giraffe, came up and said: "Isn't it hot—do you play croquet—please—do. I'll have—the—blue—ball—" and the Coles were initiated.

Meanwhile Aunt Amy had said: "Now, Jeremy dear, run about and make friends", which so deeply infuriated him that he choked. Oh! supposing the dean's Ernest had heard her! . . .

And he had: a mocking voice behind him said, "Now, Jeremy dear—"

Jeremy turned round and beheld the dean's Ernest mockingly waiting his retort. And he could not retort. No words would come and he could only stand there, his cheeks flushed, aware that Ernest had grown and grown during those three months, that he wore a straw hat with a black and red ribbon upon it, that round his long, ugly neck was a stiff collar and across his waistcoat a thick silver watch-chain.

"Hallo!" said Jeremy.

"Hallo!" said the new Ernest, scornfully.

A long pause.

Then Ernest, turning on his heel, said to someone behind him: "Let's get away from all these girls!"

The tears burned in Jeremy's eyes, hot and salt. He clenched his fists and gazed upon a garden that swam in a mist of tears and sunlight. He felt a sudden strange impulse of family affection. He would like to have gathered behind him his father and mother, Helen, Mary, Hamlet, Uncle Samuel, yes, and even Aunt Amy, and to have advanced not only upon Ernest but upon the dean's whole family; it would have given him great pleasure to have set his teeth into the fat legs of the dean himself; he would gladly have torn the hat from the head of Mrs. Dean. . . . Upon Ernest there was no torture he would not employ.

He would get even; he resolved that before he left that house he would have his revenge.

Kind Miss Maddison, tripping along and seeing him as a pathetic little boy in a sailor suit without guile or malice, swept him into an "I spy" party composed for the most part of small girls, who fell down and cried and suddenly said they would go home.

Jeremy, hiding behind a tree, watched the thin back of Ernest as it lifted itself autocratically above two small boys who looked up to him with saucer eyes. Ernest was obviously talking about his school; Jeremy, lost in the contemplation of his vengeance, forgot his game and was taken prisoner with the greatest of ease. He did not care. The afternoon was spoiled for him. He was not even hungry. Why could he not go to school tomorrow and then challenge Ernest to combat? But he might challenge Ernest without going to school. . . . He had never fought a real fight, but the sight of his enemy's thin, peaky body was encouraging.

"Now, Jeremy dear," said Miss Maddison. "It's your turn to hide—"

Soon they all went in to tea. Everyone was thoroughly at home by this time and screamed and shouted quite in the most natural manner in the world. The long table stretched down the whole room almost from wall to wall; the sunlight played in pools and splashes upon the carpet and the flowers and the pictures. There was every sort of thing to eat—thin bread and butter, rolled up into curly sandwiches, little cakes and big cakes, seed cakes and sugar cakes, and, of course, saffran buns, jam in little shining dishes, and hot buttered toast so but-

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tery that it dripped onto your fingers.

Jeremy sat next to Mary and behind him hovered Aunt Amy. Only half an hour ago how this would have angered him! To have her interfering with him, saying: "Not two at a time, Jeremy", or "Pass the little girl the sugar, Jeremy", "Remember your manners", or "Not so big a piece, Jeremy". But now—he did not know. . . . She was one of the family and he felt as though the dean's Ernest had scorned her as well as himself. Also Mary. He felt kind to Mary and when she whispered, "Are you enjoying it?" Jeremy answered, "Yes, are you?" Not because he was really enjoying it, but because he knew that she wanted him to say that.

He could see Ernest from where he sat and he knew that Ernest was laughing at him. He remembered that he had given Ernest three splendid marbles just before his departure to school, as a keepsake. How he wished that he had kept them. He would never give Ernest anything again except blows. Mary might be tiresome sometimes, but she *was* his sister and he greatly preferred her as a girl to Ernest's sisters. He could see them now, greedy, ugly things—

"Now, Jeremy, wipe your mouth", said Aunt Amy. He obeyed at once.

§ 3

Tea over, they all trooped out into the garden again. The evening light now painted upon the little green lawn strange, trembling shadows of purple and grey; the old red garden wall seemed to have crept forward as though it would protect the house and the garden from the night; and a sky of the faintest blue seemed, with gentle approval, to bless the quiet town fading into dusk beneath it. Over the center of the lawn the sun was still shining and there it was warm and light. But from every side the shadows stealthily crept forward. A group of children played against the golden color, their white dresses patterns that formed figures and broke and formed again. The cathedral bell was ringing for evensong and its notes stole about the garden and in and out among the children, as though some guardian spirit watching over their safety counted their numbers.

Jeremy, feeling rather neglected and miserable, stood in the shadow near the oak on the farther side of the lawn. He did not want to play with those little girls and yet he was hurt because he had not been asked. The party had been a most miserable failure, and a year ago it would have been a success. He did not know that he was standing now, in the middle of his ninth year, at the parting of the ways; that only yesterday he had been a baby and that he would never be a baby again. He did not feel his independence—he felt only inclined to tears and a longing that he would never, never confess even to himself, that someone should come and comfort him! Nevertheless, even at this very moment, although he did not know it, he, a free, independent man, was facing the world for the first time on his own legs. His mother might have realized it had she been there—but she was not. Mary, however, was there and in the very middle of her game, searching for him, as she was always doing, she found him desolate under the shade of the oak. She slipped away and, coming up to him, with the shyness and fear that she always had when she approached him, because she loved him so much and he could so easily hurt her, said:

"Aren't you coming to play?"

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"I don't care", he answered gruffly.

"It isn't any fun without you." She paused and added: "Would you mind if I stayed here, too?"

"I'd rather you played—" he said, and yet he was comforted by her, determined, as he was, that she should never know it!

"I'd rather stay", she said and then gazed, with that melancholy stare through her large spectacles that always irritated Jeremy, out across the garden.

"I'm all right", he said again, "only my stocking tickles and I can't get at it—it's the back of my leg—I say, Mary, don't you hate the dean's Ernest?"

"Yes, I do", she answered fervently, although she had not thought about him at all—enough for her that Jeremy should hate him! Then she gasped: "Here he comes—"

He was walking toward them with a swagger of his long, yellow neck and his thin, leggy body that Jeremy found especially offensive. Jeremy bristled and Mary was conscious of that bristling.

"Hallo!" said Ernest.

"Hallo!" said Jeremy.

"What rot these silly games are", said Ernest. "Why can't they have something decent like cricket?"

Jeremy had never played cricket, so he said nothing. "At our school", said Ernest, "we're very good at cricket. We win all our matches always—"

"I don't care about your school", said Jeremy, breathing through his nose.

The dean's Ernest was obviously surprised by this; he had not expected it. His pale neck began to flush.

"Look here, young Cole", he said, "none of your cheek." This was a new dialect to Jeremy, who had no friends who went to school. All he said, however, breathing more fiercely than before, was: "I don't care—"

"Oh, don't you?" said Ernest. "Now look here—" Then he paused, apparently uncertain, for a moment, of his courage. The sight of Mary's timorous anxiety, however, reassured him and he continued: "It's all right for you, this sort of thing. You ought to be in the nursery with your old podge-faced nurse. Kids like you oughtn't to be allowed out of their prams."

"I don't care", said Jeremy again, seeing in front of him the whole family of the reverend dean. "Your school isn't much anyway, I expect, and I'm going to school in September and I'll wear just the same things as you do and—"

He wanted to comment on the plain features of Ernest's sisters, but his gentlemanly courtesy restrained him. He paused for breath and Ernest seized his advantage.

"You have to have an old aunt to look after you anyway—an ugly old aunt. I wouldn't have an old aunt always hanging over me—'Now, Jeremy dear—' 'Blow your nose, Jeremy dear—' 'Wipe your feet, Jeremy dear—' Look at the things she wears and the way she walks. If I did have to have an aunt always I'd have a decent one, not an old clothes' bag—"

What happened to Jeremy at the moment? Did he recollect that only a few hours before he had been hating Aunt Amy with a fine frenzy of hatred? For nearly a week he had been chafing under her restraint, combating her commands, defying her orders. He had been seeing her as everything that the dean's Ernest had but now been calling her. Now he only saw her as someone to be defended, someone who was his, someone even who depended on him for support. He would have challenged a

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whole world of deans in her defense.

He said something but no one could hear his words—then he sprang upon the startled Ernest.

It was not a very distinguished combat; it was Jeremy's first battle and he knew at that time nothing of the science of fighting. The dean's Ernest, in spite of his term at school, also knew nothing and the dean's Ernest was a coward. . . .

It lasted but a short while, for Mary, after the first pause of horrified amazement (aware only that Ernest was twice as big as her Jeremy), ran to appeal to authority. Jeremy himself was aware neither of time nor prudence. He realized immediately that Ernest was a coward and this realization filled him with joy and happiness. He had seized Ernest by his long, yellow neck and, with his other hand, struck at eyes and cheeks and nose. He did not secure much purchase for his blows, because their bodies were very close against one another, but he felt the soft flesh yield and suddenly something wet against his hand which must, he knew, be blood. And all the time he was thinking to himself: "I'll teach him to say things about Aunt Amy—Aunt Amy's mine—I'll teach him—he sha'n't touch Aunt Amy—"

Ernest meanwhile kicked and kicked hard; he also tried to bite Jeremy's hand and to pull his hair. But his own terror handicapped him; every inch of his body was alarmed and that alarm prevented the freedom of his limbs. Then when he felt the blood from his nose trickle onto his cheek his resistance was at an end; panic flooded over him like water. He broke away and flung himself, howling, onto the ground, kicking his legs and screaming: "It isn't fair. . . . He's bitten me. . . . Take him away—take him away! . . . It isn't fair!"

Jeremy himself was no beautiful sight. His hair was wild, his white navy collar crumpled and soiled, the buttons of his tunic torn, his stocking down, and his legs already displaying purple bruises. But he did not care; he was well now; he was no longer unhappy.

He had beaten Ernest and he was a man; he had risen victorious from his first fight and authority might storm as it pleased. Authority soon arrived and there were, of course, many cries and exclamations. Ernest was led away, still howling; Jeremy, stubborn, obstinate, and silent, was also led away. . . . A disgraceful incident.

Aunt Amy, of course, was disgusted. Couldn't leave the boy alone one minute but he must misbehave himself, upset the party, be the little ruffian that he always was. She had always said that his mother spoiled him and here were the fruits of that foolishness. How could she ever say enough to Miss Maddison? Her delightful party completely ruined . . . shocking . . . shocking . . . too terrible . . . and Ernest, such a quiet, well-behaved little boy as a rule. It must have been Jeremy who . . .

While they were waiting in the decent dusk of Miss Maddison's sitting-room for a cleaned and chastised Jeremy, Mary touched her aunt's arm and whispered in her nervous voice: "Aunt Amy—Jeremy hit Ernest because he said rude things about you."

"About me! Nonsense, child."

"No, but it was, really. Ernest said horrid things about you and then Jeremy hit him."

"About me? What things?"

"That you were ugly", eagerly continued Mary, never a tactful child and intent now only upon Jeremy's repu-

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tation, "and wore ugly clothes and horrid things. He did really. I heard it all."

Aunt Amy was deeply moved. Her conceit, her abnormal all-embracing conceit was wounded—yes, even by so insignificant a creature as the dean's Ernest, but she was also unexpectedly touched. She would have greatly preferred not to be touched but there it was, she could not help herself. She did not know that, in all her life before, anyone had ever fought for her—and that now of all champions in the world, fate should have chosen Jeremy who was, she had supposed, her enemy, never her defender!

And that horrid child of the dean—she had always disliked him with his long, yellow neck and watery eyes! How dared he say such things about her! He had always been rude to her. She remembered once——

Jeremy arrived, washed, brushed, and obstinate. He would, of course, be scolded to within an inch of his life and he did not care. He had seen the dean's Ernest howling and kicking on the ground; he had soiled his straw hat for him, dirtied his stiff white collar for him, and made his nose bleed. He glared at his aunt (one eye was rapidly disappearing beneath a blue bruise) and he was proud, triumphant, and very tired. . . .

Farewells were made—again many apologies—"Nothing—I assure you, nothing; boys will be boys, I know"—from Miss Maddison.

Then they were seated in the jingle, Jeremy next to Aunt Amy, awaiting his scolding. It did not come. Aunt Amy tried; she knew what she should say. She should be very angry, disgusted, ashamed. She could not be any of these things. That horrid boy had insulted her. She was touched and proud as she had never been touched and proud in her life before.

Jeremy waited and then, as nothing came, his weariness grew upon him. As the old fat pony jogged along, as the evening colors of street and sky danced before him, sleep came nearer and nearer. . . .

He nodded, recovered, nodded, and nodded again. His body pressed closer to Aunt Amy's, leaned against her. His head rested upon her shoulder.

After a moment's pause she put her arm around him—so, holding him, she stared, defiantly and crossly, upon the world.

(To be continued)

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ARE WE TO HAVE A FREE LIBRARY?

Some Observations Upon the Conduct of the People's University

BY PAUL M. PAINE

Among the numerous evidences which Mr. Meredith Nicholson shows in his good-natured book "The Valley of Democracy", to indicate the quality of the folks out his way, is a bit of testimony concerning their reading habits. A public library in this section, having counted its circulation, has found that but thirty-four per cent of it is fiction.

The rest is non-fiction.

Mr. Nicholson merely mentions this in passing, during a rapid review of the characteristics of society in the Mississippi valley. He doesn't say why it is that his non-fictionites are so numerous, nor does he define non-fiction. The percentage is enough. Here is a people who sternly refuse to trifle with Gene Stratton-Porter, Harold MacGrath, Cervantes, and Henry James. They take to the nine heads of the Dewey Decimal System, except the 800's, as naturally as they do to the Initiative and Referendum. General works, philosophy, religion, sociology, philology, natural science, useful arts, and history, with so much of literature as is not expressed in prose narrative, are their meat, or at least sixty per cent of it. They have little taste for gravy.

How is this? Why is it that Mr. Nicholson, who himself has contributed so notably to the American literature of imagination, should mention this percentage as a source of pride? Why is a non-fictionite considered more virtuous than a reader of stories? Is this the best we can do in analyzing the reading habits of the public?

The libraries themselves have established the standard. They have apologized for their percentage of fiction circulation and pointed with pride to the rest. A book on modern dancing, or a treatise by Nietzsche the Hun, a work on phrenology, or the culture of house cats, the less fragrant Latin classics, the telephone directory, the latest specimen of garden-goozle, or how not to raise verbenas in your door yard, all are included, it seems to be thought, in the course of reading which makes a nation great. So is the latest novel when transformed into drama or poetry. But a story in prose, no matter how nobly conceived and splendidly executed, the living picture of human beings, loving, suffering, sacrificing, encountering great obstacles and overcoming them, holding up before us the shining light of an example of how to live and how to die—this we seem to be ashamed of. The shallow superficiality of such a classification has generally escaped attention. It has not occurred to us that a certain passage in the greatest of all books, concluding with the words, "For this my son was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found", a passage which of all English literature is best suited to be read to a human being in his last hour, is fiction.

The reason for the absurd distinc-

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tion perhaps has its roots in Puritanism. The reading of fiction gives pleasure. Therefore it is unworthy. Or perhaps in materialism. Public libraries are supported by taxes. The main contributors to the tax levy are business men. Business is a solemn matter. Therefore reading in public libraries should be a solemn business. It should confine itself to facts. It should show us not how to live but how to make a living. Not so long ago, as Miss Addams pointed out in her best book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets", the business of providing joy for young persons in a city was not a public business. It was a means of commercially exploiting youth for purposes of private profit. Miss Addams might have added that public libraries alone, of all the public institutions, were doing something to provide innocent joy long before public playgrounds were so much as thought of. Surely this should be a source of pride on the part of librarians, and not a source of humiliation and a cause for apology.

We should be able to rise in defense of the public appetite for the books of imagination in prose, the books which come closest to human life, without being put into a false position. Nobody ever imagined that a library could be made of fiction alone, or advocated—for persons who can think or would like to think—the reading of novels to the exclusion of everything else.

So much by way of relief by timely utterance, which Wordsworth says will do it, from a thought of grief—grief that custodians of immortal treasures of literature should be committing the sin of narrow Puritanism.

Guiding the free American citizen in his choice of books is a form of benevolent paternalism which must be exercised with a light hand. Public libraries can go a short distance in the guidance of children's reading, and a still shorter distance with their parents. As to adults, about all that can be done is, first, to restrict the latitude of the reader's choice by refusing to buy the book which the librarian thinks the reader ought not to have, and, second, to make suggestions to him. These suggestions may be made either when he asks for them or by openly using the methods of salesmanship, or by the more or less artful appeals to the reader's subconsciousness—as for instance by placing the book we think he is in need of where he will stumble over it, as merchants display certain fascinating lines of merchandise where the shopper can't help seeing them when he thinks he has bought all he needs.

Having gone so far—praying constantly to be delivered from narrow prejudice and patronizing airs—the librarian has exercised all his authority. If he goes further the library forfeits the right to its most precious possession, the word "free". The importance of this word should not be forgotten. Obstacles to the free use of books are numerous enough as it is. "You are free to read the book you need", we say in substance to the person who comes in search of what we have offered, "first, if you can find out with our help what it is; second, if it is in the catalogue; third, if it isn't 'out'; and finally if you will wait until our highly developed library system can locate the book and bring it to you." This last requires from ten to fifteen minutes in some famous libraries. No, it won't do to subtract any more from the freedom of the book borrower. We need not stoop to the hazy and demoralizing maxim, "Give the public what it wants",

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either. But we must keep in mind the great difference between the organization of the public school and that of the public library. The former has the advantages and drawbacks of benevolent despotism; the latter has the disadvantages and the glory of democracy. Everyone is as free to stay out of a library as to come in. Once in, he is free to read whatever he can find and to leave severely alone whatever doesn't appeal to his fancy. This freedom is a priceless thing. It may be abused. It is a part of the very essence of freedom that men should be free to abuse it. Good old John Milton showed us the road in this direction when he professed himself unable to praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed.

Distinctions between classes of reading in the public library are for the purpose of finding out what the library is accomplishing. It is assumed that only "non-fiction" is educational, and that is true to the extent that reading in the direction of vocational education is outside the class of what is narrowly termed literature, the most important subdivision of which is prose fiction. But now a new problem looms up before us, the greatest problem with which public libraries have ever been confronted. The world is being reconstructed, and of all the inanimate tools of reconstruction, print is the greatest. Shall the free reading matter in the public library do its share in the regeneration of the world? John Cotton Dana years ago pointed out that the printed matter which is not in book form is far more voluminous than that which is contained in books, and that it is increasing in volume by leaps and bounds. But the substance of the printed matter in libraries is books, and the main duty of the librarian is putting the message that is found in books into the hands of readers. As heralds and bill-posters for the great souls whose vision and message are expressed in books, as universities of unrequired reading, the opportunity and reponsibility of the library in this day of the rebirth of civilization are vast indeed, and if the task is shirked or underestimated the public library will lose incalculably in public estimation.

In my town there is a university, and a Student Army Training Corps duly attached thereto has now been mustered out of service. The university has not missed the inspiration of the war. In the faculty there is an idealist. He has been confronting the geology professor, the philosophy professor, the superintendent of schools and the mayor with the question, "What is educational idealism, and what should the university do about it?" He has up his sleeve his own answer to the question. "We are going to train men and women who will be more than engineers, schoolteachers, doctors, lawyers, preachers, artists, and library workers. They will be new citizens; citizens who have learned citizenship by abhorring militarism; citizens who have looked once at the face of materialism incarnate and said, 'God forbid that I should be other than an idealist'; citizens who offered to give their lives for an ideal and can now be counted on to give a fraction of their time and energy to political and social betterment." As one practical suggestion he proposes that a course be immediately instituted to fit college students as Americanization workers.

Libraries may well take a hint from this college professor. So far as they can exercise guidance over their read-

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ers when the boys come home, they may well take heed how they promote the purely vocational end of the library, neglecting the opportunity for education in what is socially humanizing and public-minded.

As for the study of library statistics, it will be interesting after the war as before, to know what book of prose fiction is attracting the greatest audience among library patrons—interesting, though not particularly enlightening. Of more useful and timely interest will be the titles of the books of applied science that have won favor among the members of the new public enriched by the addition of the boys from the service. And of still superior value will be the lists of the most popular books of the month on American idealism put in terms of common-sense.

Is it absurd to hope that public reports of book popularity may in future take some such turn as this rather than the sweeping and superficial generalization of "fiction" and "non-fiction"? A mere matter of classification, someone may say. Classification, however, is a matter of far-reaching importance, as may be seen by reading carefully and completely the Scripture passage concerning the sheep and the goats.

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

IBÁÑEZ, HUYSMANS, AND GEORGE MEREDITH

By Georgiana Goddard King

"La Catedral", which Blasco Ibáñez wrote in 1903, bears a name identical with that of J. K. Huysmans's famous and prolix work, which, slightly preceding it, was third and next-to-last in the series that recounted the tenuous history of a shadowy person by the name of Durtal. What that did for Chartres, this does for Toledo, but with what a difference! It is true, however, that when the day comes that tourists tramp and crowd through Spain as they have long tramped and crowded through Italy and France, they will carry this to Toledo, or read it in preparation or in reminiscence, as we all have done with the other. There the parallel ends: where the psychology was unreal and the erudition factitious in that, in this the protagonist is a figure of immense and complex interest, and the informing emotion of the work is sincere and strong.

The scene is laid among the poor folk who in both senses of the word live upon the cathedral: the vergers, sacristans, bell-ringer, and the like, who inhabit the range of odd little dwellings up above the cloister of the great church. Among them returns a relative—brother, cousin, nephew, in a family which has its own pride in its own honor as keen, and as justifiable, as the archbishop's. As a boy of great promise he had been admitted to the seminary, and for his zeal and fervor he had gone into the mountains in the Carlist rebellion; thence passing into the wide world he had become a sort of philosophical anarchist, and the gift which should have served him as a preacher made him an agitator, a wanderer, who carried a lamp in his bosom at which torches were lit. The miseries of his middle years, of the

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life of a man whom the police are down on, whom governments are down on, are touched lightly, for they have little to do with the immediate action. But they anticipate very exactly some of the incidents which followed the Barcelona rising of 1909; and this history of Gabriel Luna offers parallels to that of the Catalan professor, Ferrer. Hunted and dying, he finds refuge at home, but like the Psalmist he cannot keep silence even from good words; and again he awakes to consciousness brutalized and perverted intelligences that he cannot control. His ending is piteous enough, but the end of the story is what he would have pronounced himself: that "the earth is enriched and made more fruitful for the renovation of life".

The cathedral itself has been studied as carefully as was ancient Sagunto, and the descriptions of it are memorable—the opening before daylight, the mass on Corpus Christi, the empty church in the night; but the author's dominant interest as novelist keeps description and ecclesiology in their due place, and subordinates everything to the development of the action. Even the great survey of Spanish history envisaged from an unusual angle, which occurs in the sixth chapter, and which will deserve the careful perusal of the intending tourist, plays its own part therein, and immediately affects the *dénouement*. As often in this author's work, the narrative is constructed not so much by incidents as by slow processes, and the successive scenes are oftener signs than causes of change. In the same way, ideas are conveyed not so much by epigrams as by cumulative effects: terse sayings there are, however, as that which declares that of all men the Spaniard practises the most of religion and thinks the least of it. The style in sustained discourse is rich, various and noble without grandiosity; the long-set speeches are not oratorical. In familiar dialogue it is racy; the phrases sound in the ear, with the cadence of the spoken word.

It is the conscious strength of the author on the one hand, the power of his perfected art to lift action and character out of the distress of actuality, and on the other hand his confident faith, his trust in the healing and cleansing power of life itself and the laws of social development—recalling at times passages in the poetry of George Meredith—his charity toward all of humankind, as wide as nature's and no more unintelligent: it is this especial endowment of Ibáñez, as author and as advocate, which makes the book not in the last analysis either pessimistic or painful, but rather heartening.

In the Shadow of the Cathedral. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie, second edition, introduction by W. D. Howells. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MAETERLINCK'S SEQUEL TO "THE BLUE BIRD"

By Walter Prichard Eaton

"The Betrothal" is a sequel to "The Blue Bird". Like that lovely work, it, too, is a fairy story and an allegory and a shimmering, light-filled spectacle. Best, of course, is it to see the stage performance, now visible in New York, but Maeterlinck, like Shaw and Barrie and all dramatists of the first rank, also produces printed literature when he builds a play, and the text of "The Betrothal" is a constant joy—a thing so simple, so transparent, so apparently artless, that it astonishingly conceals at first its pellucid profundity, as clear spring water hides the true depth of a pool. The story is

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concerned with Tyltyl's search for a sweetheart (at the age of sixteen, which strikes the Saxon world as a bit premature!). He is accompanied by the six pretty little damsels from whose number he thinks he wants to choose, and who are each and all quite ready to be chosen. He consults his ancestors, he consults his unborn progeny, and he is accompanied by Destiny, who at first is quite a fellow, eight or nine feet tall, but who at the end has shrunk to the dimensions of a doll. It isn't Destiny who chooses for us, but we ourselves, by consulting the wisest of our ancestors, and listening to the pleading voices of those yet to be born. In other words, Fate is character. However, no brief paragraph of review can suggest the simple, tender charm of this story, the radiant brightness of its spectacle, the unworldly spaciousness of its atmosphere. But one man alive could have written it—and let us be thankful that he did.

The Betrothal. By Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

By R. L. Schuyler

One is almost inclined to say of the government of the British Empire what de Tocqueville said of the English constitution: "There is no such thing". At any rate, a brief description would suffice for the political institutions of the British Empire, or British Commonwealth of Nations, as many of its citizens prefer to call it, which are genuinely imperial. If we except the recently created Imperial War Cabinet, there appear to be only two, the Kingship and the Imperial Conference. And of these, the former has ceased to be, and the latter has not yet become an institution of actual government. The Conference recommends, but it possesses no legislative or executive authority, while the King, as Bagehot informed his countrymen half a century ago, has only the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn. A writer who undertakes to give an account of government within the Empire must describe not one system of government but many. He may pay his respects to the political theory which insists that the British Empire is a single state, and to the legal theory of the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament over all British subjects. But as a student of government he must recognize that there are wide stretches of the Empire for which the so-called Imperial Parliament does not legislate at all, and where the Imperial Government does not govern.

This book is intended to serve as an introduction to the study of the larger standard works on the subjects with which it deals, such as those of Dicey and Anson and Lowell. The author is well known as a writer of authority on English government and law, and his book is based to a considerable extent upon the study of first-hand material. Into the medley of governments that exist within the Empire he introduces some semblance of order by classification, dividing them into those of the United Kingdom, the self-governing dominions, the crown colonies, and India. Protectorates and "spheres of influence" he dismisses, properly enough, in half a dozen pages, since these are not, strictly speaking, parts of the Empire at all. But an allotment of space that gives five times as much to the United Kingdom as to all the rest of the Empire seems to us to

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be disproportional, and lays an English writer open to the charge of insular-mindedness. The account of the structure and working of government in the United Kingdom is clear and orderly, though exception may be taken to some of the author's judgments and interpretations.

The swift march of events has rendered parts of Mr. Jenks's description incomplete and even seriously misleading. For example, the chapter on the Imperial Cabinet does not mention the admission to that body of representatives from the Dominions and India in 1917, an event which made the Imperial Cabinet for the first time truly imperial. The account of the government of India leaves the reader to infer that benevolent despotism is still the principle of Anglo-Indian administration, whereas the British government in August, 1917, announced its adoption of a new policy by pledging itself to introduce responsible government into India by gradual stages.

The Government of the British Empire. By Edward Jenks. Little, Brown and Co.

THE CHARM OF SPANISH FAIRY-LORE

By Carolina Marcial Dorado

In the Fairy Series, a collection of typical fairy-tales from all nations, with a Welsh fairy book, a Scottish, an Italian, an Irish, and even a Hungarian volume, we have now arrived at the Spanish contribution. All the books of this series are charming in appearance, with their bright covers and daintily colored illustrations. Yet to none of them perhaps are these bits of artistry more appropriate than to the Spanish volume. In its first picture, the lovely fairy godmother "dressed in white, her gown shimmering with dust of gold and flecks of silver", stands daintily poised on the bank of a deep blue lake. She has just alighted from a large white ostrich with its pearl-embroidered saddle of red velvet, on which she makes long journeys in a moment of time, coming to the aid of some favored godchild. We know that she will explain to the brave young princes just what tasks they must perform and what dangers they must face in order to recover the lost golden curls of the beautiful princess. Indeed, we have but to turn to the second illustration to see one of these heroes in the hands of a "horrible monster fifteen feet high", or to the third, where the genie of the Green Rocks, a weird little man, all green himself, is just stepping out of his emerald home. By the very horns that rise so jauntily from his brow we know that he has unlimited magic power that he will use to thwart the efforts of the virtuous prince. But never fear! There is another picture; the gallant hero is riding gaily home, his scarlet cloak and the golden trappings of his white charger making a brave show against the great oak-tree in the background.

Yet it must not be supposed that these Spanish tales have nothing more to offer than this stereotyped material of fairy-lore. There is a poetic lilt in the diction of the prose as well as in the charming little rhymes in which magic powers are invoked. There is poetic imagery, too, in the choice of names—though, alas! not every reader will see through the disguise of the Spanish. Perhaps the most suggestive imagery of all is found in the story of the princess's laugh which, stolen from her by a wicked witch, is turned into a beautiful butterfly. When the butterfly alights on a pretty child's lips, it is transformed into a kiss that flies

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from lip to lip until dropped by the nightingale in the heart of a lovely rose. There, as a drop of crystal dew, it is found and restored to its real owner by the noble prince, for, needless to say, it is always the noble prince—the one who has been unselfish, truthful, and persistent—who is rewarded with success at last. In this, the Spanish fairy-tale is true to its prototype in other lands, however much it may delight in picturing, by the way, the naughty deeds and queer punishments of the less successful aspirants.

The Spanish Fairy Book. By Gertrudis Segovia. Translated by Elisabeth Bernon Quinn. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE STORY OF THE YIDDISH THEATRE

By Isaac Goldberg

"The History of the Yiddish Theatre", in two octavo volumes, which has now appeared in Yiddish from the pen of the well-known writer B. Gorin, is replete with material that is of great interest to all students of the drama in its wider ramifications. Whether one is concerned primarily with the question of origins, or with that of comparative history of the stage, or with the multifarious tributaries that flow into the dramatic stream, he is sure to be rewarded with little known facts that have been brought to light by years of patient research and modest recording.

Mr. Gorin is himself alive to the chief defects of his work. It is not organic, and in some sections necessarily incomplete. Yet it is a pioneer labor, and one attended with difficulties that would perhaps be absent in most works of the sort for any other people or tongue. It required a familiarity with Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian, Polish, and Rumanian lore; for in all of these tongues and the lands in which they are spoken has the drama of Israel wandered, even as the race itself, until it came to the United States where it has continued its paradoxical career. On through prejudice arising from the religion itself has it fought its way—through prejudice against the Yiddish tongue, through persecution at the hands of hostile authorities—its early death prophesied by even its best wishers. Yet it still lives to mock its gravediggers.

The evolution of the Yiddish stage is a strange, diffuse, paradoxical, polyglot affair. The ancient Hebrews not only had no drama proper, but looked down upon all dramatic manifestations in other peoples. Despite this, they produced some of the more important dramatists in Spain, Portugal, and Italy of the early modern period. Much of this work was allegorical in character, in some cases meant for the stage, in others more in the nature of closet drama. A distinction must here be made between the racial spirit and the language. The writing of drama in Yiddish must be kept apart from the writing of drama by Jews in other tongues. Owing to this historical anomaly there is perforce a seeming lack of unity in all discussion of Yiddish drama. Are Jews who wrote drama in tongues other than Hebrew or Yiddish to be reckoned as Jewish dramatists? If in earlier days—which is the implication in Gorin's volumes—why not today?

However that may be, the earliest writing of stage pieces in Yiddish occurs at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The celebration of Purim (the feast of Esther) provided the one holiday of the year when Jews might cast off their sacred inhibitions;

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from the spontaneous burlesquing of Haman's downfall came the germs of Yiddish drama. As in the course of European drama, so here the themes soon ceased to be restricted to the Bible, and with the advent of the Haskala movement—designed to broaden the outlook of Judaism and combat the static fanaticism of the ignorant—came secular subjects, in some cases characterized by remarkable genre pictures. Still later when the movement, in its course from Germany to Russia, underwent a change as regarded its basic antagonism to the Yiddish of the common people, writers like Aksenfeld and Abramovitch ("the grandfather of Yiddish literature") continued the work, writing more with the reader than with the spectator in mind. Not until the advent of Goldfaden in Rumania were the Jews to have a permanent stage that they could call their own. Here, in 1876, were laid the foundations, and to Abraham Goldfaden, poet, composer, and author of folk operettas, the Jews look as the founder of their theatre.

Right here in New York, under the leadership of Jacob Gordin, the realistic reaction to the Goldfaden school took place; here, too, the stage has steadily degenerated while, paradoxically enough, the drama has advanced. It is hard to agree with Gorin in some of his cursory estimates of the living dramatists. Pinski, in particular, he dismisses altogether too summarily. But then, where one has, in a single work, undertaken the task of being at once historian, critic, compiler, and chronicler, such discrepancies are bound to occur. The fact that the work should have been accomplished at all is in itself highly commendable. It is of special value in its first volume, in tracing the various manifestations of the dramatic instinct of the Jews through different countries in different ages, and the subtle changes in the reaction of the common folk to the slowly emerging dramatic forms. As an engaging chronicle, written in colloquial style but none the less packed with valuable data and commentary, it at once fills a wide gap in Yiddish theatrical literature.

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The History of the Yiddish Theatre. By B. Gorin. The Literary Press.

THE FRIVOLITIES OF THE VICTORIANS

By Maurice Francis Egan

If one may look on books as really articles of mental food, and therefore to be made part of a menu, "Further Indiscretions by a Woman of No Importance" may be marked in the language of Soyer or Francatelli, "hors d'oeuvre très légers". It is slight enough, and it is a digression from the main business of life, which are the main qualities of a "hors d'oeuvre". To enjoy it thoroughly one must be at least middle-aged; one must have lived in the time when Du Maurier's frock coats, depicted in "Punch", set the fashion, when Mr. Mallock's "The New Republic" was a "best seller" in society, and when the question as to whether Mrs. Langtry did or did not drop a piece of ice between the neck and the collar of the Prince of Wales was eagerly argued—a time when there were "professional beauties", and when peers married ladies from the chorus as a matter of course. The "Woman of No Importance" is a type who loves the turf and horses, who forgets that her celebrities are rapidly becoming as extinct as the famous Dodo, who is all the more delightful for being so thoroughly old-fashioned

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and not knowing it. The young may yawn, but the middle-aged will look through these pages to find out whether there is any corroboration of dear Lady Cardigan's whisper that John Brown was married to Queen Victoria. "If he wasn't", said dear Lady Cardigan, who had been barred from court, "he ought to have been."

About John Brown, a mere name to the present unhappy generation, the "Woman of No Importance" merely says, after this paragraph:

"I always thought the Queen a pathetic figure and so extraordinarily kind. Once when she heard I was in great sorrow she sent Lady Downs to see me to express her sympathy, and later commanded me to Windsor. . . . I so far forgot myself as to say, 'happiness unshared has no taste'; I think we both had to restrain our feeling or we should have fallen into each other's arms, for tears were in her eyes and voice as well as mine. . . . Many are still living who can remember her faithful servant-friend, John Brown, who seldom left her side. He was not a favorite with the rest of the Royal Family. . . . When she was traveling in Scotland, and was passing the shooting lodge of the Sutherlands, where they were at the time, she told John Brown, who as usual was sitting near her, that she wished to stop and call on the Sutherlands. They asked the Queen to get out of the carriage and have some tea, but she declined until John Brown leaned over and said, 'I would, if I were you. It will warm you up'." "No doubt", concludes the "Woman of No Importance" sagely, "he had one eye on his own 'innards', which were felling cold, as well as an eye on the comfort of the Queen."

This throws no light on the matter at all—Lady Cardigan, who had a vivid imagination, must have mistaken "attention" for "intention"! Queen Victoria on another occasion was "in her usual straw hat, with Cashmere shawl and elastic-sided boots". John Brown kept her waiting. Instead of "falling flat on his face" and begging pardon, he remarked, "Well, I must say you look very summery".

There is no proof here; a normal husband would have accused the Queen of having kept *him* waiting—Lady Cardigan is out of court!

The "Woman of No Importance" gives an unpleasant sketch of Bulwer-Lytton, which, if we may judge from other contemporary accounts, was altogether undeserved, as he was rather a dandy; if I remember accurately, Tennyson, in his one malicious poem, accuses him of painting and wearing stays. "He went about like a rag-and-bone man, his hair long and untidy, his face unshaven and dirty, his clothes tattered." Who can believe this of the author of "Pelham"? Lord Lytton is accused of having tried to decoy his wife into an insane asylum; like Thackeray's, "she was a pretty Irish girl", with a frightful temper, to say the least, bordering on madness. Those three great Victorian novelists, Thackeray, Dickens and Bulwer-Lytton, were alike in their domestic misfortunes. Lady Lytton was not sustained by her son, the author of "Lucile", who seems to have taken his father's side.

Those days of the 'seventies and 'eighties were very interesting, and people took themselves as seriously as the "Woman of No Importance" takes them: the ladies of the world and the half-world in London, the famous "Skittles", who annoyed Lady Stamford in the hunting-field (the "Woman of No Importance" is a keen sportswoman) and whose innocent

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looks were not exactly indicative of her character. Lady Stamford had been married from the ranks of the ladies whom "Skittles", then supported by a distinguished person, had known in her youth, and as Lord Stamford was master of the hounds, she saluted Lady Stamford as an old acquaintance of Cremorne. Lady Stamford, who was highly respected, objected to this, and the dove-eyed "Skittles" almost drove all the women from the field by her copious language. Lady Molesworth, who gave distinction to whomever she chose to invite to "Pencarron", had once sold oranges from a wheel-barrow, it seems, in Sloane Street. In those days London was a happy hunting-ground of the fair. Noblemen, who had owed all to a king's bar sinister, were not too scrupulous about the character of the ladies they married. There are some deservedly agreeable things of Queen Alexandra. Oscar Wilde, Lady de Bathe, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the Duchess of Devonshire, and most of the social celebrities of Du Maurier's days have little pastels done of them; this is a book that may help us forget the seriousness of the present in the frivolities of the past.

Further Indiscretions. By a Woman of No Importance. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MR. BERENSON PAINTS SIENESE PAINTING

By Georgiana Goddard King

The new volume of essays in the study of Sienese painting, by Mr. Berenson, though in some ways tantalizing, has more charm than anything he has written for a long time. It is not merely that Sienese painting attracts us more than Venetian—still less that it is better to have all the world to choose from than simply collections in America—for two or three of these papers turn on objects in this country, and others draw for illustration on such; rather perhaps is the author happier when dealing with a field that was always especially his own, and that suits in its exquisite subtleties, its refinements and afterthoughts, its implications and overtones, the qualities of his own mind and temper. Two of these essays have intrinsic value and critical importance—the one in establishing the identity of an unknown master whom he names Ugolino Lorenzetti, and the other in distinguishing out of the hitherto accepted *œuvre* of Matteo di Giovanni the part of an assistant of his, and thereby isolating the more excellent genius of the master, whose quality is further defined in that essay on a Ferrarese marriage salver. Yet when all is said, none of these essays—nor, I hasten to say, any other essay which could be written in the intention of mere connoisseurship—gives sufficient freedom to his power or adequate play to his genius. It is the method, it is the attitude, it is the style, which makes over a technical discussion into literature in every sentence and phrase.

The figure which presents itself in reading these leisurely pages, subtle, witty, full of implication, of reminiscence, of criticism of life, is that of some Yuan or Ming painting, all in hues of agate, malachite and lapis, of a sage in a pavilion on a hillside above a brook deliberately examining with his friends two or three scrolls that a little servant presents. The ripened fruit of an urbane life is in them, and the insistence, delicately urged, on amplitude of knowledge, on range of acquaintance, on a sense for chronol-

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ogy, on sincerity of logic. The style itself has the warm, slow movement of the spoken word in small companies of intellectual equals. It is flattering to be accepted thus by the author into his chosen company; it is literally, in the overworked imagery of Steele, an education liberal and humane.

The preface holds out the hope, so long deferred, of the desired and often anticipated essay on the relation between Sienese art and the arts of the Far East. No one living is so competent as Mr. Berenson to write that: no subject is so likely to kindle the old fire and bring forth such another work as the four memorable and incomparable volumes of his youth. May it not be deferred too long!

Essays in the Study of Sienese Painting. By Bernard Berenson. Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET IN ITS OWN HOME

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

Of all the Russian arts, the ballet has had its hopes lifted the highest and dashed the lowest by the Revolution. More than any of the other arts, more even than literature, it was bound by the conventions of the old regime. More than any of the others, it rejoiced over its new freedom and for a few dizzy months made plans and dreamed dreams such as only an enthusiastic Russian can dream. More than any of the others, it drew its life blood from the support of the state—from the tsar of old, from the free Russian Republic now. And so more than any of the others it suffered when the new state, hard pressed by enemies within and without, found itself unable to devote to the ballet the equivalent of the vast subsidies of former years.

The Russian ballet was inextricably woven into the fabric of the autocracy, a bright and cheering thread in that sombre texture of fear and gloom and deceit and oppression. Born of the free and boundless Russian spirit, it had been corralled and hedged in just as the other manifestations of the eager Russian imagination had been smothered and repressed. To the reactionary curse of his ancient court the tsar had bound it by financial ties which were at the same time both generous and miserly. No matter how extravagant were its demands on the imperial purse strings, those demands were always met. Two of the most imposing playhouses in the world were devoted to it and to the Russian opera as their exclusive homes—the Marinsky in Petrograd and the Great Imperial Theatre, now the Great State Theatre, in Moscow. Hundreds of boys and girls were trained in the Imperial ballet schools for ten to fifteen years with the clear understanding that only a handful of them would ever justify the time and the expense lavished on their education. But while the tsar had nurtured the ballet with his financial support, he had stifled its normal growth spiritually by an artistic conservatism which seems to have been inevitably interwoven with po-

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litical reaction and which dulled and stunted Russian art wherever it exercised control. In the mind of the court the ballet was a thing of show, a Metropolitan horseshoe, a source of vulgar pride, a part of the trappings of royalty whereby the sins of royalty masked some of their most hideous aspects. And yet, in the face of this incubus, the Russian spirit was not to be denied. For generations, the genius of Russia had welcomed even this circumscribed channel. The composers of Russia had contrived their harmonies for it. The artists of Russia had painted its scenery. The ballerinas of Russia had refused the offers of the world in order to cling to its shelter and to their beloved Russia.

The Revolution meant an end to all these restrictions! The ballet was to be free in free Russia! All of the splendid flowers of its imagination, developed beyond the frontiers of Russia, were to be brought back home and incorporated into its famished body to fertilize it and bring forth new and undreamed beauty. Stravinsky, known only through some of the independent orchestras, was to be heard for the first time in the home of the ballet. Bakst and his madly colored scenery were to be brought back from Paris and London and America. The short, intensely dramatic ballets which made up the repertory of Diaghileff in his wanderings over the earth, were to wave their passionate wand for the first time over Moscow and Petrograd!

I suppose it was the discovery that none of these vivid and stimulating forces of the Russian ballet had ever been tolerated in Russia itself, which impressed on me most acutely the spiritual hunger from which the ballet had suffered under the autocracy. My astonishment grew as I came in contact with the artists who had remained in Russia and had seized a few opportunities for expression which had been grudgingly granted them. Here was Korovin, the equal of Bakst as a master of color and a surer if less fantastic creator of eloquent background. To what use had his genius and his visions been put? Once in a while, the settings for one of the old conventional ballets would wear out. And Korovin was permitted to design their successors—brilliant and stirring moments all but lost on the antiquated and uninspired score and plot. Here were Prokofieff and Kuroff and other composers of a new generation struggling against a tradition that permitted scarcely anything more modern than Glazunoff's "Raymonda" in the repertory. Here was Mordkin, as virile and impetuous as he was when he helped Pavlova unfold for us first the witchery of the ballet, his dramatic fire and his creative energy bound down to the precise and lifeless rôles of the outworn classics. Here were a dozen dancers, young and ambitious and restless in a new time, who had never ventured beyond their native stages and who had not felt the lure of the newer impulses, but who were ready and straining to devote their ripening powers to a rarer beauty. And last of all, here was a *corps de ballet*, an ensemble, such as none but Russians had seen, lifting even the antiquated repertory to an undue eminence by the mastery of its technique and the thrill of its impassioned spirit. If Russia has still to see and hear Bakst and Stravinsky, the rest of the world has still to experience the excitement stirred by the ensemble of the Russian ballet in its own home!

The home of the ballet, as I have said, is not singular. Moscow and

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Petrograd vied with each other before the war with a rivalry far keener than that between the Boston opera at its height and the Metropolitan. Rather, the competition and the municipal patriotism it aroused resembled the struggles between our baseball teams. Even then, however, the ancient capital must have outshone the new one on the Neva. Its school produced a more astonishing ensemble. The dancers of the first rank and promise at the Great Imperial Theatre outnumbered those at the Marinsky. It is true, Karsavina usually danced at the latter, but Moscow had Mordkin, and the next eight or ten ballerinas to be named after Karsavina were all daughters of the Kremlin. By the time I reached Russia, war and revolution had only emphasized the leadership of Moscow. Karsavina alone made the ballet at the Marinsky notable. Then, too, life in Moscow was more endurable, more conducive to the light-hearted spirit of the ballet, while the Great State Theatre was always a more imposing and fitting home for the art of the dance.

Moscow's Theatre Place, dominated by this solid pile, is the second center of the city, ranking next after the great Red Square outside the Kremlin. In one or the other of these concourses, all of the historic gatherings of the city have centered—all of the revolts, the celebrations, the demonstrations. The windows of Hotel Metropole overlook its gardens and its trolley wires. The age-mottled yellow stone walls of the Small State Theatre flank its eastern side and the Theatre Nezlobina its western edge. Peering down from the north, the huge Ionic columns of the Great State Theatre overshadow everything else. Scarred here and there by the bullets and shells of Bolsheviki and Junkers, they stand unharmed like a bronze statue peppered with bird shot. The doors opening underneath them lead through the vast corridors and staircases dear to the heart of the architects of the first half of the nineteenth century, while the shallow horseshoe balconies and galleries rising six or seven to the roof betray the same ancestry. It certainly is not distinctively Russian. Nor is there anything of the "new theatre" in it. Realism would be impossible with its stage as big as all outdoors and its auditorium seating almost five thousand. But it is instinct with the spirit of the theatre, it is a theatrical theatre; and inasmuch as the ballet is perhaps the most theatrical of all the arts of the theatre, the home of the Russian ballet is as it should be.

The first evidence I had that all was not going as well with the ballet as the Revolution had promised, came the week the theatres reopened after the November upheaval. Sobinoff, Russia's leading tenor with a voice sweeter and better trained than Caruso's and almost as powerful, was the *kommissar* or *régisseur*, elected by the artists of the theatre after the manner of all delegated authority in democratic Russia. But Sobinoff was singing in Petrograd just then. I was unaware of his absence and I couldn't understand why my letter to him had gone unanswered. Everywhere else, the doors had opened for me most graciously. It may have been a case of stubborn American honor, but I was determined not to pay to see the ballet after all the other theatres had made me their winter's guest. Twenty minutes before the curtain, no reply had arrived, and I suddenly grabbed a young Russian friend by the arm.

"Are you game to talk Russian for me?" I asked him. "If you are, we'll

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storm the place and be Bolsheviki ourselves". He assented, for he hadn't been educated in England for nothing, though he hadn't quite the assurance of an American collegian. The gruff old watch-dog at the stage door was our first ogre. Once past him, our decisive and vigorous methods sufficed to carry us by way of the stage to Sobinoff's box, a canopied retreat with great gilt chairs reserved for court dignitaries in an elder time.

A week passed and a new ballet was announced. Sobinoff was still in Petrograd. Everyone was in command and no one was in command. My efforts to establish diplomatic relations with the ballet were fruitless. But the watch-dog at the stage door had not seen us ejected at the tip of a Russian boot on our first visit, and so our ruse succeeded a second time and a third. Such a footing, though, was too precarious for comfort. And so I accepted the cordial offer of assistance from Boris Maitoff, a devoted connoisseur of the ballet whom I had met in Sobinoff's box. One of his ancestors had come to Russia from England a century ago and he himself had spent a year in Texas buying cotton and winning a charming American wife. In all my winter's research, no one was more tireless in helping me to meet and talk with the leaders of the Russian theatre than Maitoff.

Through Maitoff I finally arranged with Elena Constantina, Sobinoff's secretary, to see the holiday repertory of the ballet, and all in regular form with a very official looking pass. One afternoon the brother of my original fellow-raider and I had penetrated as far as the stage on the pass, but the door into the box was still locked. We roamed around among the scenery and the gathering chiffon of the corps and then out in front of the curtain. There was our box, just a good half-leap from the stage. We were early and there was hardly anyone in the auditorium. I overcame my companion's scruples and we clambered up to our seats. But we hadn't counted on the watch-dog of this particular portion of the theatre, and when we emerged from the box to buy a program he was up the stairs at a leap and demanding our pass. Law and order might vanish everywhere else, but this particular sentry of the old regime was faithful! Unfortunately, the pass had been made out by mistake for one instead of for myself and my interpreter. One of us had to leave! Of course, neither of us did, but it took an intricate circuit through winding corridors, a deal of waiting and the loss of the overture to "The Sleeping Beauty" before our *shveitsar* nemesis was satisfied by the inadvertent nod of a friend of Sobinoff's. Toward the end of the winter, though, Sobinoff gave up in despair under the heckling of the Soviet, and I had to seek new alliances. After numerous negotiations, which were not worth the effort in money but which had become a matter of stubborn pride, I finally made arrangements with that august body of the proletariat itself whereby I was to have an entire red silk box and all its gilt chairs to myself whenever I wished it! But the peace had been signed, Moscow was becoming day by day a less pleasant and secure habitation, an endless series of political wrangling without much purpose or much result loomed up before me, and the following week I packed my photographs and my memories and started on the long trail home.

Of the ballets visible in Moscow under the Revolution, those of Tchaikovsky were easily preeminent. In

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them was none of the passion and the sensuousness and the dramatic fire of "Thamar" and "Sheherazade" and "Petrouchka" of the Diaghileff repertory. "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Swan Lake" are simply the conservative classic ballet, but they are the height of that ballet, built up of prettiness, naïve fairy narrative, and generous infusions of what someone has called "absolute dancing", dancing of the classic steps for their own sake, devoid of dramatic significance. I was distinctly surprised to find that the Russian public still considers this the ideal aspect of the ballet. Either the intense choreographic dramas produced by Diaghileff are a source of envy, jealousy or suspicion, or else the connoisseurs of the ballet in Moscow would deliberately prefer the classic to the dramatic ballet if they had to choose between them. Of this I am sure: the dramatic ballet will never descend to mere pantomime in Russia. The insistent and persistent demand for a display of all the intricate technique of the toe dance will take care of that danger. Wherever the ballet goes in its experiments under the new freedom, it will carry along with it the technique of its classic era. And it is well, too, for no other training has ever been able to give to the human body such startling powers of expression.

The supremacy of the two ballets by Tchaikovsky lies largely in their rich and unified scores. None of the other ballets in last winter's repertory could compare with either in this respect. Some of them, like the ancient "Corsar" and "Don Quixote" are such unconscionable crazy-quilts of odds and ends from all the composers since the beginning of time, that my attention was diverted from the ballet to the anxiety as to what old favorite from the family tune book would jump at me next from the conductor's baton. Surely these creaking gaffers are not the goal which the marvelous structure of the Russian ballet has been erected to interpret. Neither is "Coppelia" worthy of all the effort bestowed upon it. "Bayaderka", the Hindu ballet by Mincous, is on a higher plane, with a vivid and dramatic though conventional story, and a score that is alert if not greatly interesting. What gives "Bayaderka" distinction are the costumes and the scenery by Korovin, considerably superior to his work for "Corsar", by which he has tried in vain to galvanize Adam's timeworn score into life. Of all the ballets at the Great State Theatre in Moscow, though, perhaps the most characteristically Russian is the fantastic dramatization of the Russian folk-tale, "Konyok-Gorbunok", or "The Hump-backed Hobby-horse". The whimsies of its naïve plot, of Puni's music, and of Korovin's jolly peasant costumes and rustic scenes combine to make it a happy example of the ballet in its middle mood.

Moscow and Petrograd are relentless judges of the novice in the ballet. Skill in technique is the first consideration. Personal charm and beauty are appreciated, but they are strictly subordinated to the fundamentals of performance. Thus it is that the elder dancers hold their rôles and their places in the public affection securely against the youth and the eagerness of the new generation. To win the title of ballerina and the right to dance a leading rôle, one must toil patiently for years in the lesser parts or even in the corps. To be graduated from the school into a minor rôle, skipping service in the corps, is considered the highest tribute to the young dancer. In Petrograd, there-

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fore, Karsavina reigns supreme, not only because of this loyalty to mature skill but also because none of her younger consorts either there or in Moscow is a dangerous rival. Fokina was absent in Copenhagen and Kiraly ill in Finland, and so none of the first ballerinas of the generation of Pavlova and Karsavina was present last winter to dispute the latter's prestige. In Moscow, however, faithfulness to the experienced artist seemed to me to bestow credit out of all proportion to deserts. The ballet public acknowledged the leadership of Geltser—as she spells it in Russian—Höltzer, I suspect, in its original form. There is no denying her technique or her boundless spirits, but she left my feelings cold and unkindled. Balashova, too, although many years Geltser's junior, profited in popular esteem and choice of rôles at the expense of several of the younger generation who displayed far greater genius but who were still working out their novitiate.

Naturally, even in Russia, the future lies in the lap of this younger generation. For me, however, the present is also in their keeping. It is they who reward the pilgrim to the home of the ballet with the thrill and the fire which is the secret of the ballet's greatness. It is they who were missing from Diaghileff's ranks—they and the astonishing corps of Moscow whose absence prevented the Russian ballet in America from fulfilling all its prospects and its promises. It is they who stand straining on the threshold of a new day, waiting to merge the traditions of the past with the dreams of the future. I should like to draw their portraits full length, but there is not space here. Anderson, Fyodorova, Krieger and Kandaourova interest me most. All of them are firmly grounded in technique. Each of them expresses herself through a personality that is rich and distinctive, the personality of a genuine artist. Anderson is marked for the most brilliant future of them all in her native Russia, for her mastery of the classic form has already won for her the leading rôles in the Tchaikovsky ballets. From her Danish grandfather she inherits her un-Russian name, and her shimmering blonde beauty may also be due in part to her Scandinavian blood, but she is thoroughly Russian in spirit and in imagination. Blessed with the most perfect sense of ballet form since Pavlova, she has in addition an ingratiating warmth of personality. She can never be the Greek goddess like Pavlova, but her emotional power is far superior.

A much more trenchant and vivid dramatic gift is the possession of the dark, lithe Fyodorova, whose strange oriental fascination will find its fullest expression in the newer ballet. Krieger is all youth and impetuosity. Moscow censures her because she lets her eagerness become too evident, because she uses more effort than is needed. If it is a fault, and I suppose it is, it is much to be preferred to its opposite, for time and maturity will bring this boundless energy under control. I am not so sure that it would not be counted in her favor with our audiences! No one of the four, however, would find a warmer welcome with us than Kandaourova, the most bewitching example of Russian beauty in all the ballet. Moscow says she could outstrip Anderson if she would practise. But beauty takes its indulgences the world over! After these four, there are many others, two of whom should be named: Margarita Froman, who danced occasionally with Nijinsky on the second tour of the

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Diaghileff company in America, and Reyzen, dark and extremely handsome.

Of the men, Mihail Mihailitch Mordkin still stands alone. You have only to see him dance the Bacchanale at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies in Moscow, where he has complete control of all ballet productions since his disagreement with the Great State Theatre last winter, to realize what made that moment of dance so exciting when he and Pavlova first gave it to America nearly a decade ago. He is still the same Mordkin, tireless, ambitious, impetuous in his eager good-will, his physical powers undimmed, his imagination deepened and broadened. No one, not even Nijinsky, can compare with him. His is the fire of supreme genius that conquers both heart and mind without question of deliberation. At the Great Theatre, Zhukoff has fallen heir to Mordkin's rôles, a finely poised dancer with great physical power held firmly in leash. The classic technique delegates to the man the function of balance-wheel, the pivot round which the more spectacular work of his partner is woven, and no one fulfills this duty with more assurance and less obtrusiveness than Zhukoff, although some of the ballerinas prefer to work with the slender Novikoff or the stalwart Svoboda.

No roster of the home guards of the ballet would be complete without the antic Ryabtseff. To him fall invariably all the clownish rôles. He is kicked and cuffed around like the fools of Shakespeare, and yet on occasion he displays his mastery of the serious technique which is at the base of all the ballet training. No one in Moscow, not even Stanislavsky of the Art Theatre, is so difficult to find or to follow. In addition to his exacting duties at the Great State Theatre, Ryabtseff finds time to be the *régisseur* of the Theatre Nezlobina, a dramatic house, the business manager of Iouzhni's variety theatre, and the director of his own ballet school. No wonder he sometimes forgets where his next engagement demands his presence. I shall always remember the night they held the curtain a half-hour for "Don Quixote" while a courier raced frantically through the snow to remind him that his next incarnation was to be Sancho Panza, because if it hadn't been for his belated arrival in his great fur coat, my irregular diplomacy in entering the theatre would have made me miss the first act.

The hopes of the ballet have been sadly shattered by the Revolution, but they have not been destroyed. Freed from an oppressive conservatism, the ballet finds its hands tied anew by the economic demoralization of the country. Subsidies have not ceased, but they have ceased to be sufficient for the ballet to make any progress. For a while last winter, the proletarian hatred of all the fruitage of the autocracy threatened to engulf the theatre and the opera and the ballet. But wiser counsels prevailed. The leaders of the Bolsheviki have just as much respect as anyone else for these proud possessions of the Russian people. They have their own crude and abrupt way of expressing that respect, and endless friction has resulted from the pugnacious disturbance of honored customs, but the salaries of the artists have gone on and the doors have been kept open. In such times as these, however, the meager funds set aside for upkeep do not suffice for new productions. "Petrouchka" was to have been seen for the first time in Russia at the Great State Theatre in Moscow last winter, and that was only one of

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the hopes lifted and then dashed by the course of the Revolution. The Russian ballet, like all the other Russian arts, may count itself fortunate if it can hold its ranks together and weather the storm as an institution intact, if it can preserve some semblance of its school, and hand on to the artists of less distressing days the beauty of its spirit.

UNWRITTEN MASTERPIECES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

The nearest I ever came to writing a play was rooming seven years with a playwright. (Incidentally, as I was a dramatic critic at the time, this long and, I assure you, happy association was something of a record.) But though I never wrote a play, during those seven years I collaborated in the composition of innumerable dramatic masterpieces. The composition of these masterpieces usually began some time after midnight, when the evening's work or the evening's pleasure (occasionally combined, even in the life of a dramatic critic!) was over, and the two of us, in bath-robes and slippers, were in easy chairs before the fire, our pipes lighted, our feet stretched out toward the blaze. Often the starting point was some play we had seen that evening, and then the plot was evolved very quickly; all we had to do was to make the characters act in exactly the opposite way from that in which they had acted. You would be surprised in how many cases this resulted in a fine, true play! At other times, however, we evolved the entire drama for ourselves, snatching dialogue out of the dark corners, characters out of the dancing firelight, and building scenes in blithe disregard of what the public wants or what the managers think it wants or what anybody wants. In such plays we often achieved exquisite satire, delightful whimsy, biting irony, moonlit romance. Our plays were composed and produced for a single performance. By 3 A. M., at the latest, the final curtain fell, and the exclusive audience of two retired to well-earned slumber. In the morning the masterpiece was quite forgotten, as forgotten as the fire in the little pile of flaky white ashes between the andirons.

In only one instance can I recall that the playwright actually set about putting on paper one of these dramas. He worked hard and joyously over it for many days, to the exclusion of everything else, and finally brought me the result. It was a fantastic farce, after the topsy-turvy style of Gilbert's "Engaged", and it was—and is—as good a play as he ever wrote. Having worked so hard and so long on this task, *con amore*, the business man in him now took the ascendant, and urged him to make an effort to cash in. Every manager in New York but one rejected the manuscript. One did accept it, kept it for some months, and then returned it with the frank admission that he was "afraid of it". Though the author is today one of the best-known playwrights in the country, it still reposes in his desk, unpublished and unproduced (except

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once, I believe, by amateurs, who must have been quite unable to realize its peculiar style).

This incident serves well enough to illustrate why it is that the real masterpieces are never written, why the playtime moods and fancies of authors never get beyond the circle of the firelight. What is the use? Though these plays may be what would interest the authors most, they are almost sure to be what would interest the public least. Ironic or irresponsible or topsy-turvy or burlesque or iconoclastic, they never reach completion even in the author's mind, let alone on his pads of paper, because he realizes the hopelessness of trying to market them. For that, if for no other reason, perhaps, he builds up his impromptu scenarios for himself and his friend or two with the greater gusto. These scenarios are the shadow structures of what he'd like to write if he dared, if the thousand and one "grim inhibitions" of prudence and prose didn't intervene.

When I was in college, seven of us had a little club we called "The Seven Against Thebes". We met every second week, and tried to keep Frank Simonds from diverting our literary discussions into debates about the Boer War. One of the seven, now a music critic in New York, used to affirm that some day he was going to write a story about a fight between a giant and a dwarf in which the giant emerged the victor. He said it had never been done. Of course it has never been done, and it never will be done. Pitts got a great deal of amusement out of the idea of doing it, but he would never be so foolish as to waste so much ink and paper. He knows the reader must have a hero, and no giant can be a hero when he whips a dwarf. The mere fact that ninety-nine times out of a hundred he *would* whip the dwarf has nothing to do with the matter. It is the hundredth case that counts; the ninety and nine are simply the sheep that didn't jump the hurdle fence.

I have been thinking back over the stories and plays I haven't written, or have collaborated in not writing, and some of them I can recall—excellent tales, too, without the ghost of a chance ever to see print or production. An early one, I remember, was a version of Cinderella, in which it was discovered that Cinderella wore, say, a number two-and-a-half slipper, and there were no less than six other debutantes in the ballroom who took the same size. I think this story was further complicated by Cinderella's mortification at discovering that she had danced a hole in the toe of her stocking.

Then, of course, there was a "caste" play (one comes along about once in so often, the latest being "General Post"). But in our version the hero, rising from his humble lower-middle-class tailor shop to a position where he dined at the Duke's house, didn't love the Duke's daughter, nor she him. He remained true to Nancy Spratt, who worked in the steam laundry, and the Duke's daughter married Lord Algy, and all four lived comparatively happy ever after. I still consider the theme of this play absolutely unique, without a parallel in English dramatic literature.

During one of the periodic outbursts of "crook plays", which at regular intervals deluge our stage, my roommate and I evolved one of our most celebrated works. We, too, composed a crook play. We started in the approved orthodox manner, with two clever, attractive crooks, who talked like a slang dictionary, robbed the dea-

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con to pay off the mortgage which he held on the poor widow's little home, ate the widow's peach pies with sentimental tears streaming down their cheeks, and made love to the widow's lovely daughter. So far, our play could have been produced in any theatre. But in the last act we achieved originality. Our two crooks did not reform! As the final curtain descended they were sneaking from the widow's house at midnight loaded with the ancestral silver, the lovely daughter's sapphire brooch (a legacy from grandma), two Windsor chairs, a mahogany low-boy, an old glass lamp with crystal pendants, the fire-shovel and tongs, the crane and pothooks, and the best crazy-quilt. They even removed the hand-wrought hinges from the door to let themselves out. Our crooks, you see, were antique dealers—a crowning touch of realism!

Once, too, we wrote a most serious play about a man who ruined a woman's "career". I don't know how many men's "careers" have been ruined in drama and novel—the number is as the sands of the sea. But though many women have been ruined, so far as I know their "careers" never have been. So we ruined one, between 12.30 A. M. and 2—a good, clean, effectual job, leaving her at the end the fat, happy, uninteresting mother of seven children, with a framed letter from Roosevelt on the wall. We called our play a tragedy, but we knew nobody would recognize it for one but ourselves. In the career-ruining drama or novel, the man is always destined to some greatness or other (usually but dimly hinted at), such as a United States senatorship or the presidency of a bank, or—as in Algernon Blackwood's "Karma"—an important government post in Egypt. He is kept from realizing his destiny by a woman's "selfish love". She wants him "all for herself". We simply reversed this. We took the president of a street railway system for our hero, being unable on the spur of the moment to think of any career more overestimated than that of a street railroad president. For our heroine we selected a truly lovely and talented creature who would, undoubtedly, have become a distinguished musician had she not met the street railway president in act one. He, of course, being a "power in the financial world", believed that woman's place is the home, and she believed her husband. Her instinctive kicks grew feebler as the children grew more numerous, till at length she was a happy wife and mother, making the great man comfortable when he came home at night after a long, busy day spent in making the public uncomfortable. She, who might have made thousands happier, ministered but to the wants of this financial parasite.

"Shaw might do it", said the playwright sadly, as we rang the curtain down and banked the fire. "But I couldn't get it by Belasco's office boy."

We did not always compose plays, of course. Sometimes they were short-stories, sometimes novels. Once, I recall, we concocted an amazing and baffling detective yarn. It would, I am certain, have thrown every reader clean off the scent, as even Anna Katharine Green at her best could never do. Like all great works, too, it was artlessly simple. The entire mystery of our tale lay in the fact that the man the reader suspected from the beginning as guilty of the dastardly murder turned out in the final paragraph to be the culprit! We were much pleased with this story, even more pleased, I think, than with our tale of the operatic tenor who was true to his wife,

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a woman herself without any artistic temperament, whom he had to watch closely and jealously.

Then there was the story we didn't write about the man from Indiana who went to Europe and discovered that Brunelleschi's dome is more beautiful than the opera house at Kokomo, the plays of Donnay superior to "Ben Hur", and the European upper classes considerably more interesting to talk with than a middle-western small-town lawyer. This tale, for some reason or other, is associated in my mind with another, a "glad" story, which we worked out in considerable detail. The heroine was an infant optimist. She had dear little crutches with pink bows on them, and she was never, never cross. In fact, she was so "glad" that she became a perfect nuisance, and everybody hated her. By some plausible expedient we gave her a real, full-sized grouch at the climax, and converted her into the possibilities of a human being. The story was called, I think, "One Touch of Ill Nature". It had merit.

Now and then we tackled a juvenile. Here our favorite expedient was to make the hero muff a punt and lose a football game; or strike out in the last inning with the bases full. Of slightly maturer interest was the story of the boy who came to the "great city" and did not forget his sweetheart back in the village. In fact, as soon as he could earn enough money he went back home to get her, brought her to the city, and established her in a little flat on the upper West Side, where the two of them continued to live, perfectly contented with one another, and just as provincial as they ever were. In fact, we used often to see them walking on Riverside Drive of a pleasant Sunday. You have seen them, too. I'm not at all sure they couldn't actually be written down and sold. After all, they have remained delightfully human, with a touching belief between themselves that they are metropolitan now. The public likes to smile at such amiable self-delusions—in others.

Another favorite form of unwritten fiction in which we used to dabble was the story about the witty woman. Here, of course, the problem was to give her something really witty to say. We were not unaware that a man named Meredith had once written novels, but we were more aware that lesser folks had written since, and it amused us (and helped the playwright, who jotted down the pearls in a notebook) to imagine scenes in which the brilliant heroine said something at least mildly amusing. The task is not easy, alas! You no doubt recall the incident during a rehearsal of one of Augustus Thomas's plays. The manager suddenly stopped the performance and asked the author, "Don't you think the heroine ought to say something witty here?"

"Such as——?" said Mr. Thomas, with a bland smile.

That eternal "such as——?" mocks the writer as he pens his dialogue, but if he is merely concocting an unwritten masterpiece it is strange what brilliant ideas come to him. Perhaps, in part, this is due to the fact that his heroine can be as outrageous as she pleases, like one of ours who, when somebody quoted to her—

> God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world.

replied, "Then by all means let us contrive to keep them separated". She, indeed, was a delightful creature, a little overgiven to making epigrams, perhaps, but warm-hearted, lively, with a pretty gift of irreverence and

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a hatred of sham. It was she who said that one of the dangers of a democracy is that anybody can point them out, and she named her dachshund Woodrow, because it was such a long way from his initiative to his referendum.

To come down to the unwritten stories of the hour, I cannot help wondering how many authors have conceived war stories that they will never put on paper. Sometimes it is the utter inadequacy of words that restrains them. But more often it is the feeling that they have no business to write at second-hand about such a matter, or that some things are better left unsaid till time has healed and soothed. Perhaps now that the war is over, and our men are returning, and the barriers are down, we shall get some literature. At present, surely, so far as America is concerned, the real war stories are unwritten ones.

But it will always remain true, in peace as well as war, that many of the situations which most intrigue an author, the contrasts, the ironies, the truth tellings, the burlesques of his own trade, will never be committed to paper. There are taboos against them of propriety, of sentimentality, or prejudice, perhaps, or, more than all else, the taboo of the pleasurable. I have no doubt but some wise professor who teaches the art of story telling to large classes of potential O. Henrys and Sarah Orne Jewetts has catalogued the themes, subjects, characters, situations, which time has proved give pleasure to the public. At any rate, such a catalogue might easily be made, always allowing room for the unexpected genius to come along and disarrange a lot of your rules, of course. In his written work the author strives more or less consciously to obey strictly this taboo, to give his public what time has shown they find pleasure in. But in his unwritten work, in what he secretly knows are his masterpieces, he joys in an utter flaunting of the taboo, and lets his imagination splash, as it were, in forbidden waters. Relieved of all necessity to make his work "a criticism of life", he often makes it just that, perhaps for the first time in his career! What readers want, of course, is never a criticism of life, but a confirmation of it. At any rate, a magazine of unwritten masterpieces would make interesting reading, and as it would have to remain unpublished it might even survive the new zone postage rates.

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THE NEW CROP OF GARDEN BOOKS

BY WALTER A. DYER

There was a time not so long since when, if I had been asked to write an essay on gardening and garden literature, I should have marshaled my most glowing adjectives, summoned my most exalted frame of mind, and written gushingly of the rich smell of newly turned earth, the heavenly blue of delphiniums, and the aspiring soul of the pole-bean. I have lost none of my early enthusiasm for the sport, but in these later days I find myself less inclined to quote poetry when the subject of gardening comes up and more inclined to discuss the effects of stable manure on potatoes and the relative merits of dwarf and semi-dwarf peas. And I have a notion that this change in mental attitude is shared by most other Americans. We are gardening more extensively than ever before in the history of the country, but we have passed through the idealistic stage and have begun to take our gardening neither too sentimentally nor too seriously, but with an honest effort to do a worthy job well. This may mean a loss to fine literature, but it also means the production of fewer useless and more practical books.

About the beginning of this century the back-to-the-land fad attacked us with all its sunny allurement. That faded, but in its place there arose a taste for and an understanding of better farming methods and more productive gardens. We discovered that horticulture was a science and not merely a relaxation. The school garden became a part of our educational system, while Minneapolis and other cities taught us the economics of vacant lot gardening. And there were people who discovered that gardening was a more profitable form of outdoor exercise than golf or motoring.

During this period of development books on gardening and kindred topics appeared in increasing numbers, and magazines devoted to these subjects gained widespread circulation, not to mention an enviable advertising clientele. How far this literature formed the cause of the movement or to what extent it was the reflection of it, I am not prepared to guess, nor does it greatly matter. The result has been the same—a mass of gardening literature that demands a special place in the publisher's catalogue and among the librarian's cards.

Then came the war, the call to produce food, and the springing up of innumerable war gardens. People who, a brief time ago, scarcely knew whether a radish grew on a vine or a bush have been laying out their plots of ground, consulting seed catalogues, and purchasing canning outfits. Time was when Adam delved and Eve span, but now Eve dons a farmerette costume and joins Adam in the garden with wheel-hoe and spray-gun. For such people there must be books and yet more books, for a new generation of gardeners has arisen that knoweth not the garden books of a decade ago.

In 1917 there were hundreds of city war gardens that brought an inevitable smile of amusement to the lips

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of the man or woman who possessed sunlit acres to do his or her gardening in. Hundreds of city business men hurried home at night or rose early in the morning to bend unaccustomed backs over poor, infertile plots of ground in which a few rows of beans, peas, and potatoes struggled to keep alive. The tangible results were blistered hands and a small quantity of vegetables of doubtful quality that were worth but little more than the cost of the seed. Many of those war gardens were total failures. And yet, perhaps, the effort was not wholly in vain.

The close of 1918 saw fewer failures, more successful war gardens. Some who were not fitted for this work abandoned the fad. Others discovered within them an unsuspected or long-forgotten love for the soil that has taken root and grown more luxuriantly than the beans and peas and lettuce.

If it has come to pass, as I believe to be the case, that a host of Americans have acquired as a result of this effort a new interest in the pleasurable, healthful, and altogether profitable art of gardening and a renewed affection for revered Mother Earth, a greater thing will have been achieved than perhaps we realize. If out of the war should come a renaissance of American gardening, a reborn interest in the things that grow and bear fruit, it will mean the enrichment of many a life, the mellowing of many a heart, and there will be at least one thing gained to compensate for the incalculable loss.

And there is a practical side that need not be overlooked. To feed one's family with home-grown fresh vegetables means an actual saving, both personal and nationally economic, as well as added health and pleasure. And that holds true in peace no less than in war.

Therefore, we welcome the garden books of whatever sort. There have been a host of them in the past—almost too many, it sometimes has seemed. But now, with new readers, a new interest and a new need, their appearance in increasing numbers needs no apology.

The new crop includes a few books of the first importance from the point of view of authority and subject-matter. A few suggest the warming over of yesterday's dinner for today's luncheon, though their publication is to be justified on the ground that they will find their way to readers who are ignorant of older books that cover the ground fully as effectively. Taken together, they are an indication of the reawakened interest of which I have spoken and they will help along the good cause.

Of those before me, four deal definitely with practical vegetable gardening—what to grow and how. Special stress is laid on the small garden and the problems of the beginner. The four volumes differ chiefly in arrangement and treatment; there is an unavoidable similarity in contents. It is largely a matter of taste which one you like best. Personally I don't like any of them so well as an older book which has long been my gardening guide and in which the arrangement is simply alphabetical, the whole story of the culture of each vegetable being discussed and completed in its turn.

Of the four new ones, "Everyman's Garden in War-Time" is not strictly new. It was published in 1913 as "Everyman's Garden Every Week" and appears to have been simply put into a new dress to attract the war gardeners. Its distinguishing feature is its arrangement, garden duties

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being laid out for each week in the season. Rather the best part of the book is the beginning, where a few chapters of general garden advice are presented. It might be added that Mr. Selden's directions for canning are four or five years out of date.

"Garden Steps" is a practical little book, possessing the virtue of brevity, and especially well suited to the use of teachers and pupils and directors of school gardens. "Home Vegetables" is by an experienced writer on gardening subjects who has gathered together most of the essential information without adding greatly to the sum of human knowledge, and who has adopted a chatty style that some readers will like.

"Practical Gardening" is perhaps the best of the lot. It is a more attractive, better made book, for one thing; the information is all there and is in readily available form for the gardener who knows what he is looking for.

Mr. Rockwell knows how to write a useful book for gardeners, for he is an old hand at it. His forte is selecting the essential thing and putting it plainly. His latest book is on canning, preserving, and drying garden-grown products for winter use—which is but an extension of the gardening idea. He has taught us how to grow fruits and vegetables; now he teaches us how to make the most economical use of them. Other books have appeared on this subject, and many official and advertising pamphlets that may be had free of cost, but Mr. Rockwell's work is rather more comprehensive than these, and possesses the added virtue of logic, clearness, and simplicity. He takes the amateur directly from the garden into the kitchen and gives well-proved recipes for canning, drying, dehydrating, pickling, preserving, and storing. It is essentially a practical book for actual use.

Of somewhat less essential value, perhaps, is Miss Rehmann's book on "The Small Place". It, too, is practical, but in another sense. It deals not with economies but with successful spending, not with saving but with beauty. Our large estates are things of beauty very often, but the average suburban residence, so far as its surroundings are concerned, is stereotyped and commonplace. A smooth lawn with a circular bed of cannas and salvia in the center has commonly satisfied the suburbanite's aspirations along æsthetic lines. Miss Rehmann has endeavored to apply the principles of landscape design to the small place, and her work is both practical and inspirational.

The difficulty with this subject is that the problems of no two situations are quite alike, and such a book can scarcely be taken in hand as an infallible guide. Miss Rehmann has, however, discovered a number of universal problems and has undertaken to point out their solution by describing fifteen typical and varied instances of small places that have been beautified successfully and that illustrate the fundamental principles of this sort of planning and planting. The thing has been done before, in slightly different ways, but this book will doubtless prove helpful and suggestive to numerous readers to whom these problems have recently come as something new. The examples have been chosen with discrimination and the illustrations leave one in no doubt as to the desirability of an advance in the art of laying out the grounds of the suburban home.

Professor F. A. Waugh, also, treats of the ornamental rather than the

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utilitarian side of gardening, in a book of particularly attractive format. His volume is an interesting and convincing treatise on landscape design. He points out the artistic error in the old theories of formal garden design and presents an argument in favor of applying the lines and using the materials of the natural landscape and the immediate native environment in laying out and developing parks, estates, and the home grounds.

What Professor Waugh did some years ago for the American apple orchard, Mr. H. P. Gould has now done for the peach plantation. To the amateur who plans to set out six young peach-trees of different varieties, his "Peach-Growing", with its 425 closely printed pages, must appear appalling. But for the man growing peaches on a commercial scale there isn't a superfluous word in it. It is the "compleat" peach-grower and is likely to stand as the handy authority for some time to come.

Dr. Taubenhaus's book on garden enemies is even less for the amateur. Its bulk—some 400 pages—is enough to scare away the beginner in gardening, and the chapter headings are sufficient to send terror into the amateur's heart. For it deals with enough plant diseases to suggest the thought that to raise anything at all one must secure the constant attendance of a plant doctor. It is a scientific treatise, albeit eminently useful to the truck gardener, for it is clear in its explanations and furnishes a clue to both diagnosis and treatment. It covers a big subject in a thorough and exhaustive manner.

Truck growers have of late years been paying an increasingly heavy tax in the shape of losses due to disease and parasites, and the consequent diminution in production has meant an economic loss to the country. The professional plant pathologist has been called in and the whole problem has been studied in no haphazard manner. Doubtless this book will find its most appreciative audience in the agricultural colleges rather than in the hands of the practical truck gardener, but it lays a sure foundation for a more thorough understanding of a vexing subject, and the results of Dr. Taubenhaus's painstaking labors should produce practical results in the years to come.

The "Manual of Vegetable-Garden Insects" is a trifle less formidable, possibly because it is less a record of original investigations. It is equally thorough within its prescribed limits, equally well adapted to text-book use, and rather more useful to the practical gardener. Without entering the field of fruits or grains, this volume treats of some 200 common and uncommon insects and their control; the amateur emerges with an uneasy feeling that gardening must consist largely of fightings within and foes without.

Well, it does, particularly if you in-

Everyman's Garden in War-Time. By Charles A. Selden. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Garden Steps. By Ernest Cobb. Silver, Burdett and Co.

Home Vegetables and Small Fruits. Their Culture and Preservation. By Frances Duncan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Practical Gardening. Vegetables and Fruits. By Hugh Findlay. D. Appleton and Co.

Save It for Winter. By Frederick Frye Rockwell. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Small Place. By Elsa Rehmann. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Natural Style in Landscape Gardening. By Frank A. Waugh. Richard G. Badger.

Peach-Growing. By H. P. Gould. The Macmillan Co.

Diseases of Truck Crops and Their Control. By J. J. Taubenhaus, Ph.D. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Manual of Vegetable-Garden Insects. By Cyrus Richard Crosby and Mortimer Demarest Leonard. The Macmillan Co.

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clude among your adversaries drought, excessive cloudiness, late and early frosts, and the ubiquitous weed. Gardening is a form of battle, whether we fight the cabbage-worm and aphis in the back yard or subtle blight and unforeseen rust on the farm; whether the opposing trenches are held by the insidious germ of fermentation in the glass jar or we wage war against drought and poor soil in the beautification of our homes; and such books as these are the trained reinforcements which may turn the tide of battle for many a down-hearted garden soldier.

WHITMANISM AND ITS FAILURE

BY YONE NOGUCHI

After spending many words on the failure of American humor*, I am now coming to the subject of Whitman, the American poet, most beloved by the young Japanese today. What I am going now to write is on the failure of the so-called Whitmanism.

I always incline to look upon Whitman, not from the point of his prophetic protest, although that is quite agreed to be his special literary distinction, but from the point of his seeking his optimistic ideal reminiscently; his poetical atmosphere of peace and freedom does not reveal, at least to my mind, a procreative suggestion of a practical future; in short, he was a poet who attempted to revive the spiritual past of America. His literary ideal was not a thing to be endorsed by practice; and as it had no reflective background, it seemed merely a formal prescription dictated by a biblical simplicity or even at times a "barbaric yawp". When the European critics generally recognized him (with Edgar Allan Poe, among American authors), it might be taken as evidence of their own primitive craving for equality and freedom; their recognition of him was not strengthened by the real force of practice of his precepts. It is my own opinion that one of the important questions would be how to forget the so-called Whitmanism, that is to say, how to build a practical freedom and equality fitting to the nature and hope of present America, liberated from the chain or shackle of old idealism; Whitman as a poetical reference or a sort of literary formula is, I dare say, proving himself most strongly. Under such a shade I pay him my special respect.

I know that Whitman became one of the greatest personages America ever produced when he sanctified in poetry the moral conception that Lincoln forced into practice through the bloody war; Whitman, this great commoner, appeared as a striking phenomenon from the singular point of his faith; indeed he was vastly different in action from the many other great men of pen or sword in history. When he sang in his own day the living religion of humanity on the ground of spiritual socialism, people in America were already beginning to

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forget the faith that their ancestors had gained with sacrifice; it is clear to see how Whitman established himself as a warning or protest in his age. But if he fails to keep a living spirit today, as I dare say he has failed, that should be from his weak point of being unscientific and too idealistic; he expressed undoubtedly his mighty power of literary destruction; he showed no formula of construction. His thought as well as his faith was often licentious, always too innocent; when I find him today to be unpractical and utopian, I cannot help calling him a failure or a bankrupt.

The meaning of his existence in his own day was great and clear, because the hereditary technique of literature was still endowed by the rhetorical beauty of Longfellow and Lowell and many others. Whitman's literary attitude in seeing life and the world nakedly, as if through the simple eye of a child or God, made him create a special mode of expression which our arbitrary mind of the present age has called prose-poem, despising the common prosody which might be well fitting to sing on a little park or a church in Boston; really he presented himself as a naked person breaking away from the prison of so-called literature. I agree with him in saying that poetry should be born, not made; and again poetry is passion and fire which should not disobey the universal law, but yet should not be restricted by the earthly technique of so-called prosody; although I do not know how honest he was in saying that he created his poetical form from a suggestion of the wild wind, the echoing tide against the shore, the whispering forest in the valley—shortly by the voice of Mother Nature which is irregular but melodious, I have no hesitation to believe that he attempted in poetry what Wagner did in music.

After I have endorsed Whitman again in his opinion that American poetry should not forget freedom—as, in international politics, America is free from tradition—I like to pause a minute to think on the question of the prose-poem of his creation. Indeed, he might have found it fitting for his literary purpose; but I dare say, with many instances to offer, that he did, after all, mix and even confuse prose and poetry in one form, without taking away the difference of them. His literary bravado of hasty execution certainly showed an extraordinary power of protest against the other poetical expression of his own day; but I would say that its merit would be satisfactorily proved when it died away with its creator. The fact tells us the contrary, because there are today so many a small Whitman. And first of all I like to say that Whitman was great enough and perfect enough in himself not to need many followers to amend, supplement, and complete him; and what have those little Whitmans to do in America at the time when the country calls for another sort of literature worthy of herself, now possessed of all civilization and culture! The literature of present America should be a thing firmly established on reflective culture and procreative civilization, not a thing merely chimerical or too wildly optimistic. I say again that Whitman, the great singer of barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world, was powerful in his destruction, but did not show us a way of reconstruction. Today, when America has already entered in the sound age of construction, there should be another poet to steer through the spiritual obstacles belonging to the age.

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The Whitmanism which strengthened the human mind of half a century ago with its simplicity of prophetic idealism, and warned America not to forget God's freedom and joy, was too absolute, because it was not builded on practical execution; it was too dreamy, because it stood on reminiscent optimism which is often irresponsible. How will this Whitmanism, if it insists to stay with us, meet with those confused civilizations and cultures freely invading from all Europe and even from Asia? America of today, who has already left the stage of adolescence, must treat humanity more practically, and rearrange life more realistically; naturally the meaning of American freedom and democracy must alter in color and tone. It is the greatest question of America how to gain benefit, without losing the country's original principles, from the foreign civilization of Europe and Asia; the spiritual insistence and hope of present America should point in a different direction from that of the past. (I believe that Woodrow Wilson made America enter into the war from the hope to make her regain her own concentration that the country has lost, sadly breaking into spiritual fragments.)

Truly America of the present time is, I dare say, dangerous more than interesting; in truth she is stepping into a perilous age since the Civil War. The Civil War was a thing that could be settled nationally; but the question which America is now confronting has to be solved internationally. The country with such a difficult problem to settle before her face cannot certainly be spinning, as if an innocent child, the same old literature; although I have no fixed opinion what should be the new literature of America at this moment, I am fully aware of the failure of the so-called Whitmanism. By that I mean the general failure or bankruptcy of the optimism of American literature. I think that I can use this point of view, without any amendment, also on Emerson and other transcendentalists whose utilitarian interests only proved as if hitching one's wagon somewhere between a star and a tree. Emerson's theory of "Oversoul" is more rhetorical, therefore charlatanic, than anything else, merely an optimism looked at upside down through his legs. Lowell in his "A Fable for Critics" characterizes Emerson as:

> A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
> Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange.

But I myself would feel more comfortable with him if he only belonged to Olympus or the Exchange. His influence on us Japanese is certainly from his beautiful language, but not from his thoughts.

Being a poor reader of stories and novels, I am afraid to touch even on Nathaniel Hawthorne, who is, however, as I come to believe lately, one of the five greatest novelists of the world. One thing I can say about him is that he also believed in optimism as the best and most sensible self-protection from moral degeneration. I have so many things, I confess, to agree with in Poe's theory on poetry; but I should like to leave the matter to some other day, when I will renew my pen again.

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ON JAPAN AND THE BOOK-MAKING IMPULSE

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

As Chamberlain has pointed out, the obstacles that ward off the rash Occidental who would come to any sober and adequate truth about Japan are well-nigh insuperable. Japan lies in the shadow, away on the rim of the world. Her houses are far more effectually closed to the foreigner by their paper walls, than are ours of iron and stone. What we call "society" does not exist in Japan. Japanese thought has barricaded itself behind the fortress walls of one of the most marvelously intricate speeches in the world; and Japanese books and newspapers are printed in an extraordinarily complicated system of ideographs, compared with which Egyptian hieroglyphics are the merest child's play. When a foreigner of importance visits Japan—a well-known editor, or the president of a great university—this personage is charmingly received. But he is not left to form his own opinions, even were he capable of so doing. He is "officially conducted" through the country, and in his amusing ignorance is made the speaking-trumpet for the views of Japanese officialdom. Yet in the face of these difficulties, books on Japan continue to multiply in an abundance that gives new point to the bewailment of the Preacher of Jerusalem on the making of books. A brief residence in the East (though indeed this is not absolutely necessary); a profound and comprehensive ignorance of the language and the literature: these seem to be the initial requirements for a book on Japan. Add to these an access to a few preexisting summaries and volumes of statistics: boil these down, abridging details and expanding general judgments, and the equipment is complete for the manufacture of a winsome treatise on "The Lure of the Lotus" or a more substantial tome on "The Whole Truth About Japan".

Sickened by the prevalence of this procedure, one welcomes any new book upon Japan with very mixed emotions. When a work appears on some well-defined aspect of Japanese life or thought, such as "Wood-engraving", or "Japanese Poetry", or "The Japanese Constitution", one is willing to allow that the writer may be a specialist in his field who has narrowed his topic so that it admits of adequate treatment within the compass of a volume. But when a writer makes all of Japan his province, he immediately inspires by his temerity a virulent suspicion of his incompetence. The two latest books on Japan are a challenge to this prejudice.

Mr. Latourette, the author of "The Development of Japan", is associate professor in history in Denison University — a coeducational institution in Granville, Ohio. Mr. Latourette has designed his book as a text to be used in a one-semester survey course in a history of the East, a course such as he himself gives at Denison University. He makes no very ambitious claims for what he calls his "little volume". "No exhaustive study of Japan has been attempted, but the effort has been made to present a summary of the development of the nation, its people,

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its civilization, and its problems and politics, which will give the essential facts and at the same time be of sufficient brevity to be covered in the six weeks usually assigned to Japan in the average course on the Far East. It may be that the book will prove of value to informal study groups and correspondence courses, and to the general reader who wishes a brief survey for his own information."

Mr. Latourette gives a rapid sketch of the early history of Japan; his chief interest is with events bearing upon modern history. His book is brought down to 1917. The discussion of Japan's contemporary politics is timely, unhysterical, and thought-provoking. The book makes no claim to originality either of data or interpretation: it is a frank and humble transmitter of the laborious scholarship of other men. It is focused, juridical, and sane. At the end of each chapter is a bibliography for collateral reading; there is a further bibliography at the end: of only English books in all cases. It is more than merely surprising to find not a single reference to James Murdock's monumental "History of Japan" (published by the Asiatic Society of Japan, and unfortunately not easily accessible). Mr. Latourette's volume possesses the prime virture of clarity: a clarity that at times borders upon insipidity and the innocuous enunciations of commonplaces. The book does not presume upon the intelligence of the reader—a safe procedure, if not a flattering one. The book is "published under the auspices of the Japan Society". Taking the book for what it pretends to be—and it is better than its pretensions lead one to suspect—it is a clear, concise, unbiased introduction to a study of Japan, an excellent first step toward "that complex, fragmentary, doubt provoking knowledge which we call truth". It is the only satisfactory popular manual of Japanese history in English.

The volume of Robert P. Porter (1853-1917) "Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power", is the posthumous work of a prolific journalist and man of affairs. Though he was an Englishman by birth, and a cosmopolitan by variety of residence, Robert P. Porter's chief activities were in the United States—in newspaper work, and in public service as an expert in fiscal, tariff, and census problems. This is his second book on Nippon—the first being "The Full Recognition of Japan". This second treatment is a kind of extended encyclopædia article: and like the melancholy of Jacques it is "compounded of many samples". Mr. Latourette has conceived his book with a clear end in view, and as a result he has achieved a unity that the Porter book cannot boast. Porter's book has grown out of the war: it holds a brief for Japan as one of the Allies. It claims that a knowledge of Japan is an obligation incumbent upon us because of our debt to Japan for refraining from doing the harm she might have done had she been an ally of Germany. But Japan makes other claims upon our attention. "The history of Japan, like the history of Ancient Greece, has for us Occidentals of the twentieth century an educational value of the highest importance. We can measure our moral, æsthetic, and intellectual progress by the standards of Japan before she adopted Western manners and methods, and benefit greatly by observing the attitude in recent times of this highly intelligent and progressive nation toward Western civilization." Porter's excuse for his volume is lame in both of its legs. A writer with

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something of weight to say need not appear in his preface with his hat in his hand, huckstering his book by slovenly articulated sophistries.

The book is in fact a compendium of promiscuous information on Japan. It falls into two parts: Part I an historical sketch from the beginnings down to 1917—identical in scope with the work of Mr. Latourette, but consistently inferior in treatment. Part II consists of five chapters on "Physical Characteristics — Population — Sports", "Resources and Industrial Progress", "Trade and Internal Communication", "Evolution of the Army and Navy", "Literature and Art". The book is perfunctory and incompetent. Its chief interest lies in its account of the influence of Marco Polo's account of the island of Chipangu (cited from the wretched translation in the Everyman Library) in provoking the voyages that led to the discovery of America. Porter would perhaps have it that we owe the discovery of this continent to Japan—another obligation to inform ourselves of matters oriental by a reading of his book. The book is carelessly made; the style is slovenly; the facts are fragmentary, and not presented in orderly fashion; the generalizations are not infrequently rhetorical leaps into the void. For example, it is stated with unsubstantiated extravagance of the late Emperor Meiji: "Austere, upright, calm, juridical, far-sighted, benevolent, Mutsuhito was what Plato had sighed for and Voltaire had vainly sought—a philosopher on the throne" (page 108). Mr. Latourette's is a more sober judgment: "Although the progress of his reign was due primarily to his councillors, he did not hinder them by reactionary tendencies. . . . He had the good judgment so to accept advice and so to act in conjunction with his ministers that it is hard at times to determine just how much positive influence he had on the politics of his reign" (pages 116-117).

Mr. Latourette's book is a humble but competent piece of craftsmanship; the other book falls into that large category of literary incompetencies with which Japan has flooded the world. "Oh that my enemy would write a book!"—a book on Japan!

The Development of Japan. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. The Macmillan Co.

Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power. By Robert P. Porter. Oxford University Press.

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MEXICO'S NEW POETS

By IRVING ORMOND

The average educated American of the North, who has received his information about Mexico largely from the columns of the daily press, would be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the republic directly to the south of us is an ancient seat of culture. As much surprised, indeed, as the average South American, who has received his information about the United States from the columns of *his* daily press, would be to discover that in our country something more than lynchings, prize-fights, railroad wrecks and divorce trials is the order of the day. Yet Mexico's literary past is distinguished by glories little appreciated in other Spanish-speaking countries—Spain itself included—not to speak of the United States.

Before the middle of the sixteenth century Mexico had a "colegio" for the natives, at which were taught reading, writing, Latin, grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, and music. In 1533, thirty years after Hernan Cortes arrived at Tenochtitlan, the University of Mexico was founded by mandate of Carlos I. Here, also about 1536-7, appeared the first printing-press. During the sixteenth century, in fact, no less than one hundred and sixteen books were published in the city of Mexico; the first of these—"La Escalera de San Juan Climaco"—was printed some one hundred and three years before "The Freeman's Oath", published by Harvard College. Naturally, the first books were confined in the main to religion, morals and works in native dialects. At the beginning of the seventeenth century belles-lettres and history appeared in print.

Two of the greatest names in Castilian literature belong by nativity, if not by their products, to Mexican letters. The noted dramatist Juan Ruiz de Alarcón and the world-famous poetess Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, both of the seventeenth century, reveal their Mexican origin in not a little of their work. Thus Luis G. Urbina, one of the leading contemporary poets of Mexico, as well as a critic of engaging style and keen perceptions, reminds us in his recent "La Vida Literaria de Mexico" (Mexican Literary Life) that the tender melancholy of Alarcón is distinctively Mexican; the playwright himself, writing in far-off Spain, felt this allegiance to the land of his birth, as is shown by his frequent reference to it. In Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz—once upon a time heralded, in terms that would bring a blush of inferiority to the cheeks of our most enterprising press-agents, as "the Tenth Muse"—Urbina discovered the first symptoms of Mexican folk-lore, as well as the first Mexican feminist.

Today, after almost three centuries, Mexico has regained her literary pre-eminence. That same melancholy atmosphere which Urbina advances as one of the characteristics of his nation's art, and which his own poetry exemplifies in so charming a manner, wafts through much of what is now being written; yet contemporary poetry, particularly in such original spirits as Amado Nervo and Enrique Gonzáles Martínez, achieves something

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more than intense personality of mood —something that maintains the new universality of Mexican poetry, which with the work of Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera (died 1895) was brought with flying banners into the realms of art.

The contribution of Mexico to the renovation of modern Spanish letters has, in a measure, been obscured by the very universality of its chief poets, even as its contribution of three centuries past has been obscured. The modernist school, of which Darío was so long the standard-bearer, owes not a little (as did Darío personally) to the poetry and prose of Gutiérrez Nájera and to the bold eloquence of Salvador Diaz Mirón, who affected both Darío and the powerful pan-American poet that has taken the dead master's place—José Santos Chocano, of Peru. The position of the latter is not undisputed, however; some would accord the place to Diaz Mirón.

"The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." Thus spake the Preacher. But then, was it not Paul in his second epistle to the Corinthians who said that "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new"? Between the two statements might be placed all the battles that are being forever waged around the newest of the new standards in art. "Newness", after all, is a matter of spirit rather than of chronology. The unimaginative poetaster of today who shrieks his little theories and seeks to exemplify them in chopped lines that are neither literary fish nor flesh, is ancient even as he writes, while the great authors of all time are refreshingly new because true to something more durable than a love of novelty for novelty's sake. Nothing ages so quickly as novelty. There is, of course, much that is good in contemporary free verse of even the freest variety, because it proceeds from persons that have learned the secret of clothing sincerity in art. The others may well be wrapped in a shroud of silence.

The young spirits of Spanish America have usually been considered even more exuberant than their Latin brothers across the sea, yet our own Anglo-Saxon youth can match these turbulent writers in extravagance and exuberance—hence even a Chocano who, in his early days (1894), printed his verses in red ink to show his "Sacred Ire". Later verses from the same pen appeared in blue, as did a volume by the Chilean Francisco Contreras. This must have been a result of the "blue" craze that followed Darío's "Azul" in 1888. Hence, too, one of the most important of the modern Mexican magazines, the "Revista Azul" (The Blue Review).

Why blue? Because, as Gutiérrez Nájera explained, "in the blue there is sunlight; because in the blue, there are clouds; and because in the blue, hopes fly in flocks. Blue is not merely a color, it is a mystery". Perhaps Victor Hugo is to blame for all this cerulean ebullition, for it was he who wrote, with Hugoesque all-inclusiveness, that "l'art, c'est l'azur!" Have we not long listened to the color of vowels, by a sort of telescoping of the senses which the doctors call synæsthesia, colored audition and other less intelligible names? And is it not the fantastic French composer Eric Satie who, for some reason unknown to the uninitiate, is printing his music in red ink? One touch of novelty makes the whole world of young artists kin.

However, out of the riot of modern-

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ism at its worst, Mexico like our own nation has produced noteworthy figures. A half-dozen of its modern spirits, of whom four are still writing, have been grouped into a "great six"; this famous sextet comprises Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, Manuel José Othón, Salvador Diaz Mirón, Amado Nervo, Luis G. Urbina and Enrique Gonzáles Martínez. For a fuller consideration of the best in contemporary Mexican poetry there should doubtless be added such names as De Icaza, Tablada, Reyes, Sierra and others, including at least one woman, María Enriqueta, who has closer affinities, let us say, to Sara Teasdale than to Amy Lowell. Here we must emphasize the "great six"; they include the important range of Mexican poetry in its latest and highest manifestations.

The best in Mexican letters of recent days has proceeded from the groups that rallied around certain magazines. Thus the "Revista Azul" brought out the work of Gutiérrez Nájera, Sierra, Urbina, Diaz Mirón and others, giving the initial impulse to the new school; then came the "Revista Moderna" which printed the compositions of Valenzuela, Amado Nervo, Othón and others, representing, in the words of Urbina, "the highest intellectual group that Mexico has yet produced"; finally the "Ateneo" gave publicity to men like Rafael Cabrera, Rafael Lopez and the idol of Mexican youth, Enrique Gonzáles Martínez.

French influence was dominant; Gutiérrez Nájera, universally admired by all who read Spanish poetry, was early nourished upon a mystic education, and the classics remained with him. When, however, he came into contact with the French language and its treasures, he underwent a transformation that was destined to affect the future of Spanish poetry on both sides of the ocean. This man with the countenance of a Caliban and the soul of an Ariel—this spirit who was fundamentally elegiac even in his symbolic inspirations, infused the French soul into the Spanish form; he revolutionized poetry and prose; some believe that his influence upon the latter was even greater than that upon verse; in both realms, as we have seen, he was a precursor of Darío's modernism. Like others of his epoch he was haunted with visions of early death, which came to him in his thirty-sixth year. Early deaths occur with distressing frequency among the Spanish-American poets. Mexico's great romantic poet Manuel Acuña, for instance, died (1873) at the age of twenty-four, by his own hand. Not long after the death of Gutiérrez Nájera, the great Colombian poet José Asunción Silva, another modernist precursor, died in his thirty-sixth year, also by his own hand. These men and their numerous brothers may have been morbid, but they were sincere. Their death was no mere trapping of poesy; it was a haunting reality.

Manuel José Othón (1858-1906), though he lived somewhat longer than his famous contemporary, died likewise at the height of his power. He knew nature intimately, and was, in a very deep sense of the word, a bucolic poet. He saw his beloved landscapes at first hand, not through books, and possessed the gift of communicating his enthusiasm. One of his commentators points out the strange fact that he was popular alike with partisans of the classic tradition and with adherents of the modernistic cult; this was indeed strange, as Othón was an extreme purist who outdid the Castilians themselves. Yet the writers

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of the new school recognized his essential sincerity, his direct communion with nature, and saw in his attitude evidence of a much-needed renovation in Mexican letters. There is much about Othón, to me at least, that relates him more than superficially to our own Robert Frost.

Of the living members of the "great six", Urbina (born 1868) and Diaz Mirón (1853) are the oldest, representing contrasting gifts. Urbina, writes his friend Gonzáles Martínez, is characterized by nostalgia. (That word, by the way, is noticeably frequent upon the lips of Spanish-American critics and poets alike.) "Nostalgia of what? Of the impossible and the irreparable, which, according to Anatole France, are the chief pivots about which revolve all poetic ideals. Only this sadness of Urbina is not manifested in loud explosions, in rending cries, nor in hopeless pessimism; he knows how to receive from his noble soul . . . . a touch of serenity and of resignation that transform it into a noble melancholy."

Urbina, like Gutiérrez Nájera, tries to merge poesy and music; he is largely melodic; in his sympathy for nature's creatures, especially the birds, he is comparable to Ralph Hodgson. Diaz Mirón, on the other hand, to the flute of Urbina often opposes the trumpet that has found its boldest and most self-confident tones in the proud pan-Americanism of Santos Chocano. His collection of poems called "Lascas" fairly stunned his countrymen with a perfection of form which, one writer asserts, "has neither precedent nor continuation in all Spanish". Diaz Mirón would be far better known had he not conceived a violent prejudice against appearing in the columns of periodicals. This decision was taken in reprisal for the early pirating of his verse. He is a severe critic of his own writings—too much so.

Perhaps Amado Nervo (born 1870) and Enrique Gonzáles (born 1871) will prove more immediately to the liking of North American readers. The former of these, prolific, restless, responsive, eccentric, mystic, contradictory and brilliant, is looked upon as having, with his well-known "Epitalamio" to King Alphonso XIII, brought the modernist movement proper to a close, or rather, as having prepared the way for the singing of themes closer to the indigenous spirit of the peoples of Spanish America. Nervo's "Epithalamium" hails the Spanish king as ruler in spirit over the Spanish people, even though they be divided into many self-governing republics. Nervo, like Chocano and others, denies allegiance to any particular school; there was bound to be a reaction to certain phases of modernism, such as excessive preoccupation with exotic subjects, a too great attention to perfection of form, a worship of pure art that was symbolized in Darío's image of the swan.

To that swan, indeed, Gonzáles Martínez announces a successor whose beauty was inward rather than external: the owl. "Wring the neck of the swan with deceitful plumage", he counsels in a notable sonnet. "It merely parades its grace, but hears not the soul of things nor the voice of the landscape. Flee from every form and from every tongue that does not harmonize with the latent rhythm of profound life; adore life intensely, and let it understand your homage. Look upon the wise owl, how it spreads its wings from Olympus leaving the lap of Pallas, and rests its taciturn

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flight upon that tree . . . . It has not the grace of the swan, but its restless eye, peering into the dark, interprets the mysterious book of nocturnal silence."

This poet, like most of his compatriots, is melancholy but he is, too, optimistic. As Francisco de Icaza, himself a poet and critic of high standing, says of Gonzáles Martínez: "He feels the transitory nature of grief, which in normal life is as fleeting as pleasure, and he sings both, already past, with a vague and tender melancholy. For, to the poet grief is not a permanent guest, but rather a traveler who stops at his hearth, and who, tomorrow, at the break of day, will shake his sandal and depart."

To return to Nervo—much of this poet's writing has an ineffable tenderness, especially such as appears in the first part of his collection called "En Voz Baja" (In a Soft Voice). Not only are the thoughts such as may be spoken only in a soft, sweet voice, but the very hush of passionate confiding, the soft breath of airy wishes, the deep sense of holy silences, the poignant, haunting memories of a past suddenly evoked, rise like incense from its pages. Nervo, in some of his aspects, possesses a lyric introspection that seems, by some fourth-dimensional gift of thought, to penetrate into lives that we only half dream of living; he feels the feverish hurly-burly of life, yet is a man of his times and has faith in his age. His comparisons are not only things of beauty but conveyers of beauty as well. His is not the empty, if beautiful urn of so many Parnassians; he can fashion beautiful urns and fill them with intoxicating wine.

An interesting example of Nervo's brilliancy is afforded by the notable and noble poem entitled "Pájaro Milagroso" (Miraculous Bird), written in 1910 after a flight in an aeroplane. To Nervo's soaring imagination (pardoning the unintentional pun) the aeroplane becomes a colossal white bird that realizes the dream of generations, reconquering for man, the fallen angel, the wings that he lost in his struggle with the gods. At last, cries the poet, the sons of man have wings.

> Fathers who sought this anxiously, and died without beholding it—poets who for centuries dreamed of such gifts—lamentable Icaruses who provoked laughter—to-day, over your tombs, there flies, buzzing, the miraculous bird of the snowy wings, that crystallizes the dream of the ages! And your dead eyes open to behold it, and your dry bones are crowned with flowers! Oh, God! I, who, tired of the sad and frivolous journey of life, longed for eternal night, to-day cry to Thee, "More life, oh Lord, more life, that I may soar like an eagle over all vanities and all beauties, winging above them in vast flight!" We poets have now a new Pegasus! And what a Pegasus, friends, does Jove return to us! Let a divine exultation flood our spirits, and a *Te Deum Laudamus* burst from our lips, and let old melancholies and vague preoccupations perish, strangled by virile hands! Let us live! Let us live! Let us abolish frontiers! Nations, in vain do you wish to make a weapon out of that which is a sign of peace among peoples! Stain not the celestial bird with missions of war; it thrusts them aside; it was born for the message of friendship and sows kisses of peace among men!

It must already have occurred to the reader that Nervo's buoyant hopes were soon to be dashed by the outbreak of the great conflict four years after the composition of the poem. Nervo himself, in a recent article, comes back to the poem and his hopes. He has not lost faith in the miraculous bird; rather has it been strengthened. He beholds, after the war, visions of the nocturnal sky suddenly illumined by signs upon vast wings bearing the legends: "Paris to New York", "London to Mexico", "Madrid to Buenos

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Aires" . . . . "The aeroplane, moreover, will give back to us the lap of night, the majesty of the forgotten stars . . . . and it is already well known that the stars are pale and ardent instructors that teach us many things. . . . They civilized the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Nahuas and the Mayas. They have given back to many men in the clear nights of the trenches the feeling of eternity. . . . In them is our hope of salvation." Like the true Spanish-American that he is, Nervo is a poet even in his magazine contributions.

Mexico, then, which produced notable figures at the very dawn of Spanish-American letters, and centuries later gave birth to important precursors of the modernist movement that revolutionized Spanish verse, again triumphs in such poets as Amado Nervo and Gonzáles Martínez by initiating a still newer phase of Spanish poetry. When we recollect that all this literary activity is taking place in a land that is much concerned with the primary question of rectifying a gigantic percentage of illiteracy, and with problems in industrial adjustment that have had their echo in our own nation, we arrive at a better realization of the imaginative power of these little known neighbors of ours.

The recent visit of Mexican journalists to this country must have produced beneficial results in a better understanding, by Mexicans, of our motives as a world power. Too many of us, however, if we give the matter any thought at all, consider ourselves above the need of such an understanding of Mexico as shall remove the superficial impressions we have gained heretofore. The war, which did so much to awaken us from a mental insularity altogether incompatible with the rank of the United States as a nation, will perhaps have as one of its results the tightening of intellectual bonds between the two republics. When even the new school of Yiddish poets, in New York, is athrob with cosmopolitan influences that thumb the pages of every literature for suggestions, translations, and stimulating influences, and poetry enthusiasts of the East Side may read John Gould Fletcher and James Oppenheim in Yiddish, surely our own new poets should not disdain the rich fields of modern Mexican verse.

This kinship of all true poets, as well as the inherent unity between the "new" and the "old", is deeply felt and effectively expressed by Gonzáles Martínez in his sonnet "The Poets, Tomorrow . . . ." wherein he sings the same eternal questioning under different forms.

> To-morrow the poets will sing a divine verse that we of to-day cannot achieve; new constellations will reveal, with a new trembling, a different destiny to their restless souls. To-morrow the poets will follow their road, absorbed in a new and strange blossoming, and on hearing our song, will cast to the winds our outworn illusion. And all will be useless, and all will be vain; the task will remain forever—the same secret and the same darkness within the heart. And before the eternal shadow that rises and falls they will pick up from the dust the abandoned lyre and sing with it our very same song.

Extremes meet. In such a beautiful sonnet as this is in the original, it seems that the pessimism of Ecclesiastes to whom there was nothing new, and of the Apostle, to whom all things were new, join in a golden circle.

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SOME FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

A new book on a great literary figure is bound to arouse our curiosity. In this respect Barthou's "Les Amours d'un Poète" is doubly alluring. Its main subject is Victor Hugo and it treats also at some length of Sainte-Beuve. M. Barthou has for years been interested in these men, and the particular value of his volume lies in the use of hitherto unpublished documents. He has had access to the private papers of Sainte-Beuve, and also to a still richer treasure for his purpose: much material originally in the possession of Juliette Drouet. It is to put these documents into their proper setting that, after not a few others, he recounts once more much of the sentimental life of "Olympio" from his love-match in 1822 to the death of Juliette in 1883.

When the "Chants du Crépuscule" appeared in 1835, Sainte-Beuve attacked the volume on the ground that it contained two different inspirations that were incompatible. The fact he noted was true; but Sainte-Beuve was hardly the one to insist upon it. To do so was as indelicate as it was hypocritical. Sainte-Beuve was using for his own purposes information acquired, at least in part, through the hospitality of Hugo himself and the too great indulgence of Hugo's wife.

As early as 1827 there had developed, between the poet and the critic, a strong friendship born of their common interests. For some years Sainte-Beuve had been a constant visitor in Hugo's house. But when fame began coming to his friend, when his house became the meeting place of enthusiastic followers who, too, claimed the attention of its hosts, Sainte-Beuve felt that the ties that had bound him to the husband were more than overshadowed by his personal interest in the wife. For some time both Victor and Adèle Hugo bore with affectionate solicitude the erratic humor of their sensitive friend. Hugo's attitude was especially generous. Though knowing Sainte-Beuve's feelings, he treated him with both kindness and tact, and when at last he was convinced that a continuation of their close friendship was impossible, he said so in a letter that is remarkable for its gentleness and its restraint.

Sainte-Beuve continued to write to Mme. Hugo and even, on rare occasions, to see her. Thus, when two years later, the "Chants du Crépuscule" appeared, he was in a privileged position. It took, therefore, but little perspicacity on his part to note in the new volume of poems, beside the beautiful tribute to Mme. Hugo in "Date lilia", the presence of other verse inspired by Hugo's attachment to Juliette Drouet.

In a passage now first published by Barthou, Hugo wrote to Juliette: "Juliette, ce nom charmant germe en moi et s'épanouit au dehors en poésie: tu n'es pas seulement mon coeur, tu es toute ma pensée." There is exaggeration here, if not with respect to his *pensée*—of which Hugo was not overprovided—at least in regard to his *poésie*. But even in that there is

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quite an element of truth. Hugo and Juliette lived in the closest intimacy for fifty years, from 1833 to the time of her death. It is true that they quarreled often, even after the reconciliation that followed her famous flight to Brest in 1834: she felt bitterly at times her "sentimental claustration" and regretted the untimely end of a promising artistic career. But her rich nature, for all its undoubted strength, was dominated by the imperious personality of the poet whose genius and exuberant affection aroused in her a mixture of admiration and sincere devotion which she could not resist. As for Hugo, it was impossible, given his temperament, that Juliette should be without influence upon his work. Not only did he make her the constant confidante of his ambition, the recipient of verse which his prodigal feelings lavished with such marvelous ease, the helper who often prepared his manuscript and corrected his proof; but directly or indirectly, he gave her a place in his published work. His most famous single poem, "La Tristesse d'Olympio", is the product of his love for her, and throughout the volumes of his maturity and his old age there are passages inspired by their common experiences.

To these facts, already known in their general bearing, "Les Amours d'un Poète" adds little. As was to be expected at this date, this new book serves mainly to shed a little more light on disputed questions. Thus Barthou supports, by new letters of Sainte-Beuve, the less favorable opinion on the relations between Adèle and the critic: he argues the falsity of the more usual belief that Hugo's conduct up to 1832 had given a certain excuse for these same relations; and he believes in the unwavering devotion of Juliette to Hugo throughout the half-century of their friendship.

The *inedita*, viewed from a strictly literary point of view, will not change our ideas of Hugo's powers. With the exception of one poem written in 1842, which may well be what Barthou calls it, "a new masterpiece", they contain nothing striking.

Taken as a whole, then, this book is somewhat disappointing. That it cannot be passed by in silence is evident. Being the work of a real scholar who has revealed through it really fresh material, it will compel the attention of all those whose business it is to know as many details as possible about the life, the feelings, and the work of so great a poet as Hugo. But I am not sure that these discoveries would not have appeared to better advantage in the technical journals published more especially for scholars. It is true that the general reader, especially if unacquainted with the works of Simon, Guimbaud, Michaut, and others, will not go to sleep while reading the present volume. Yet why insist before the general public upon facts in the private life of a great artist, when these facts are not such as to make us appreciate more highly the beauty of his work?

In these days of universal upheaval, when the old is disdained and the new startles us by its excesses, when standards are as unstable as dwellings, when the criterion of action is too often the utility of the moment and "the favorite article of furniture is a trunk", it stimulates our revery to read Bordeaux's "Les Pierres du Foyer". For this book reminds us that, for many years now, there has been in France a group of writers to protest against certain modern tendencies, and to

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praise in their stead enthusiasm, a simple and childlike vision of man and nature, a reverence for the home, patriotism, religion, and the steadying ties of custom and traditional life.

It is possible that, in the past, we have not been quite just to these writers. While granting the artistic merits of their works, we have perhaps been too prone to brand as old-fogyism an attitude based upon a feeling for the very real needs of the day, which we have been too blind to see. Such, at least, is the thought suggested by reading Bordeaux's book.

Bordeaux, who is one of these writers, reflects here the sentiments of the others; and although this volume, made up largely of popular lectures before a welfare society, has little of the charm which characterizes such novels as his "Les Roquevillard" and "La Maison", it leaves with us two ideas that are worthy of our attention. The first is that only that literature is worthy of the name that is in close and constant touch with general, daily life and is not afraid of well-worn themes and eternal subjects; and the second that a nation is not a club for bachelors, but, as Joseph de Maistre put it, "an association upon the same land of the living with the dead and with those who are still unborn". Art, modes of life, thought and education, must all remember these vital truths. And let it not be said that such an attitude will stifle originality and make progress impossible. "To do so would be like saying: 'Deprive this child of the money left by his father in order that he may better enjoy the goods of this world.'" Originality and progress, the sane and complete realization of the personality, are possible only when they develop in harmony with, not in opposition to, the conditions to which the particular individual is heir.

Among the men whom the whole world is now watching, there is no more interesting figure than that of France's "tiger". The recent translation of his speeches and Georges Lecompte's "Clémenceau" come at an opportune moment. The latter is an enthusiastic presentation, in a popular vein, of the life and temper of the doughty fighter who in spite of his age (he was born in 1841) still shows many of his old characteristics. This book shows us "the overthrower of ministries", as cordially hated at one moment as he was loved at another, this dealer of hard knocks whose independence and straightforwardness have often disconcerted more academic parliamentarians, as a man who couples with a strong sympathy for democratic and "social" ideals a hard-headed appreciation of facts. This will be interesting to remember when reading the morning papers!

Unfortunately, Lecompte assumes in his reader a knowledge of French history of the last fifty years; and this, elementary though the knowledge is, may make it a little hard for the average American to understand some of his references.

Les Amours d'un Poète (Victor Hugo). By Louis Barthou. Paris: Conard.

Les Pierres du Foyer. By Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Plon.

Clémenceau. By Georges Lecompte. Paris: Charpentier.

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MYTH, POETRY, AND ROMANCE

BY PADRAIC COLUM

There are many reasons why pages devoted to the consideration of poetry should be hospitable to accounts of mythologies. Poetry is always striving to rise into mythology. And mythology in its decay gives rise to secular poetry and romance. On one side we see Dante magnificently establishing his own mythology, and Blake and Shelley striving to do so—without success, however. On the other side we see great poetry and unforgetable romance being made out of mythology in its decay. Homer creates both a mythology and a secular poetry: he puts Zeus and his family securely on Olympus and he weaves the story of Paris and Helen, once divinities, into the tale of the hosting of Agamemnon against King Priam's town. The Norse-Germanic mythology in its decay gives us the great epic of the "Twilight of the Gods"—Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunhilda; Valhalla and the Rhinegold. And the decay of one section of Celtic mythology, the Brythonic, gave us the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Mabinogion"; the stories of Parsifal and the Grail. Another section of Celtic mythology, the Goidelic, gives us the heroic Irish tales. Finnish mythology comes to us in the "Kalavala", the only popular epic that a European people possesses.

Of the four peoples who have made Western Europe we have the mythologies of three in some completeness—the Hellenic, the Italic and the Norse-Germanic. The mythology of the Celts is incomplete as it comes to us. Roman culture coming into Celtic France and Celtic Britain brought about a premature "Twilight of the Gods". Christianity dissipated even this twilight. All that is left of the mythology of one section of the Celtic race is found in some inscriptions in France and certain motives and a certain coloring in British romance.

In Ireland the mythology of the Goidelic Celts flourished until the time when the Colleges of Druids transformed themselves into monasteries of Christian monks. On condition that it made itself necessary as history and captivating as romance, a great portion of the mythology was left unsuppressed. So well was its transformation made that it was only at the close of the nineteenth century that scholars perceived that a race represented as an historic people with historic kings was, in truth, the divinities of the Celtic people. The credit for showing that the Tuatha Dé Danann were Celtic gods is given to the French Celtilogue, d'Arbois de Joubainville. But before d'Arbois's discovery was announced a suggestion of it was made by the Irish historian, Standish O'Grady, in his little noted "History of Ireland: Critical and Philosophical".

Celtic mythology, even as it survived in Ireland, is not as full or complete as is the mythology of the Eddas. Yet it is very full as compared with the Slavic mythology, as one can see by glancing from one section to the other in the handsome volume that is third in the Mythology of All Races series. The writer of the Celtic section is Professor MacCulloch, a Scots-

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man. He does not write of the mythology from the inside, as it were, as Standish O'Grady has done, and he is careful to avoid myth-making on his own account—the Frenchman, d'Arbois de Joubainville and the Welshman, Sir John Rhys, were not always careful to do this; his account takes consideration of the very latest in Celtic research, and it is as exact and as authoritative as such a study can be. It is too analytical, however, and we miss the sweep that would bring into our imaginations something of the content of this preliterary poetry. Still Professor MacCulloch, in quoting from his texts, often gives us passages that are finely imaginative.

There is the story of the birth of Œngus or Ængus, the Celtic God of Love. Homer would have made an episode out of such a story that would have been remembered through the ages. In the pages of "Celtic Mythology" the episode is given as a piece of information:

Still another account is given in verse by the tenth century poet, Cinaed ua h-Artacain. Boann, Nechtain's wife, came to stay with her brother Elcmar, vassal of Dagda, who sought her love in vain. His Druids advised him to send Elcmar on a mission, but the latter bargained that it should not keep him away overnight, whereupon Dagda "kept the sun in the lofty ridge of the heavens till the end of nine months". Elcmar thought that only a day had passed, but on his return he saw by the change in the flowers how long the time had been. Meanwhile Dagda and Boann had deceived him, but now they were afraid, and birth-pangs seized the faithless wife. They left her child Œngus by the roadside near Midir's Sid, and there he was brought up until his companions jeered at his unknown origin. Taxed by Œngus, Midir told the truth, and taking him to Dagda's Sid, obtained it for him for a day and a night, thus tricking him.

Here is another story of the loves of the gods that has glamour around it:

Liath, a young Prince of the Side, loved Midir's daughter Bri, who went with her attendants to meet him as he approached. But the slingers on Midir's Sid kept him back, and their sling-stones were like "a swarm of bees on a day of beauty". Liath's servant was slain, and because Liath could not reach her, Bri turned back to the Sid and died of a broken heart.

The glimpses of the other world that are in these myths have a glamour about them which no modern Celtic poet has been able to render. There is a famous story called "The Voyage of Bran", one episode of which the writer of Celtic mythology gives in these words:

Bran first came to an Isle of Laughter; and when one of his men was sent ashore, he refused to leave the laughing folk of this isle of joy. At the Land of Women their Queen welcomed Bran, throwing a ball of thread which cleaved to his hand, and by which the boat was drawn ashore. All now went into a house where were twenty-seven beds, one for each; the food never grew less and for each man it had the taste which he desired. They stayed for a year, though it was in truth many years; but homesickness at last seized one of them, Nechtan, so that he and the others begged Bran to return. The Queen said they would rue this, yet as they were bent on going, she bade them not set foot on Erin and to take with them their comrade from the Isle of Joy. When Erin was reached, Bran told his name to the people gathered on the shore; but they said, "We do not know him, though the voyage of Bran is in our ancient stories." Nechtan now leaped ashore, but when his foot touched land, he became a heap of ashes. Bran then told his wanderings and bade farewell to the crowd, returning presumably to the divine land. "From that hour his wanderings are not known."

The Brythonic stories are more widely familiar than are the Goidelic stories—they are familiar through the English *rédaction* of the Arthurian romances and through the Welsh Mabinogion, so beautifully translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. One of the special charms of Brythonic romance

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as it exists in the Welsh stories lies in the names of its people and its places. Were ever names more arcane than Yspadden, Kulhwch, Gwenhwyfar, Credylad? Were ever places more mysteriously suggested than by such names as Caer Sidi, Gwrnach Gawr, Kernyu? Professor MacCulloch makes clear a connection between the Irish and the Welsh stories. In his judgment the Arthurian cycle of romance that has had such influence on the whole of the European imagination came from Welsh sources directly. He places King Arthur in this light:

> In spite of the numerous and important characters who enter into the saga, Arthur is the central figure, the ideal hero of Brythonic tribes in the past, to whom leadership at home and abroad might be assigned, and whose presence in all battles might be asserted. Originating as a champion, real or mythical, of Northern Brythons in Southern Scotland, his legend passed with emigrants to Wales, where it became popular. Like Fionn among the Goidels, so Arthur among the Brythons was located in every district, as numerous place names show; and if Fionn was at first a non-Celtic hero adopted by the Goidels, so Arthur was a Brythonic hero adopted by the Anglo-Normans as their truest romantic figure.

Perhaps de Heredia's is the ultimate literary treatment of mythology. The myth comes to him, not from the primal poets, but from those who have given it the definiteness of form and color. The unbounded myth of the poet has become bounded by the sculptor and the carver before he handles it. And he treats the myth in the most definite of all forms—the sonnet. "With de Heredia", Arthur Symons wrote, "the literature of pure form comes to a splendid funeral."

What de Heredia has done in "Les Trophées" is the creation of a sort of epic—the epic of the European, or rather of the Mediterranean-European imagination. His groups of sonnets are episodes in the history of that imagination—Greece and Sicily; Hercules and the Centaurs; Artemis and the Nymphs; Perseus and Andromeda; Rome and the Barbarians; Antony and Cleopatra; the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; the Conquerors; the Orient and the Tropics. In de Heredia's hands the sonnet becomes epical.

The latest translation, published in a handsome volume by the Yale University Press, cannot hold ground as the final version of "Les Trophées". How many factors necessarily go to make up a sonnet? Fourteen lines with a clear distinction between the octave and the sestet, and a sonority that is generally imparted by an elaborate rhyme-scheme. Suppose one dispenses with rhyme altogether—does one achieve a sonnet, even though one divides the fourteen lines into octave and sestet? And can one make a real division between the two parts of the sonnet without contrasting rhyme-schemes? In an isolated case and as a *tour de force* one might get sonority and variety into a rhymeless sonnet, but one could not expect to do the like with a hundred of them.

I go back to a volume of translations published in 1906—"Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Heredia", made by Edward Robeson Taylor and published in San Francisco. It is instructive to compare the two versions. I select for comparison a sonnet that happens to be a fair sample of the work of each translator—it is the sonnet describing the rout of the Amazons!

THE THERMODON

All day had blazing Themiscyra known
The clamor and the shock of cavalry,
And in its dark, slow flood Thermodon rolled

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Corpses and arms, and chariots of death.
Where are the armed maidens who led on
Their royal squadrons to the butchery,
Hippolyta, Asteria aglow?
Their pallid bodies lie disheveled, dead.
Such flowering giant lilies were mown down;
Both banks were strown with warlike riders slain,
With here and there a neighing, struggling steed,
The Euxine saw at dawn on far-off slopes,
Beyond the stream ensanguined to the sea,
White stallions fleeing, stained with virgins' blood.

THE THERMODON

Toward Themiscyra which in dire despair
Has shaken all day with clash of horsemen dread,
Dark, doleful, slow, Thermodon bears the dead,
The arms, the chariots, no more to dare.

Phillippis, Phoebe, Marpe, Aella, where
Are those great ones who with their great queens led
The royal host to slaughter's gory bed?
Their pale, disheveled bodies now lie there.

Such giant lily bloom is here laid low,
High-heaped the warriors all the shores bestrow,
Where madly neighs at times some strugling horse;

And the Euxine sees at dawn far up the flood
Ensanguined, from its mouth unto its source,
White stallions flying, red with virgins' blood.

It is quite remarkable what Mr. Henry Johnson has accomplished in the denuded form he has chosen. The comparison of the unrhymed with the rhymed shows that the unrhymed sonnets have compactness with a direct vocabulary and that these two qualities, on the whole, make them the better versions. But still "Les Trophées" awaits a translator who can join compactness and directness to the sonority and variety that is such a great part of de Heredia's processional art.

One section of Margaret Widdemer's "The Old Road to Paradise" is "Being Young", and that section-title is significant of the whole volume. This is the Book of Youth—of Youth singing; of Youth before the looking-glass; of Youth thinking of lovers, and thinking, with a thrill, of tragedies that have happened or that may happen, and of the stress and the care of the world. All that is in the book is charming and will be quoted and remembered. There is no discovery in passion or insight here, but perhaps that is before this singer of youth's songs. There are tears, though, in the song that goes:

I wish I were old now,
And maybe content;
I'd look back the long way
My footsteps were bent,
And say, "'Tis all done now—
What odds how it went?"

For all would look smooth then
And most would look gay,
And "Oh, I was sure then,
And strong then", I'd say,
And show the wild young things
My wise-traveled way.

I'd have nought to strive for
And no thought to form
But how to rest easy
And how to sleep warm,
And "Pity the poor souls
Abroad in the storm!"

I wish I were old now
With living put by,
And peace on the hearthstone
And peace in the sky,
But—"*Oh, to be young now,*
But young now!" they cry!

In paper covers, and looking like a pamphlet, comes a collection of new poems from the most sensitive and the most reticent of living poets—from her to whom Francis Thompson addressed that poem of golden wit—"To a Poet Breaking Silence". There are

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only twelve poems in "A Father of Women", but the collection is voluminous, because each poem can be pondered on as a revelation coming out of deep thought and high emotion. These are spiritual poems, appealing to our conscience as well as to our emotional and æsthetic feelings. The poem "To Tintoretto in Venice" gives us a sense of the piety of art and the glory of divinity that is in light:

Master, thy enterprise,
Magnificent, magnanimous, was well done,
Which seized the head of Art, and turned her eyes—
The simpleton—and made her front the sun.
Long had she sat content
Her young unlessoned back to a morning gay,
To a solemn noon, to a cloudy firmament,
And looked upon a world in gentle day.

But thy imperial call
Bade her to stand with thee and breast the light,
And therefore face the shadows, mystical,
Sombre, translucent, vestiges of night.

These are only the first three stanzas of a very memorable poem.

The Mythology of All Races: Volume III; Celtic, Slavic. Marshall Jones Co.

Les Trophées, José-Maria de Heredia. Translated by Henry Johnson. Yale University Press.

The Old Road to Paradise. By Margaret Widdemer. Henry Holt and Co.

A Father of Women and Other Poems. By Alice Meynell. Burns and Oates.

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BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The following lists of books in demand in January in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians; the titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

FICTION	*NON-FICTION*
1. "Shavings".	1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
3. The Magnificent Ambersons.	3. A Minstrel in France.
4. A Daughter of the Land.	4. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
5. In the Heart of a Fool.	5. My Company.
6. Elizabeth's Campaign.	6. With Those Who Wait.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	1. A Minstrel in France.
2. Joan and Peter.	2. The Education of Henry Adams.
3. "Shavings".	3. America in France.
4. The Amazing Interlude.	4. My Four Years in Germany.
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.	5. Over the Top.
6. A Daughter of the Land.	6. The Betrothal.

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. Joan and Peter.	2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
3. A Daughter of the Land.	3. A Minstrel in France.
4. The Magnificent Ambersons.	4. Outwitting the Hun.
5. The Firefly of France.	5. My Four Years in Germany.
6. O, Money, Money!	6. The Glory of the Trenches.

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Joan and Peter.	1. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	2. The Education of Henry Adams.
3. The Magnificent Ambersons.	3. A Minstrel in France.
4. A Daughter of the Land.	4. America in France.
5. The Golden Bough.	5. Out to Win.
6. Billy and the Major.	6. Raymond.

WESTERN STATES

1. Joan and Peter.	1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. A Daughter of the Land.	2. A Minstrel in France.
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	3. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
4. The Magnificent Ambersons.	4. Raymond.
5. The Amazing Interlude.	5. The New Freedom.
6. Home Fires in France.	6. The Betrothal.

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. Joan and Peter.	2. A Minstrel in France.
3. A Daughter of the Land.	3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
4. "Shavings".	4. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.	5. America in France.
6. The Amazing Interlude.	6. My Four Years in Germany.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

On the occasion of his recent visit to the United States, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., G. C. B. E., founder of St. Dunstan's Hotel for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers, himself blind, had what he describes as one of the most memorable meetings of his life. This was with Dr. Robert H. Babcock of Chicago, also blind, and one of the most distinguished physicians of the Middle West. Dr. Babcock himself has spoken of the acquaintance made with Sir Arthur as one of the inspiring experiences of his career. Both gentlemen are authors. Dr. Babcock's recently published volume "Your Heart and How to Take Care of It" gives to the layman clear and reliable information as to the effect on the heart of one's habits and mode of life. Sir Arthur's book, "Victory Over Blindness", shortly to appear, presents the case of the whole movement, resulting from the war, to make effectual those inefficient through physical defect.

Viscount Grey, the former British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who played such an important part in the world's diplomacy at the beginning of the war, can now no longer see to read or write, and is learning to typewrite as the only civilian pupil at St. Dunstan's.

Every man who enters St. Dunstan's is taught to read Braille print and to operate a typewriter. This last requirement has a psychological effect, Sir Arthur declares, as it aids a man in regaining his lost independence. Every man is presented with a typewriter as soon as he has passed the required test, which is as stringent as that given in any commercial school to students who can see.

The recent death of Cecil Chesterton has had remarkably little notice among us, considering his visit to this country and lecture tour here a few years ago—when he "discovered", it may be recalled, in an interview in an eastern paper, "an American poet", Joyce Kilmer. Cecil Chesterton was in service in France at the time of his death, the cause of which was pneumonia. British writers recall that he had virtually to fight his way into the army, against the advice of doctors who insisted on turning him down; and that once in, he employed every possible means to bring himself into condition to be sent to France. He was better known as a talker and as the brilliant editor of "The New Witness" than as a writer, being quite overshadowed by his great brother. At the same time, he was a journalist of considerable substance of thought and an uncommonly lucid and taking style. His "Gladstonian Ghosts" and "The Party System" (the latter done in collaboration with Hilaire Belloc) are extremely good examples of controversial books piquantly dressed. He was also, though here again eclipsed by G. K. C., personally a picturesque figure. His last book, "A History of the United States" (and a very unconventional history of us), is announced for May publication by an American firm.

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Robert Nichols, the young English soldier-poet who some months ago came to this country on a mission from the British government, was recently reported from what appeared to be a reliable source to have returned home. He is still, however, among us, hugely enjoying our manners, customs, and society. In fact, he says this is "too good a country to leave". And Lieutenant Nichols himself undoubtedly is an ornament to the scene. He made his first public appearance in New York at the Princess Theatre on February sixth in a lecture on "The New Elizabethans". He dwells most in his talks on his two close companions, Captain Siegfried Sassoon and Captain Robert Graves.

Edward S. Martin, at the request of Mrs. Choate, has undertaken to write the biography of Joseph Hodges Choate. Mr. Martin will be glad if friends of the distinguished jurist who have letters from him which they would be willing to entrust for information or for publication will forward them to him in care of Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Frederick A. Duneka, vice-president of Harper and Brothers, publishers, died on January 24th at his home, 26 Hawthorne Place, Summit, N. J., after a four years' illness of spinal disease. Mr. Duneka had been associated with the firm of Harper and Brothers for the last nineteen years, leaving the position of city editor of the New York "World" to become secretary of the company. He was later made general manager and four years ago was elected vice-president. He was credited with having made a number of literary "discoveries". He numbered among his friends many prominent authors, including the late Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), Booth Tarkington, Rex Beach, Margaret Deland, William Dean Howells, and Gilbert Parker.

In connection with the article "Dining with Dickens at Delmonico's", which appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, it is interesting to recall that February seventh of this year was the 107th anniversary of Dickens's birth. The event was formally celebrated by a dinner given by the Dickens Fellowship of New York.

Walter Dyer, whose advocacy of distinguishing insignia for authors appeared in the February BOOKMAN, told this to the Gossip Shop the other day:

She was a sweet young thing with big blue eyes, a perfect throat, and a bewitching smile, and she spoke with an irresistible little lisp. But because she was seated beside a professor of English at the dinner-party, she made the mistaken decision that her charming chatter about people and life would be less acceptable than a discussion of things literary.

"Do you know", said she, "I don't read novels any more. I've outgrown them."

"How interesting", murmured the professor, beaming upon her through his spectacles. "And what do you read?"

"Essays", she replied soulfully.

"Splendid", he returned with enthusiasm. "And may I inquire who are your favorite essayists?"

She hesitated only a moment. "Why, I adore Henry van Dyke", said she, "and all those 'Atlantic Monthly' people. And then there's that English chap, you know. What is his name? I never can remember whether it's Arnold Benedict or Benedict Arnold."

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Booth Tarkington confides "My Maiden Effort" to a recent number of "The Authors' League Bulletin":

Something had made me melancholy—I think it was discipline. I was thirteen, and retired to the perpetual shade on the north side of the house, and there, among the lilies of the valley, I brooded until my gloom became cadenced and I found myself to be a poet. Returning to the library I wrote as follows:

THE TREES

When the soul knows but sorrow,
And the birth of tomorrow
Will bring but the death of today.
Turns the soul to the trees
Moving cool in the breeze
With shadows of leaves at play.

Turns the soul to the trees
As they move in the breeze,
Finds rest but no gladness,
Finds rest and still sadness.
Finds rest where the breezes sigh—
But the trees answer not Passion's cry.

Turns the soul to the trees,
Moving cool in the breeze,
With shadows of leaves at play;
But can never find gladness,
Forever just the still sadness,
For the soul in its sorrow the birth of tomorrow
Is only the death of today.

I think this must have been written on a hard Saturday, with no great anticipation that Sunday would offer anything lively.

Recently published in London, "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne", edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas J. Wise, contains the following entertaining description of George Henry Lewes:

"Charlotte Brontë's bad eyesight must have misled her when she fancied a likeness between her sister and G. H. Lewes. I only met him once, but I remember not only that he was the ugliest of human beings I ever saw, except, perhaps, his consort, George Eliot, but that it was such a mean and vulgar ugliness as suggested nothing but the idea of a smart, pert, impudent counter-jumper. I no more believe in that likeness than I would believe that Homer or Sappho or Shakespeare or Vittoria Colonna could have been like that hideous smirking scribbler."

Moffat, Yard and Company recently moved into new offices at 31 Union Square West, where J. H. Apeler continues in charge of the sales department, and the editorial department remains under the direction of Howard W. Cook.

Ring Lardner, humorist, Carey Orr, cartoonist, and S. E. Thomason, business manager of the Chicago "Tribune", have entered a compact to refrain from smoking for five months. Forfeits of $1,000 were posted.

Mr. Thomas L. Briggs has been elected president of P. F. Collier and Son, publishers of books and of "Collier's Weekly". Mr. Briggs is widely known in the business and publishing world. Fifteen years ago he was a reporter on a newspaper in Rochester, N. Y. For the past eight years he has been connected with the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, filling the position of advertising manager. He was recently elected chairman of the executive committee of the Association of National Advertisers.

Leroy Scott, whose "Daughter of Two Worlds" is to be published this spring, writes to his publishers: "I know I may seem very foolish to have come back from France at a time when so many interesting things were happening. I felt that if I remained there I would go rushing from one

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thing to another for perhaps a year, and get no writing done at all, for I found that it was impossible for me to do any writing in France."

"Winesburg, Ohio", is the somewhat mystifying title of a new book by Sherwood Anderson. It has nothing to do with prohibition, according to the publishers, but is a collection of tales about various characters in a small town in the Middle West.

Bertrand Russell's book, "Proposed Roads to Freedom", is described as an attempt by the author to extract the essence of socialism, anarchism, and syndicalism, first historically, and then for whatever guidance they may give in the coming reconstruction.

"Martin Schuler", by Romer Wilson, a spring publication, is said to be the life-story of a musical genius whose career from the cradle to the grave is compassed in 300 pages. It has appeared in England.

American soldiers in far away Archangel get the home gossip from "The American Sentinel", a paper published for their entertainment by the American Red Cross.

From our friends across the border comes the interesting news that the first War Camp Library in connection with the Great War—a library specially chosen and purchased for soldiers, with a special librarian and in a great camp—was Canadian. It is also reported that the first Red Cross Motor Ambulance given by a public library was Canadian. The War Camp Library now forms the library for the Red Triangle Hostel in Toronto; the ambulance bearing on its side the legend, "Presented by the Toronto Public Library", was going strong up to the armistice and is still "somewhere in France".

Publishers are reluctant to bring out war books nowadays, yet one firm is soon to publish a book of personal experiences told in letters. These are from Major Charles J. Biddle to his family, and a few of them have already appeared in the Princeton "Alumni Weekly" and the Philadelphia "Ledger". The title of the book, "The Way of the Eagle", is adapted from a verse in Proverbs: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, for which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air. . ."

A new biography of Robert E. Lee by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, editor of the Richmond "News Leader", is about to appear in the Figures from American History series. Dr. Freeman is said to hold that Lee was the originator of the warfare of today rather than a follower of the warfare of Napoleon's time, since he adapted his strategy to large armies almost always in contact, and to something approaching trench warfare.

In connection with advertising John Reed's new book on Russia, "Ten Days That Shook the World", a plan was carefully mapped out for sending a number of men throughout New York City carrying or wearing some sort of display matter about the book. One man was to "do" the theatre district, a couple of others the shopping centers, one the college campuses, etc. At the discussion of the plan there were two editors of well-known Yiddish newspapers. They said, "Send these people anywhere except on the East Side. If they go there the sale of the book will be cut in half. It

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would make them think the book was cheap and undignified, and you have no idea how much appearances count with the average garment worker". The publishers report that on the announcement of the all-Russian conference called by the allied nations, the first edition was entirely sold out.

Louis Dodge, whose new novel "Rosy" is soon to appear, has confided to the Gossip Shop some of his ideas about women which should be of interest to readers of "The Runaway Woman":

I find it more interesting to write about women characters than about men characters. I should like to tell you about a school teacher I had a good many years ago. I always think of "Hypatia" when I think of her. She used to disregard routine lessons occasionally and deliver an informal lecture to her class. One of the things she said which somehow altered my outlook upon life had to do with women. She said (as nearly as I can recall): "Whenever any young gentleman imagines he has thought of something clever or wise to say about women, let him pause for a moment and ask himself how many men he knows, about whom he might utter his clever or wise judgment with equal justice and truth". In the wonderful days of my youth I had been told that women were deceitful, that they were vain, that they were cruel, that they were mentally inferior. But after Mrs. Haile enunciated her simple law I learned to apply certain tests, and I never knew her law to fail.

American negroes are not without followers of Phyllis Wheatley and Paul Laurence Dunbar. No less than four volumes of verse by negro writers recently appeared, two furnished with introductions by college professors, a third by Cale Young Rice, and a fourth by the literary editor of the Boston "Transcript".

It is announced that "The Great Hunger", by Johan Bojer, the Norwegian author, went into a second edition within ten days after date of publication.

Starting with a distribution of 300 magazines in October, 1917, the circulation of reading matter by the American Red Cross among the soldiers in France has risen to enormous totals. During November, 1918, a report by the Recreation and Welfare Bureau of the Army and Navy Department showed that more than 2,500,000 daily and 270,000 weekly newspapers, and 450,000 magazines were distributed to the various army camps and hospitals. In this connection it is emphasized that the signing of the armistice has appreciably increased the demand for news from the United States among the soldiers.

Magazines and newspapers are now distributed at more than 400 points, reaching virtually every branch of the military forces, including all of the hospitals and the army of occupation that is holding the Rhine.

Many readers of the recently published fifth volume of "English Poets", edited by T. H. Ward—husband of Mrs. Humphry Ward—will agree that the best tribute to Britain's overseas peoples and their kinship to the mother country is the following:

You, like that fairy people set,
  Of old in their enchanted sea
Far off from men, might well forget
An elder nation's toil and fret,
  Might heed not aught but game and glee.

But what your fathers were you are
  In lands the fathers never knew,
'Neath skies of alien sign and star
You rally to the English war;
  Your hearts are English, kind and true.

And now, when first on England falls
  The shadow of a darkening fate,
You hear the Mother ere she calls,
You leave your ocean-girdled walls,
  And face her foemen in the gate.

These lines were not written in 1914, but by Andrew Lang on the offer of help from the Australians after Khartum in 1898.

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One of the results of the World War, due to the rising price of feed and the need for meat, has been a world-wide decrease in the number of small farm animals. The goat has never been a favorite among farmers in the United States, but that there is much to be said in its favor as a producer of the richest and most nourishing kind of milk and of delicately flavored meat when killed while young, is contended in a book called "The Case for the Goat", written by an Englishman over the pen name of "Home Counties". A new edition of this book with introductions by Rider Haggard and the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, who is president of the British Goat Society, has recently been published.

The death not long ago in Paris of Laurence Jerrold, dean of newspaper correspondents in France and grandson of the famous Douglas Jerrold, calls to mind his book, "France: Her People and Her Spirit", published in 1917. His American publishers are issuing a new edition of the book.

Does man live by lying? This is the question which James Branch Cabell raises in his recently published volume of essays, "Beyond Life". Through the mouth of one of his characters, John Charteris, the author develops the thesis that man's sole business as the successor to the ape has been, and always will be, to lie to himself as thoroughly and artistically as possible. In support of his contention Charteris touches upon such topics as the Witch-Woman, Prohibition, The Cinderella Legend, and the works of Christopher Marlowe, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Harold Bell Wright.

Mr. Cabell confesses to a "profound dislike" for prohibitionists, the word "indissoluble", and having his hair cut. After fifteen years of writing this is probably the first "intimate" news concerning him to be "released". He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1879, of a distinguished Southern family. For a number of years he followed the profession of journalism before devoting himself to the authorship of books. As to "Beyond Life", the author is very much opposed to having Charteris called "a romanticist", as has frequently been done, and says "he is that vastly different thing, 'an economist', as the book explains—or at least attempts to explain".

An unusual career for a book of essays continues to be that of Robert Cortes Holliday's volume "Walking-Stick Papers". Reprinted within a month of publication, it went into a third edition in less than four weeks from the time of the delivery to the publishers of the second edition.

"Educating by Story-Telling", showing the value of story-telling as an educational tool for the use of all workers with children, by Katherine Dunlap Cather, instructor in the University of California, is the second volume in the Play School series, edited by Clark W. Hetherington, director of physical education, State Department of Public Instruction, California.

That biographical book, "Hitting the Dark Trail", by the blind author and lecturer, Clarence Hawkes, has not only been published in London but has been reissued in three kinds of raised print for the blind, and is being used at all base hospitals where blind soldiers are being cared for. Mr. Hawkes never let his affliction hinder him, and one of the episodes in the book is his

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description of how he enjoys "seeing" a baseball game.

The Triptych is a little club of three which prints and privately issues, from time to time, monographs on book-plates, bits of literature, and essays on this and that. It has been pursuing its desultory course for a dozen years and is more or less known by those interested in out-of-the-way bits of typography and black and white design.

Hugh McCrae, whose book of poems entitled "Satyrs and Sunlight" was recently published in Australia, gives us this song of Pan as an introductory poem:

I blow my pipes, the glad birds sing,
The fat young nymphs about me spring,
The sweaty centaur leaps the trees
And bites his dryad's splendid knees;
The sky, the water, and the earth
Repeat aloud our noisy mirth,
Anon, tight-bellied bacchanals,
With ivy from the vineyard walls,
Lead out and crown with shining glass
The wine's red baby on the grass.

* * *

I blow my pipes, the glad birds sing,
The fat young nymphs about me spring,
I am the lord,
I am the lord,
I am the lord of everything!

As the Melbourne "Book Lover" puts it: "Could there be fashioned a poem that more gorgeously paints the plenteousness, the bubbling and overflowing joy, the pagan health, and the singing sunlight of our land?"

In contrast to recent criticism of Y. M. C. A. methods in France is the opinion of Burges Johnson, who returned lately from serving with the "Y" at the front. He speaks in glowing terms of the service done by this organization and says that the dominant impression remaining in his mind is of a body of men and women wholly self-sacrificing, adapting themselves surprisingly well to multifarious tasks.

Upton Sinclair, alluding to his forthcoming novel, writes to his publishers as follows: "I am glad to let you have 'Jimmie Higgins'. It is a story which people who are interested in liberalism will wish to read. I think this book is the best thing I have ever done".

How many people know that the words of "On the Banks of the Wabash" were written by Theodore Dreiser? Many things about Dreiser's early life, his apprenticeship as a newspaper reporter, his experience in editing magazines, will be found in his new book, "Twelve Men", to be published soon. This book is not a collection of short-stories or sketches. The twelve men are actual figures in American life and many readers, it is said, will guess who they were and are.

Pat O'Brien, American aviator and author of "Outwitting the Hun", has made announcement that he will attempt to be the first to make a trans-Atlantic flight in an aeroplane. He hopes to make the trip in April.

A monkey is said to play a leading role in "The Yellow Lord", Will Levington Comfort's new novel which will be published next month.

An eleventh printing of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs" is announced.

Mary Hastings Bradley's novel, "The

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Wine of Astonishment", deals with the problems of a modern American debutante in deciding upon the man whom she will marry.

The Cortes Society has been formed in New York for the purpose of publishing documents and narratives concerning the discovery and conquest and settlement of Latin America, with suitable introductions and notes. It will be the policy of the society to publish English translations of original sources, material which has never before appeared in English being chosen.

Dr. William Draper Lewis, Theodore Roosevelt's latest biographer, is a former dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Lewis became identified with Mr. Roosevelt previous to the National Republican Convention of 1908 when President Taft was nominated. He was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in the Progressive Convention of 1912 and also in 1916, and was one of the leaders of the movement for the amalgamation of the Progressive Party with the Republican Party in support of Mr. Hughes as the Republican nominee.

The collected memorial edition of the work of Joyce Kilmer in poetry and prose, the first printing of which was sold out before publication date, went into a third printing within about a month of the appearance of the second edition.

The Society of Arts and Sciences, founded as the Twilight Club by Herbert Spencer in 1883, announces a prize of five hundred dollars, known as the O. Henry Memorial, to be awarded to the author of the best short-story published in America in 1919. The author must be an American; otherwise, there are no restrictions. Blanche Colton Williams, professor of short-story writing at Columbia University, is chairman of the committee of award.

Announcement is made that Professor Robert Morss Lovett of the Department of English at the University of Chicago has accepted the editorship of "The Dial", the offices of which were recently removed from Chicago to New York. Professor Lovett has not severed his connection with the university. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

A correspondent who desires to remain anonymous sends the Boston "Transcript" the following: "Irvin Cobb has written a piece in THE BOOKMAN to show what a great editor George Horace Lorimer is (with which we agree), and gives a kind of blue-print and seating-plan of the editor's mind, which is so exactly what one would expect that we can't help feeling a little disappointed. How much more entertaining it would have been if Mr. Lorimer loved St. Francis of Assisi, violet-tipped cigarettes, absinthe, primroses, Aubrey Beardsley drawings, and the poems of Ernest Dowson or Ezra Pound!"

Maxim Gorky, who was until recently hostile to the Russian Soviet government, appears to have become converted to Bolshevism. He has accepted from Lunasharsky, the "People's Commissioner for Public Enlightenment", a commission to edit an anthology of the literature of all nations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in 2,000 volumes. Gorky's

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wife, the actress Andreyevna, is managing the Bolshevist "people's theatre" at Petrograd.

"Washington: The Man Who Made Us", a new play by Percy Mackaye which is to be produced by Arthur Hopkins, has been issued in book form with six scenic designs by Robert Edmond Jones. In this latest work Mr. Mackaye has employed an original form of dramatic construction. It is America's first ballad play, as a number of old American ballads which originated in the backwoods of Virginia have been introduced into the action of the drama. The friendly relations existing between the United States and France at the time of the Revolution are depicted; also the part that America and France will play in the future. Characters of the period, such as Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Payne, and Count Pulaski are delineated with great accuracy. In some instances the actual words of Washington and other historical persons have been used. The author presents Washington as a lovable human being possessed of great magnetism, not the cold, dignified, statuesque person some historians have described him to be. "Washington" has already been translated into French by Pierre de Lannux of the French High Commission.

Up-to-date novels, preferably of the western type with plenty of action, are in demand at Camp Funston and Fort Riley. Wounded and shell-shocked men, invalided from the front, are fast filling up the American military hospitals and a supply of books is urgently needed. "Many of the men are bed patients", says Purd B. Wright, librarian, "and they, especially those who are shell-shocked, require a great deal of entertaining. It is one of the most serious problems how to renew their interest in life, and books to a great extent solve that problem."

A popular edition of "The Little Grandmother of the Revolution", the reminiscences and letters of Catherine Breshkovsky, the seventy-five-year-old Russian noblewoman who espoused the cause of liberty and spent thirty years in exile in Siberia, appeared recently. The former volume, it is said, was reprinted six times within a year of publication. The author is now in this country seeking aid for her needy fellow countrymen.

The late Reverend J. Wilbur Chapman was the author of numerous books on religious topics, among them "And Judas Iscariot" and "The Problem of the Work". He was born in Richmond, Indiana.

One of E. Phillips Oppenheim's earlier novels, "The Malefactor", is being filmed with John Barrymore in the leading rôle.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, whose several war books, "Carry On", "The Glory of the Trenches", and "Out to Win", were followed the middle of February by "Living Bayonets: a Record of the Last Punch", shortly before that time married Mrs. Helen Wright-Clark, daughter of Peter Campbell of Newark, N. J. Lieutenant Dawson sailed with his bride for England immediately after the publication of his new book.

Dorothy Scarborough, a writer, who, as an avocation, teaches the short-story in Columbia University,

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informs the Gossip Shop that at least two of the instructors in English in the extension work in Columbia expect to use Rose Cohen's life-story, "Out of the Shadow", as a part of the recommended reading in their freshman classes this spring. She says: "We make of this second term work a course in ideas as well as in composition, discussing various subjects of social interest and assigning reading that is related to them. We shall use 'Out of the Shadow' in connection with a study of immigrant problems."

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. George C. Riggs) has two grievances. Her literary name is seldom spelled correctly and she is persistently quoted as the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch". Why Mrs. Wiggin, a writer, should be confused with Mrs. Wiggs, a character in a book, is not clear. As everyone ought to know, Alice Hegan Rice wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", while Kate Douglas Wiggin is responsible for "The Birds' Christmas Carol", the Rebecca books, and others, on which her name is plainly printed and correctly spelled.

Autograph seekers, who have reached the age of discretion, and who have seen the married name of the author so many times in print that they must know she is not a spinster, almost invariably begin their requests: "Dear Miss Wiggins—will you kindly send me your autograph? I should prefer a quotation from 'Rebecca' or 'Mrs. Wiggs'."

This has gone on for so long now that, as Mrs. Wiggin pathetically puts it: "Unless I have my tombstone carved during my lifetime they will put an *s* on Wiggin. If there is room at the bottom they will probably add: 'Here lies the author of Mrs. Wiggs'."

Owen Johnson, who is now in France, has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

A new novel by W. L. George, the English author who wrote "The Second Blooming", is announced for spring publication.

Randall Parrish, the author, recently made this confession to the Chicago "News": "My first plunge into letters occurred at about the age of eight, and naturally took the form of verse. I recall but four lines of this effort, and as this poem never attained the dignity of print, no doubt these should be preserved for the use of my biographers. They illustrate beautifully my literary style:

> The outlaw's eyes flashed fire
> As he gazed upon his foe,
> And thought of Mary Ann McGuire
> He loved so long ago.

"My present admirers will observe in this the same dash and directness of statement so noticeable in all of my subsequent work."

English editions of Barrett H. Clark's translation of Romain Rolland's "The People's Theater" and of his two plays for such a theatre, "The Fourteenth of July" (the fall of the Bastile) and "Danton", are about to be published.

Kate Dickinson Sweetser, whose article "Dining with Dickens at Delmonico's" is published in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is a daughter of Charles H. Sweetser, a founder of the New York "Evening Mail", and also of "The Round Table", one of the earliest literary weeklies of American print-

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ing. She is also a cousin of Emily Dickinson, the poet, and of so many other men and women in some way connected with literature or journalism that she declares she ought to be a very giant in achievement, instead of a writer of juveniles! Her name has been closely linked with that of the great novelist, in whose honor her father and her uncle, Henry E. Sweetser of the New York "World", worked to make the Press dinner a success. Miss Sweetser was in her early 'teens when she wrote "Ten Boys from Dickens", doing it merely for the benefit of her young comrades whom she had tried in vain to interest in the Dickens characters she herself was so fond of.

Captain Raymond Recouly of the French General Staff, long personally acquainted with Marshal Foch, and at his side in some of the biggest battles of the war, is preparing a biography of him which will be published this spring. The formal biography is preceded by a presentation of the marshal's personality based upon the author's contact with him, as revealed in the battles of the Marne, the Yser, and the Somme.

Cosmo Hamilton's novel, "Who Cares?" has been filmed for the movies, with Constance Talmadge in the rôle of the heroine. His previously published novel, "Scandal", is soon to be produced on the stage.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's romantic fantasy, "Old Dad", which recently ran as a serial in a woman's magazine, has been recently brought out in book form.

Brand Whitlock's new book on Belgium, which the author has been engaged in writing for the past two years, will appear this spring. Only a small part of the work, it is said, appeared serially and the manuscript has grown to such proportions that the publishers have decided to publish it in two volumes.

Mary Wright-Davis, who has compiled "The Book of Lincoln", was born in a log cabin in Pope County, Minnesota, in the pioneer days of 1868. It was this, she says, that first led her to become interested in the life of Lincoln. "From the time I learned that Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin and realized that his young mother and my own tenderly reared girl-mother had known the same hardships and had lived the same brief, brave lives, I was a Lincoln lover, and he seemed to belong to me in a very special way."

"Tendencies in Modern American Poetry", by Amy Lowell, is being translated into French by Mrs. Arthur Hutchinson, who was Mlle. Magdeleine Carret, a former member of the Wellesley faculty. Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband have been in France since the beginning of the war.

"Goat Feathers", Ellis Parker Butler's latest pen-venture, is soon to be published in book form. According to the author, "goat feathers" are side interests which distract men from their main business of life, causing it to deteriorate thereby. A "goat feather gatherer", he adds, is a man who becomes hypnotized by his avocations to the extent of forgetting his vocation.

Edward J. O'Brien, literary critic and editor of "The Best Short Stories of 1918", the fourth annual yearbook

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of the short-story, recently sailed for England, where he has taken Louise Guiney's home at Oxford, "Longwall Cottage", for a year.

"The Romance of the Food Administration" by F. C. Walcott is a spring book.

A new Library of French Fiction was recently initiated with the publication of "Jacquou the Rebel" by Eugene Le Roy, translated by Eleanor S. Brooks; and "Nono Love and the Soil" by Gaston Roupee, translated by Barnet J. Beyer, who is the general editor of the series. The purpose of this new library of translations from French fiction is to present to American readers novels by distinguished French authors that will give a truer picture of French people, life, and manners than does the portrayal of certain sections of life in Paris that have been the theme of most of the French novels and plays that have been translated into the English.

Brigadier General A. W. Catlin, author of "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", who was severely wounded last June in the Battle of Belleau Wood where he commanded the Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines, has been sent to Port au Prince, to take command of the Haitian constabulary which was organized in 1915 and which ever since has been officered by United States Marines.

Professor William R. Mackenzie of Washington University writes of the ballads and ballad singers of Nova Scotia in his book—as yet unnamed—to be published this spring. He has set down the words as the old Nova Scotians have sung them to him, and it is said that one can recognize the origins of many of our familiar tunes in these songs handed down by word of mouth through several generations.

"The Vocational Re-education of Maimed Soldiers" is the title of a book by Leon de Paeuw, and the English translation is by the Baronne Moncheur. Madame Henri Carton de Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, contributes a preface, and there is a foreword by Baron E. de Carter, the Belgian Minister to the United States. M. de Paeuw has had charge of the work at the Belgian school at Port-Villez.

Announcement is made that Selma Lagerlöf's new novel, which has just been published in Sweden, is already in train for publication in this country. This novel was written by Miss Lagerlöf during the past two years, and is being translated by Velma Swanston Howard, the translator of most of her books.

"The Soul of Ann Rutledge: Abraham Lincoln's Romance", by Bernie Babcock, is said to be a distinct contribution to Lincolniana.

Joseph C. Lincoln's novel "'Shavings'" has received many humorous twists in the hands of would-be purchasers. Booksellers say they have had calls for "'Shingles'", "'Chips'", and "'Scraps'" almost as often as "'Shavings'".

Albert Benjamin Cunningham, who in "The Manse at Barren Rocks" relates his boyhood reminiscences, says that in his family, of which the father was a Baptist minister, it was customary to immerse the children at the

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age of twelve, irrespective of weather. He says that for himself it was quite an exciting adventure and he did not mind it, but his brother objected strenuously, because his birthday fell in March. Everyone advised the father that the boy would catch pneumonia, but the minister was relentless in his belief that faith would inure the lad to cold, which, as it chanced, proved true. This made a deep impression on the boy's life, and apparently induced in him a state of philosophical resignation that has resulted in his becoming today the head of the department of philosophy in the University of Oklahoma.

Now that international relationships have been greatly extended and national horizons have been generally widened, a need for a language adapted to common world use has been recognized. Professor Raleigh of Oxford believes that English, because of its rich vocabulary, is better for this purpose than any other existing language. To illustrate how it can be used to express given ideas in several different ways, he composed the following:

Thus you can begin or commence or initiate an undertaking with boldness or courage or resolution. If you are a workman or laborer or operator, you can ask or request or solicit your employer to yield or grant or concede an increase in the earnings or wages or remuneration which falls to the lot of your fellow or companion or associate.

Your employer is perhaps old or veteran or superannuated, which may hinder or delay or retard the success of your application. But if you foretell or prophesy or predict that the war will have an end or close or termination that shall not only be speedy or rapid or accelerated, but also great or grand or magnificent, you may perhaps stir or move or actuate him to have ruth or pity or compassion on your mate or colleague or collaborator.

Whether the workman or laborer or operator persuaded or convinced or cudgeled his employer to give or grant him the desired increase or "raise" is not indicated.

Herman Whitaker, author of "Hunting the German Shark", died during January in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. He had only recently returned from abroad, where he had spent months with the allied fighting ships studying the submarine situation and gathering material bearing on the merchant marine of the world. Mr. Whitaker was one of those Englishmen who wander all over the world and write about what they see and feel.

Frederick Palmer, author of "America in France", has recently been commissioned lieutenant-colonel. At our entrance into the war Mr. Palmer was given a commission as major and was appointed chief press censor in France. He sailed on the Baltic with General Pershing and his 150 associates who were our first contribution toward the force of nearly two million men that were abroad when hostilities ceased. Colonel Palmer is still in France.

Nancy Barr Mavity's poem "A Pilgrimage", first printed in THE BOOKMAN, has since appeared in two volumes: the "Anthology of Magazine Verse, 1918", and "The Masque of American Poets".

E. Phillips Oppenheim has completed his patriotic duties at the British Ministry of Information and, we are told, is at present enjoying a vacation in Devonshire.

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BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Human Touch, by "SAPPER" [Doran, $1.50].
Stories of life at the front.

The Navy Eternal, by "BARTIMEUS", illus. [Doran, $1.50].
A tale of the officers and men of the British navy.

Danger! by A. CONAN DOYLE [Doran, $1.50].
A collection of stories of daring and mystery.

Shops and Houses, by FRANK SWINNERTON [Doran, $1.50].
A novel depicting life in a small English town.

Patricia Brent, Spinster, ANONYMOUS [Doran, $1.50].
The romance of a girl who invents a fiancé.

The Roll-Call, by ARNOLD BENNETT [Doran, $1.50].
The story of the son of Hilda Lessways.

Tin Cowrie Dass, by HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT [Duffield, $1.25].
A mystery tale concerning the lost heir to an East Indian kingdom.

Three Live Ghosts, by FREDERIC S. ISHAM [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50].
A novel with three heroes.

The Amateur Man, by W. R. GAUT [Duffield, $1.60].
The adventures of a young man in helping his fellow man.

The Man Nobody Knew, by HOLWORTHY HALL, illus. [Dodd, Mead. $1.50].
The romance of a man for whom surgery creates a new face.

The Flame of Life, by GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO [Boni and Liveright, $.70].
A translation, by Kassandra Vivaria, of the tale of Italian life.

The Golf Course Mystery, by CHESTER K. STEELE, illus. [Sully, $1.50].
A "detective romance" beginning with a mysterious death on the golf links.

Cap'n Jonah's Fortune, by JAMES A. COOPER, illus. [Sully, $1.50].
The story of a sea-captain who settles down in Cape Cod.

That's Me All Over, Mabel, by E. STREETER, illus. [Stokes, $.75].
A sequel to "Dere Mable".

Buck, by CHARLES D. STEWART, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, $1.60].
The story of the business career of a Middle-West boy.

The Great Hunger, by JOHAN BOJER [Moffat, Yard, $1.60].
A translation from the Norwegian, depicting a man's struggle upward from poverty.

Common Cause, by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, $1.60].
A tale of intrigue in a German-American city of the Middle West.

Sinister House, by LELAND HALL, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, $1.50].
The story of a man and a woman haunted by a spirit.

Kingsley's Westward Ho! ed. by STERLING ANDRUS LEONARD, M.A. [Macmillan, $.32].
An addition to Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics.

The Best College Short Stories, ed. by HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph.D. [Stratford, $1.50].
A collection of stories by college students, supplemented by suggestions to young writers.

The Desert of Wheat, by ZANE GREY, illus. [Harpers, $1.50].
A novel concerning the son of a German-American farmer.

The Crimson Alibi, by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN [Dodd, Mead, $1.50].
A detective story centering about a mysterious murder.

Room Number 3, by ANNA KATHARINE GREEN [Dodd, Mead, $1.50].
A collection of stories formerly issued as "Masterpieces of Mystery".

David and Jonathan, by E. TEMPLE THURSTON [Putnam, $1.50].
The tale of two men and a woman shipwrecked together.

Blue Aloes, by CYNTHIA STOCKLEY [Putnam, $1.50].
Four stories of South Africa.

The Secret City, by HUGH WALPOLE [Doran, $1.60].
A story of Petrograd during the Revolution.

Deer Godchild, by EDITH SERRELL and MARGUERITE BERNARD [Scribners, $1.00].
The correspondence between a twelve-year-old boy and his French godchild.

While Paris Laughed, by LEONARD MERRICK [Dutton, $1.75].
Stories recounting the adventures of the poet Tricotrin.

Score by Innings, by CHARLES E. VAN LOAN [Doran, $1.50].
A collection of baseball yarns.

Wild Youth and Another, by GILBERT PARKER, illus. [Lippincott, $1.50].
Two stories of life in a small town of the Canadian West.

The Wine of Astonishment, by MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY [Appleton, $1.50].
A novel dealing with a marriage of "friendship".

The Web, by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER [Century, $1.50].
A story depicting the work of the British secret service.

The Buccaneer Farmer, by HAROLD BINDLOSS [Stokes, $1.50].
The adventures of a young farmer in the Caribbean.

War and Reconstruction

Africa and the War, by BENJAMIN BRAWLEY [Duffield, $1.00].
A discussion of the importance of Africa in the war settlement.

A League of Nations. Vol. I, No. 6 [World Peace Foundation, $.25 per year].
A pamphlet on German attempts to divide Belgium, by Carl L. Becker.

Old Glory and Verdun, by ELIZABETH FRAZER, illus. [Duffield, $1.50].
An account of the author's work with the American Red Cross.

Our Navy at Work, by REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, illus. [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50].
A survey of the work of our fleet in French waters.

A Soldier's Mother in France, by RHETA CHILDE DORR [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50].
A mother's impressions of the care of our men abroad.

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History of the World War, by FRANCIS A. MARCH, illus. [Winston, $3.00].
A history based upon official documents, illustrated with maps and photographs.

World War Issues and Ideals, ed. by MORRIS EDMUND SPEARE and WALTER BLAKE NORRIS [Ginn, $1.40].
A collection of readings in contemporary history.

The Unbroken Tradition, by NORA CONNOLLY, illus. [Boni and Liveright, $1.25].
The story of the Irish insurrection of 1916.

Morals and Morale, by LUTHER H. GULICK [Association, $1.00].
A study of the relation of morality to fighting efficiency.

Mrs. Private Peat, by HERSELF, illus. [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50].
The reflections of a soldier's wife on the war.

War Libraries and Allied Studies, by THEODORE WESLEY KOCH, illus. [Stechert, $2.50].
An account of American and British war library work.

Naval Power in the War, by C. C. GILL, Commander, U. S. N., illus. with maps and diagrams [Doran, $1.50].
A revised and enlarged edition of the story of the navy in the war.

Guarantees of Peace, by WOODROW WILSON [Harpers, $1.00].
A collection of the President's messages, addresses, and peace notes during 1918.

America's Day, by IGNATIUS PHAYRE [Dodd, Mead, $2.00].
An Englishman's interpretation of America's standpoint from 1914-1917.

The Chaos in Europe, by FREDERICK MOORE [Putnam, $1.50].
A discussion of political destruction in Europe and America's international policies.

The Only Possible Peace, by FREDERIC C. HOWE [Scribner's, $1.50].
A study of the economic forces responsible for imperialism.

Hospital Heroes, by ELIZABETH WALKER BLACK [Scribner's, $1.35].
The experiences of an American girl in a front-line hospital.

France Facing Germany, by GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU [Dutton, $2.00].
A translation of the French premier's speeches and articles.

Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War, Vol. II [Century, $1.75].
One hundred cartoons depicting the second year of the war.

War and Revolution in Russia 1914-1917, by GENERAL BASIL GOURKO, illus. [Macmillan, $4.00].
The account of a former chief of the Russian Imperial General Staff and commander-in-chief of Western Armies.

The Ninety-First, the First at Camp Lewis, by ALICE PALMER HENDERSON [Tacoma: Barr, $5.00].
A record of activities at Camp Lewis.

The German Conspiracy in American Education, by GUSTAVUS OHLINGER, Capt., U. S. A. [Doran, $1.25].
An exposé of German influence in our schools and universities.

"Dear Folks at Home", compiled by KEMPER F. COWING, ed. by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, $2.00].
The story of the U. S. marines in France as told by their letters home.

A Bulwark against Germany, by BOGUMIL VOSNJAK, LL.D. [Revell, $1.50].
A study of the historical, social, and economic evolution of the Slovenes.

China and the World War, by W. REGINALD WHEELER, illus. [Macmillan, $1.75].
A survey of recent developments in China.

The Disabled Soldier, by DOUGLAS C. McMURTRIE, illus. [Macmillan, $2.00].
A description of vocational training for disabled men.

The Vocational Re-Education of Maimed Soldiers, by LEON DE PAEUW, illus. [Princeton, $1.50].
An account of rehabilitation among the French and Belgian soldiers.

The Daredevil of the Army, by CAPTAIN A. P. CORCORAN [Dutton, $1.50].
The narrative of a "buzzer" and despatch rider.

Poetry

The English Poets, ed. by THOMAS HUMPHRY WARD, M.A., *Vol. V* [Macmillan, $1.10].
A volume of selections ranging from Browning to Rupert Brooke.

Gleams and Dreams, by REUBEN GOLDSMITH [White, $1.25].
Poems on various subjects reprinted from periodicals.

Poems, by FRANÇOIS VILLON [Boni and Liveright, $.70].
A translation of the poems, with an introduction, by John Payne.

Liberty Illumined, by CHARLES H. CRANDALL [Advocate Print].
A collection of patriotic poems and war songs.

Octavia and New Poems, by CHARLES V. H. ROBERTS [Torch Press, $1.50].
A collection containing a play and poems in blank verse.

The Divine and Moral Songs of Isaac Watts, by WILBUR MACEY STONE [The Triptych, $2.50].
An essay on a collection of poems for children published in 1715.

Counter-Attack, by SIEGFRIED SASSOON [Dutton].
War poems, with an introduction by Robert Nichols.

The Book of Lincoln, compiled by MARY WRIGHT-DAVIS, illus. [Doran, $2.50].
A collection of poetic tributes to Lincoln.

Snatches from a Diary, by MARY G. MURTAUGH [Four Seas, $1.00].
Poems voicing the thoughts of an American girl whose lover is at war.

The Blue Crane, by IVAN SWIFT [White, $1.25].
A book of "shore songs" reprinted from magazines and newspapers.

The Poets of the Future, ed. by HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph.D. [Stratford, $1.50].
An anthology of poems written by college students in 1917-8.

Songs of a Miner, by JAMES C. WELSH [Putnam, $1.25].
Lyrical poems by a man who has spent his life in the mines.

Lanterns in Gethsemane, by WILLARD WATTLES [Dutton, $1.50].
A series of poems dealing with the subject of Christ in the present crisis.

Songs and Symphonies, by NATHAN ROSENBAUM [Ferris and Leach, $1.50].
A collection of poems, some of them reprinted.

Poems of New England and Old Spain, by FREDERICK E. PIERCE [Four Seas, $1.25].
Five poems reflecting the spirit of New England.

Drama

They The Crucified; Comrades, by FLORENCE TABER HOLT [Houghton Mifflin].
Two war plays, the scenes of which are laid in France and Brussels.

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The Kaiser's Reasons, by ELIZABETH MARSH [Duffield, $1.50].
A drama in which the Kaiser, Frederick the Great, and other historical personages appear.

The Infernal Masculine, by ALFRED BRAND [Cornhill, $1.25].
Three comedies of present-day life.

History and Biography

Selected Addresses and Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson, ed. with an introd. by ALBERT BUSHNELL HART [Boni and Liveright, $.70].
A collection of papers ranging from the President's first inaugural address to his address of December 2, 1918.

The Royal Government in Virginia, 1624-1775, by PERCY SCOTT FLIPPIN, Ph.D.; *New England and the Bavarian Illuminati*, by VERNON STAUFFER, Ph.D. [Columbia Univ.].
Two contributions to the Columbia University Studies in Political Science.

A Popular History of France, by B. VAN WORST, illus. [Stokes, $1.00].
A brief history of France from the battle of the Marne in 451 to the present day.

The Great Tradition, ed. by EDWIN GREENLAW and JAMES HOLLY HANFORD [Scott, Foresman].
Selections from English and American literature illustrating national ideals.

Tell It in Gath, by JOSEPH A. OSGOODE, A.B. [Univ. Press of Sewanee, Tenn.].
A discussion designed to point out the world's debt to our Southern States.

James Madison's Notes of Debates, by JAMES BROWN SCOTT [Oxford, $2.00].
A study of Madison's notes on the federal convention of 1787 in their relation to a society of nations.

Russia from the Varangians to the Bolsheviks, by RAYMOND BEAZLEY, NEVILL FORBES, and G. A. BIRKETT [Oxford, $4.25].
A history whose purpose is to throw light on the present situation in Russia.

National Governments and the World War, by FREDERICK A. OGG and CHARLES A. BEARD [Macmillan, $2.50].
A study in comparative government.

Explaining the Britishers, by FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE [Doran, $1.00].
An interpretation of the British character by an American newspaper correspondent.

Experiments in International Administration, by FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE [Harpers, $1.50].
A discussion of the problems in international administration.

Fighting the Spoilsmen, by WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, LL.D. [Putnam, $2.00].
An account of the National Civil Service Reform movement.

The Cambridge History of American Literature, ed. by WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT and others, *Vol. II* [Putnam, $3.50].
Papers, by various authorities, on our early national literature and the beginnings of our later national literature.

Currents and Eddies in the English Romantic Generation, by FREDERICK E. PIERCE, Ph.D. [Yale, $3.00].
A survey of tendencies in English literature from 1789-1830.

Dante, by HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK [Yale, $1.50].
A study of the spiritual side of Dante.

Sociology and Economics

The Woman Question, by ELLEN KEY, DICKINSON, and others, ed. by T. R. SMITH [Boni and Liveright, $.70].
A collection of papers on the woman question.

Can Mankind Survive, by MORRISON I. SWIFT [Marshall Jones, $1.50].
A study of the "bankruptcy of the human species".

Racial Factors in Democracy, by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS [Marshall Jones, $2.50].
A survey of the growth of civilization.

The German Myth, by GUSTAVUS MYERS [Boni and Liveright, $1.00].
An exposition of the falsity of Germany's claims to social progress.

The Shipbuilding Industry, by ROY WILLMARTH KELLY and FREDERICK J. ALLEN, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, $3.00].
A discussion of various phases of the industry, illustrated with photographs.

Man-to-Man, by JOHN LEITCH [Forbes, $2.00].
Plans for the solution of the labor problem based on the author's experience.

Religion

The Breath in the Winds, by FREDERICK F. SHANNON [Revell, $1.00].
A collection of ten sermons.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, by ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., D.D. [London: Robert Scott, 6s.].
A commentary supplemented by English and Greek indices.

The Call of a World Task in War Time, by J. LOVELL MURRAY [Student Volunteer Movement].
An interpretation of the present world situation intended for students of missionary work.

Christian Internationalism, by WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL [Macmillan, $1.50].
A study of the problems of international relationships in Christianity.

God's Responsibility for the War, by EDWARD S. DROWN, D.D. [Macmillan, $.60].
A paper on the omnipotence of God.

A History of the Doctrine of the Work of Christ, by ROBERT S. FRANKS, M.A., B.Litt., 2 vols. [Doran, $6.50].
A survey of the ecclesiastical development of the modern protestant doctrine of the work of Christ.

Letters to a Soldier on Religion, by JOHN GARDNER [Doran, $.75].
A series of letters on providence, prayer, immortality, death, and forgiveness.

Day after Day, ed. by J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D. [Presbyterian Board, $.40; $35.00 per hundred].
A manual of devotions outlined for thirteen weeks.

The Living Christ and Some Problems of To-Day, by CHARLES WOOD, D.D. [Revell, $1.25].
Discussions on subjects such as the place of Christ in our modern world.

Essays

Beyond Life, by JAMES BRANCH CABELL [McBride, $1.50].
A series of essays on life and literature.

Eating in Two or Three Languages, by IRVIN S. COBB, illus. [Doran, $.60].
A humorous account of the food situation in England and France.

Another Sheaf, by JOHN GALSWORTHY [Scribners, $1.50].
Essays dealing with material and artistic phases of reconstruction.

Selections and Essays, by JOHN RUSKIN [Scribners, $.75].
A volume of the Modern Student's Library, edited by Frederick William Roe.

New and Old, by EDITH SICHEL [Dutton].
A volume of letters, poems, and essays.

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Juvenile

Three Young Crusoes, by WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL, illus. [pub. by the author, $1.50].
A tale of three children wrecked on an island in the West Indies.

The Happy Hypocrite, by MAX BEERBOHM, illus. [Lane, $7.50].
A new edition of the story, with illustrations in color.

The Fairies' Annual, by CECIL STARR JOHNS, illus. [Lane, $3.00].
A book of fairy stories.

Miscellaneous

Advertise! by E. SAMPSON, illus. [Heath].
A book of practical suggestions, containing topics for study.

The Nurse's Service Digest, by LAURENCE HUMPHRY, M.A., M.D., illus. [Sully, $1.50].
A revised and enlarged edition of a manual of nursing.

Educating by Story-Telling, by KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER [World Book Co., $1.60].
Suggestions for story-telling, with illustrative stories.

Inter-America, Vol. II, No. 5 [Doubleday Page, $.15].
An issue containing articles from American periodicals translated into Spanish.

Gasoline and Kerosene Carburetors, by VICTOR W. PAGÉ, M.S.A.E., illus. [Henley, $1.50].
A new edition of a manual on the construction, installation, and adjustment of carburetors.

The Detroit News, 1873-1917, by LEE A. WHITE, illus. [Evening News Assn.].
A history of the newspaper.

Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century, by WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY, illus. [Yale, $2.00].
A study illustrated with reproductions of prints and drawings.

Accounting as an Aid to Business Profits, by WILLIAM R. BASSET [Shaw, $5.00].
An explanation of accounting intended for the business man.

Theme Advertising, by MARTIN V. KELLEY [pub. by the author at Toledo].
Suggestions for effective advertising.

Practical Home Nursing, by LOUIS HENDERSON, R.N. [Macmillan, $1.50].
An elementary text-book for trained attendants.

The English Village, by JULIA PATTON [Macmillan, $1.50].
A study of the village in English literature from 1750-1850.

New York and London were never closer together than today. While the posters of our soldier boys in their musical show "Attaboy" are still displayed on New York fences, an American publisher is setting up "Attaboy", the last chapter in Thomas Burke's "Out and About London", to appear early in March. "Round the Town, 1918", "Back to Dockland", "In Search of a Show", "The Kids' Man" —any of these chapter heads would apply to New York as well as London.

When Woodrow Wilson was inaugurated in 1913 "The Westminster Gazette" published a sonnet by one of his British friends, H. D. Rawnsley. In view of all that has happened since, it is interesting to note that this gentleman was a prophet as well as a poet. Here it is:

Friend of the gray-blue eye and chiseled face,
When last we wandered under Rydal fell
Who could have dreamed that power so soon should dwell
Within your hands to guide the Western race!
For never had you sought for fame or place,
Nor willing did you leave the student's cell,
Who now from such a high-built citadel
Must speak wise counsel with a scholar's grace.
Lover of Wordsworth, and, as Wordsworth drew
A happy warrior, through a thousand wars
Your soul shall triumph, in the darkest night.
Your mind shall focus light from all your stars,
Because you hold not gain but good in view,
And claim a people's heart for truth and light.

Earl Derr Biggers, under pressure, has admitted that a hotel has been named after his well-known book, "Seven Keys to Baldpate". It is run by Mrs. Gordon Mace, of Estes Park, Colorado, and is called "The Baldpate Inn". The signboard, which admirably silhouettes itself against mountains and crystal sky, is a quaint bunch of seven huge iron keys. All friends of Mr. Biggers are advised to make themselves known to the proprietress—if possible, before prohibition sets in.

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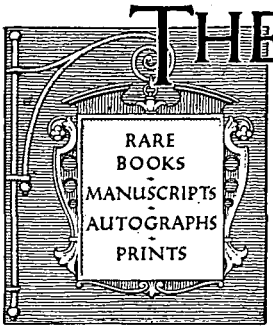

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

Among items included in the sale of books from the library of Herchel V. Jones of the Minneapolis "Journal", recently held in New York City, was a dedication copy of the excessively rare first edition of John Milton's "Comus", London, 1637. After spirited bidding it was bought for the record price of $14,250. Henry Lawes, who wrote the music for the masque, in the dedication says that it was "not openly acknowledged by the author".

Another Milton item, which brought $4,400, was "Justa Edouardo King Naufrago, et Amici's Moerentibus", Cambridge, 1638, a first edition containing the initial appearance of the blind poet's "Lycidas"; and the manuscript of "De la Cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes" by Boccaccio, Bruges, 1462, was purchased for $4,000.

A first edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitatio Christi", published about 1470, sold for $3,450, and the first edition of "Poems" by John Keats, London, 1817, presented by the author "to his young friend Wells" brought $2,000. The grand total for the library thus far is $255,768.35.

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William Michael Rossetti, whose recent death in London at the age of 90 caused a ripple on the literary waters, never published any original work of much importance, but he was a man of scholarship and distinction in many ways. Born on September 25, 1829, the son of Gabriel Rossetti, author and professor of Italian in King's College, London, and Frances Mary Lavinia Rossetti, he was educated at King's College and entered the Excise Office in 1845. From 1869 to 1894 he was assistant secretary of the Board of Inland Revenue. In 1874 he married Miss Emma Lucy Brown, daughter of the painter, Ford Madox Brown, and herself an author and painter.

Mr. Rossetti was the author of a number of biographical works on famous poets, and was the editor of many books of poems, among them those of Shelley, Blake, and Dante, and Christina Rossetti. His death ends a well-nigh forgotten chapter in the world of literature, as he was the last survivor of the aspiring seven of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of 1848.

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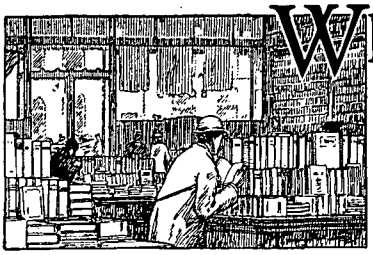

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Mrs. Joyce Kilmer, whose poem "My Mirror" appears in this issue of THE BOOKMAN, is a daughter of Mrs. Henry Mills Alden. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia. She has recently been lecturing on "A Group of Contemporary Women Poets". Mrs. Kilmer's first book, a volume of poetry, which bears the title "Candles That Burn", is shortly to appear.

Frank H. Simonds, author of "Simonds's History of the World War", the first three volumes of which have already been published, attended the Peace Conference to gather material for his newspaper and the two last volumes of his history. He has been decorated by the French government with the Cross of Chevalier. The history has been translated into Turkish and Armenian and published in those languages, and French and German editions are to be brought out by a French publisher.

A man who seemed to have hazy ideas of what he wanted entered a shop. He looked at playing cards and he looked at pencils. He inquired the price of this magazine and that, and examined the postcards and the books. The young woman who was in charge of the counter became rather wearied answering questions without making a sale. At last the prospective customer asked: "Have you any fly paper?" "Yes, sir", was the prompt reply. "We have the 'Airman's Journal' and the 'Aviators' Gazette'."

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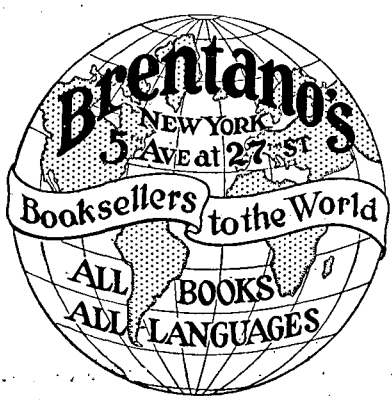
C. K. Shorter of our esteemed contemporary, "The Sphere", has advanced some interesting ideas and the Gossip Shop subscribes enthusiastically to his latest. Mr. Shorter is plainly of the opinion that newspapers should pay publishers for the books they review. According to C. K. S., there were three or four famous journalists a generation ago who were notorious for obtaining everything for nothing—hotel accommodations, boxes at theatres, etc. In support of his contention Mr. Shorter hints at a more modern instance of this character. Alluding to a certain "G. A. S.", whom we strongly suspect of being the dashing George Augustus Sala, he relates that this person one evening entered the door of his newspaper office wearing a fine new hat. "We shall see that hat in the paper tonight", commented a colleague. Sure enough, in one of the glowing leaders for which this gentleman was famous, occurred a reference to the fact that "a great gust of wind had almost blown away our beautiful Smith and Jones hat". It is rumored that this sort of thing has been done on this side of the Atlantic, but we are naming no names.



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Though it is considered reckless of a publisher to depend on the American reading public's appreciating irony, the book of Dr. George Duhamel which won the 1918 Goncourt Prize, under the original title, "Civilization", is to appear in an American edition. The title might give the impression that the book was a collection of essays or a studiously accurate history of something or other. It is not; it is a book of sketches, short stories, silhouettes, the chief figures being wounded French soldiers at the front.

Nowadays it is nearly as difficult to determine an author's sex by the name as it is to decide a woman's age by her clothes. William de Carrick, author of "The King's Coming", is said to be an English author who has lived much in America. The masculine implication of the name is not guaranteed by the publishers.

Rudyard Kipling, when asked by the Imperial War Graves Commission of Great Britain to suggest an appropriate inscription for the monuments to be erected in each of the British war cemeteries abroad, replied as follows: "It was necessary to find words of praise and honour which should be both simple and well known, comprehensible, and of the same value in all tongues, and standing, as far as might be, outside the flux of men and things. After search and consultation with all ranks and races in our armies and navies, as well as with those who had given their sons, it seemed to me that no single phrase could better that which closes the tribute to 'famous men', in Ecclesiastes: 'Their Name Liveth Evermore'."

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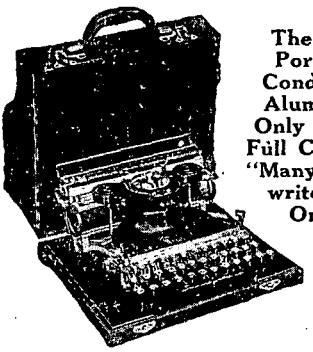

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